



3 1761 04481 2345











Geo. S. Sprague

9240

79

May 20. 1850

"



*Engraved by G. Kneller*



THE  
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE

OF  
SIR RICHARD STEELE;

INCLUDING

*HIS FAMILIAR LETTERS*

TO HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS;

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

*FRAGMENTS OF THREE PLAYS;*

TWO OF THEM UNDOUBTEDLY STEELE'S,  
THE THIRD SUPPOSED TO BE ADDISON'S.

FAITHFULLY PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES,

*BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. S. A. E. & P.*

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS AND SON,  
RED LION PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET;  
AND SOLD BY MESSRS. LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1809.

65573

18/5/05

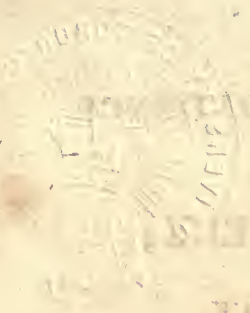
PR

3706

A4

1809

v.1



Faint, mostly illegible text in the center of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

Faint text at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or date.

TO

MRS. JANE SCURLOCK,

RELICT OF

THE REV. DAVID SCURLOCK, M. A.

THESE GENUINE EFFUSIONS OF SIR RICHARD STEELE,

WHICH EXHIBIT HIS UNDISGUISED CHARACTER

IN THE MOST AMIABLE POINT OF VIEW,

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HER MUCH OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

*June* 1809.

JOHN NICHOLS.

W H R A O M

THE LIFE OF ...

The following collection of letters, though  
the most valuable and interesting which  
has been published in the English language, are  
not only of great value to the student of  
the history of the country, but also of  
great interest to the general reader.  
They are the property of the late  
Mr. ... and were published by  
his executors, and are now  
published by the publishers of  
this work. They are of great  
value to the student of the  
history of the country, and  
also of great interest to the  
general reader. They are  
the property of the late  
Mr. ... and were published  
by his executors, and are  
now published by the  
publishers of this work.

## P R E F A C E,

WRITTEN IN 1787; CORRECTED IN 1809.

THE following Collection of Letters, though the genuine effusions of one of the most elegant Writers in the English language, can add little to the reputation of a literary character which has been long ago fully established; being in general the hasty productions of his pen, intended only for private inspection; and some of them evidently scribbled when their amiable Author was probably not in the very best condition for penmanship. The subjects of many of them are trivial and domestic, such as may at first be supposed not very interesting to the publick, and from most men would be deemed insignificant and below attention: but, as they contain the private and undisguised opinions of the man who took upon himself to be the Censor of the age, and for years exercised that delicate office with suitable dignity and general approbation, it may excite no little curiosity to observe how he conducted himself in those concerns and occurrences of life, through which he so ably directed others. Not  
a single

a single scrap of them has been suppressed: nor is there a line in the whole publication, which does not, in the opinion of the Editor, go to confirm all that has been said for the superiority of STEELE'S understanding and his heart, in the Notes first added to the edition of the TATLER in 1786.

These Letters manifest throughout, with irresistible conviction, the very many excellent and amiable qualities, which greatly endeared this public Benefactor to society; and, in proof of their authenticity, we see in them with regret, indubitable marks of "that imprudence of generosity, or vanity of profusion, which kept STEELE always incurably necessitous," and shaded his fine character. Considering the constant vexation and serious inconveniencies of which it was the cause or the occasion, to himself and his family, nothing can be said to excuse STEELE'S inattention to œconomy; it was however more pardonable, and the less reproachable, as in the end he did ample justice to his creditors. Our regret on every instance which these Letters afford of this indiscretion, is very greatly augmented, by our admiration and love of that extensive and indefatigable philanthropy, to which we are principally indebted for a long series of well-written papers, fraught with valuable lessons of morality and good-

good-breeding, which have doubtless contributed very much to the intellectual improvement, and moral refinement, of both sexes, in this country. Excepting however what refers in these Letters to the lamentable failure of conduct abovementioned, too well ascertained before; no publication of STEELE redounds more to his honour as a man, than the present. It shews him to have been a firm and conscientious patriot; a faithful, affectionate husband; a fond, indulgent parent; and, even at this period, if it does not illustrate, it very much enhances the value of his writings, both moral and political, to know with certainty, that the salutary instructions and sublime precepts, so much admired, and so well received, from the fictitious ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, esq. were no other than the genuine sentiments, and habitual practice, of the real Sir RICHARD STEELE\*.

\* The following dates are material in Steele's History.—“ It doth appear, by the parish register of the parish of St. Bridget, Dublin, that Richard, the son of Richard Steele, was baptised March the 12th, 1671; which we certify this 22d day of March, 1722.

WILLIAM BARRY, Minister.

WILLIAM WALKER, }  
JEROME BREDON, } Church Wardens.”

Steele was matriculated as a member of Christchurch, Oxford, at the age of 16, March 13, 1689-90, and became one of the post-masters of Merton college, Aug. 27, 1691.

These

These documents, which fortunately come in seasonable aid of what has been lately advanced for the first time, and with great justice it seems, in favour of STEELE'S ill-known or much-injured character, fell, after his death, into the possession of his eldest daughter ELIZABETH, a lady who, with a charming person, inherited the many endearing qualities of her Father, both of the head and heart; and whose hereditary benignity of disposition, which self-interest could not, and prudence did not sufficiently restrain, was at last equally fatal to her fortune, as it had been to that of her father.

Many interesting particulars of this lady, the several matrimonial connexions she declined, and her union with the Hon. JOHN TREVOR, at that time a Welsh Judge, and afterwards the third Lord TREVOR, appear in the course of these Letters.

In 1764, Sept. 27, she lost her husband \* at Bath, at which place she from that time chiefly

\* John Lord Trevor was buried with great magnificence in the family vault at Bromham, where a handsome monument designed by the late Prince Hoare of Bath, with a short inscription written by Lady Trevor, is erected in the chancel to his memory. There is also a fine monument for Thomas the first Lord Trevor, an eminent Lawyer, who had been Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1710—1714, Lord Privy Seal 1725. He was created a Peer in 1726; and, at the time of his death, in 1730, was Lord President of the Council.

resided;



resided; and four years after, she lost also her only child Diana-Maria, who was remarkably beautiful, though unfortunately an idiot\*.

But the evening of her life was rendered much more comfortable than it might otherwise have been, after the diminution of her fortune, by the love and attention of Mrs. Thomas, an only daughter of Mrs. Aynston †, for whom she had, when a child, imbibed a sisterly affection. Her Ladyship had been induced, from her regard

\* Lady Trevor had one other child, still-born, July 10, 1733.

† Steele's natural-daughter, by a relation of Tonson the bookseller. She was a great favourite with her father; and, by every representation we have heard, very deservedly so. Steele had bestowed on her a most accomplished education; and had once thought of giving her in marriage to Richard Savage, the illegitimate, unfortunate, imprudent, and vicious son of Lord Rivers, with a fortune of a thousand pounds. But the ingratitude and ill-conduct of this profligate man alienated the affection of his zealous and disinterested benefactor; and, it may be, some dislike on the part of the Lady herself concurred with the untoward circumstances of her father, to frustrate effectually this generous purpose. I shall only add here, that her name was Elizabeth, the same as that of her eldest legitimate sister, which may have occasioned some ambiguity in the reports of their various histories. Two slight specimens of Mrs. Aynston's poetry will be found in pp. 673, 674, with a more particular account of her, communicated by her grandson Mr. Thomas; who possesses a good portrait of her.

and

and love for the mother, to take the daughter under her protection very early in life; and she continued her attachment, after the death of Mrs. Aynston, with uncommon marks of favour and affection, until her own death.

This patronage of Mrs. Thomas was not confined to herself only, but extended to her two sons, with much greater partiality than even she herself had experienced, being from their birth constantly treated, both by Lord and Lady Trevor, more like their own children than the children of a dependant. Lord Trevor had often signified his intention of providing for them both; but they were too young to derive any other advantage from such an honourable patronage during his life. The indulgences which these children daily received, and the extreme partiality of Lady Trevor both to Mrs. Thomas and her sons, rendered his Lordship less anxious about making any permanent provision for them; and having left her Ladyship sole executrix to a very ample fortune, thus adding to her natural disposition the power of doing good, he could not entertain a doubt but they would be taken care of. The goodness of her Ladyship fully justified his Lordship's opinion; for, after his death, her fondness for Mrs. Thomas increased, and the education of her sons became a very material concern with her,

her, the management of which she undertook to direct; and, as they grew up, she still continued to honour them with all the attention and indulgence of a Parent.

Her Ladyship had at various times, particularly towards the latter part of her life, concerted many plans to provide for them, and particularly for Mrs. Thomas; which, considering that, after forty years anxious and unremitting attention to her Ladyship and her family, age and infirmity were drawing on, became at last a matter of conscience with her Ladyship, and ended in a determination to leave to her what little remained in her power. Lady Trevor often confided her kind intentions to Mrs. Thomas's eldest son, to whom the greater part of the following Letters were given some few months before her death, and likewise many particular directions concerning the disposal of her other effects, and her funeral\*. She, in the most pathetic manner, engaged him to see each particular properly executed; and, to empower him to do so, a will was to have been put into his hands, which her Ladyship postponed from time to time, till a paraly-

\* In particular she requested to be buried near her daughter, at Foscott, a little village about seven miles from Bath, where Miss Trevor resided some few years before her death, which happened about 1777.

tic stroke suddenly deprived her of the power of fulfilling her design.

Lady Trevor died on the first of January, 1782; and was privately interred in the parish church of Walcott, near Bath—

What though no sculptur'd tomb contains thy dust,  
Nor blazon'd lines proclaim the good and just;  
What though no stone, that bears a fond farewell,  
Shews to th' enquiring eye thy hallow'd cell;  
Yet memory oft the sacred task shall claim,  
Dwell on thy virtues, and revere thy name.

It is not within the purpose of this Preface to enter much farther into the private history of Lady Trevor's circumstances. It has been already said, that, in pecuniary matters, she inherited the imprudence of her Father; and it is no secret that she was frequently distressed for money. Thus situated, the greatest part of her landed property was sold in 1772; and, about the same time, she gave directions for a will (which I have seen, prepared, but never executed, dated in January 1772), in which, after bequeathing an annuity of 100*l.* to Mrs. Thomas, and of 80*l.* to Mrs. Anne Hooper (who had been wet-nurse and afterwards the attendant on Miss Trevor), she gives the rest of her property to her daughter Diana-Maria, and the reversion of it to her nearest relation, the Reverend DAVID SCURLOCK.

From

From the above period, no testamentary disposition of her estate having been made by Lady Trevor, her property, both real and personal, devolved of course to Mr. SCURLOCK\*, who (as administrator and next of kin) became possessed of several capital portraits; particularly those of her Father and Mother, both by Kneller; another of Sir Richard, by Dahl, painted whilst he was in Scotland as a Commissioner of the Forfeited Estates; her grandfather, Jonathan Scurlock, esq. and his wife Mary, with their son Alexander, and one of herself, strongly resembling her father; also miniatures of Sir Richard and some of his children. Her Ladyship had also a portrait of her noble Husband, and of Miss Trevor: the late Duke and Dutchess of Marlborough, the present Duke and Dutchess, and Lord Charles Spencer; the Earl and Countess of Pembroke; Lady Diana Beauclerk, with several fine drawings in crayons by that lady; and her own picture, with that of Mrs. Tho-

\* The father of Mr. David Scurlock was also a Clergyman, and fellow of a College in Oxford; lived with Sir Richard Steele in habits of the strictest confidence and friendship; and took the management of his income from the Playhouse, &c. in trust to pay his creditors, some time before his death.—Of this gentleman Sir Richard speaks in terms of high approbation in p. 419.

mas, by Pine, on the same canvass. Of these, some were restored to their respective families; others preserved with great attention by Mr. Scurlock; and the rest were sold by auction at Bath, in May 1782, with her household furniture, medals, and a valuable library, collected by her Father and herself.

Almost all the Letters contained in the former edition of this volume (CCCLXXXIV in number \*) had been preserved with great care by Lady Trevor; and were by her given, to Mr. Thomas. From him they were purchased by the Editor; who afterwards presented the originals to the British Museum.

In searching for the Notes and Illustrations, it was discovered that there were several detached Letters of STEELE, in various publications, which, as they materially illustrate his character, are incorporated in chronological order. It cannot but be agreeable to the Reader to trace in them this great man's astonishing powers, in varying these progressive complimentary addresses to his friends; and they contain in themselves sufficient intrinsic merit to supersede all apology for their insertion.

\* One of these (see p. 93) was pressed into the service of the *Tatler*, No. XXXV, June 30, 1709, and six others (pp. 97. 105. 218) were used by the ingenious author in "The Spectator," No. CXLII. Aug. 13, 1711.

## POSTSCRIPT, 1809.

FOR the Three Dramatic Fragments, and for such part of the Letters of Sir RICHARD STEELE as are *now first published*, I am indebted to the liberal communication of Mrs. SCURLOCK; by whom they have been presented to me, in full conformity with the intention of her late worthy husband; who, in conjunction with the present Editor, proposed to have published them, together with many other Letters in his possession from characters of the first eminence in life; which respect, however, for those characters withheld him from committing to the press\*.

\* The following paragraph was actually published in 1787, at the end of my advertisement of the first edition. "It may be proper to announce, that, since these volumes have appeared before the publick, the Editor has been favoured with many valuable Original Letters and other genuine productions of Sir Richard Steele; which have, in the politest manner, been communicated to him by the Rev. David Scurlock, M. A. of Lovehill Place, Langley, Bucks, who became possessed of them (together with many other curious correspondences of several eminent persons) as administrator to the effects of Lady Trevor, Sir Richard Steele's last surviving daughter.—These valuable and authentic documents the present Editor has undertaken to publish, as soon as they can be properly digested, with the full concurrence, and under the immediate inspection, of Mr. Scurlock."

One letter of Mr. Scurlock, from a considerable number which passed between us on this subject, will be a sufficient proof of the propriety of his ideas on this subject.

“ LOVEHILL FARM, LANGLEY, DEC. 24, 1787.

“ Sir, I have not given up the intention of publishing another volume: but the different pursuits I have been engaged in have prevented my giving time to a work that requires critical attention. I have no doubt but, with your assistance, we shall be able to extract such materials from the manuscripts in my possession, as may be entertaining to the publick. I have observed, that there are no productions read with greater avidity, nor more eagerly inquired for, than those that are replete with interesting events, and private historical anecdotes of Families who now figure in the world. Of these I have a copious fund; yet I would rather be less entertaining, than disturb the repose of private families, or wound the bosom of domestic tranquillity. I shall be in town when the Parliament meets; and, if you are then at leisure, we will enter on a selection for the work.

“ STEELE and ADDISON wrote the Spectators, &c. &c. chiefly in the room where I now write: they rented the house of my Father for occasional retirement, and kept an housekeeper  
between



between them. It happened that this house-keeper proved to be in a situation that could not escape the prying eye of slanderous observation; when Steele asked Addison very gravely, what they should do in such a dreadful predicament? ‘Why,’ says Addison, ‘since it is now past remedy, there is nothing to be done but this; if it proves to be a black child, you shall take it; if a fair one, the care of it shall fall to my lot.’

“Though I have lately built a new house here, I have religiously reserved this old part, which is attached to it, and have made it my *Sanctum Sanctorum*: Oh, that it would inspire me with the genius that once inhabited it!

Yours, &c.                      DAVID SCURLOCK.”

From a variety of causes, but principally from Mr. Scurlock’s having been persuaded by a Nobleman of high respectability to take upon him the office of a Magistrate for the County of Bucks, which occupied a considerable portion of his time, and afterwards from ill health, that gentleman was prevented from making the selection he proposed; till at length Death deprived his family and the world of a valuable character, May 9, 1793.

He was an affectionate husband; and a tender attentive parent. To the poor he was a liberal benefactor; to his parishioners a diligent

pastor; a zealous preacher, and a fine model for the conduct of their life. His exertions in the duty of a Magistrate were exemplary; nor were his literary talents inferior to the goodness of his heart. Of his abilities a distinguished specimen is given, in "Thoughts on the Influence of Religion on Civil Government, and its Tendency to promote and preserve the Social Liberty and Rights of Man;" a pamphlet published in 1792.

After that period, a variety of totally different avocations demanding the attention of the present Editor; the publication lay wholly dormant, till Mrs. Scurlock, in assorting some papers of her late husband, found amongst them some Letters of Sir Richard Steele, and the unfinished Plays, which, by her permission, are now presented to the publick.

The writings of STEELE stand in general so little in need of adventitious credit, that they derive but small advantage from critical industry: yet a few historical notices and illustrations, it is hoped, will be acceptable to the curious, as immediately connected with the history of that period in which STEELE and the rest of those elegant writers flourished, to whom the world have been so very highly indebted for the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, &c. &c.

J. N.

STEELE'S first wife was a lady of Barbadoes ; by whom he acquired a valuable plantation there, on the death of her brother, who was taken by the French at sea as he was coming to England, and died in France. She died a few months after their marriage ; but of her name, character, or the time of her death, we have no other account, than that her funeral was attended by *Miss Scurlock*, who soon after became Steele's second wife.—She is supposed to be alluded to in the *Tatler*, N<sup>o</sup> CXVII. If so, she was of a Kentish family. Yet that paper was written by Addison.—Of the incidents supposed to relate to Mrs. Steele, Dr. Beattie, in his *Dissertations, Moral and Critical*, 1783, says, “ One of the finest moral tales I ever read is an account in the *Tatler*, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral so sublime and so interesting, that I question whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it ; and if he remembers, whether he can ever cease to be the better for it \*.”

By the first wife it does not appear that Sir Richard had any children. By the second he had four :

1. Elizabeth, born in 1709 ; afterwards Lady Trevor ; of whom see p. viii.

2. Richard, born in 1710 ; died in 1716.

3. Eugène, born in 1712, and named after the Princely General. He died in 1723. See pp. 578, 630.

\* See Mr. A. Chalmers's very excellent *Historical and Biographical Preface to the Tatler*, 1806, vol. I. p. xlv.

4. Mary, born in 1713; died in 1730, of a consumption, unmarried. See p. 659.

One small specimen of her correspondence with her sister shall here be given.

“ DEAR SISTER,

AUG. 7, 1730.

I COULD not omit this opportunity of letting you know that I have my health much better. I design to go to Bath for a week, and hope it won't be many before I see you. Here is a great deal of company; but tell my father there is but few I think agreeable. Doctor Lane is just come to see me, and the bearer is in a hurry; therefore,

I remain your affectionate sister, till death,

MARY STEELE.

My duty to my father. Nelly gives her service to you. Pray deliver the inclosed yourself to Mrs. Bennet.”

CONTENTS  
OF  
THE FIRST VOLUME.

---

THE SCHOOL OF ACTION, a Comedy, by Sir Richard Steele,  
left unfinished at his Death..... p. 1—44  
Fragment (probably) of a Play, intended to be called THE  
GENTLEMAN..... 45—52  
The First Act of a Tragedy, probably written by ADDI-  
SON..... 53—74

SIR RICHARD STEELE'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter.	Page
1. To John lord Cutts .....	77
2. To the Countess of Albemarle.....	83
3. To the Duke of Ormond.....	85
4. To Mr. Addison.....	88
5. A Petition to the Queen, written by Steele for Charles Gildon.....	89
6— 10. To Mrs. Mary Scurlock.....	92—98
11. Mrs. Mary Scurlock to her Mother.....	98
12. To Mrs. Mary Scurlock.....	101
13. A Prayer by Steele.....	102
14— 25. To Mrs. Mary Scurlock .....	103—111
26. To Mrs. Scurlock .....	111
27— 29. To Mrs. Mary Scurlock .....	114—115
30. To Mrs. Scurlock .....	116
	31.

Letter	Page
31, 32. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	116—118
33. To Mrs. Scurlock . . . . .	118
34—38. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	120—122
39, 40. Two Prayers by Steele . . . . .	123—124
41, 42. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	125
43, 44. From Mrs. Steele . . . . .	126
45. To Mrs. Scurlock . . . . .	127
46—49. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	127—128
50—53. To Mrs. Scurlock . . . . .	129—131
54—100. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	132—157
101. To Mr. Joseph Keally . . . . .	157
102—127. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	158—172
128. To Mr. Keally . . . . .	173
129—147. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	174—182
148. To Mrs. Manley . . . . .	182
149, 150. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	184
151. To Dr. Swift . . . . .	184
152—154. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	186—187
155. Mr. Addison to Mr. Keally . . . . .	188
156. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	188
157. Isaaco Bickerstaff, Armigero . . . . .	189
158. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	192
159. To Mr. Maynwarding . . . . .	193
160. Mr. Addison to Dr. Swift . . . . .	195
161. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	196
162. To Mr. Wortley Montague . . . . .	197
163. Mr. Addison to Mr. Keally . . . . .	199
164—170. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	199—203
171. From Mrs. Steele . . . . .	203
172, 173. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	204
174. To Mr. Keally . . . . .	204
175. To Lord Cowper . . . . .	205
176. To Lord Halifax . . . . .	208
177. To Mr. Hughes . . . . .	213
178. From Mr. Hughes . . . . .	213
179—183. To Mrs. Steele . . . . .	217—219
184. To Mr. Pope . . . . .	219
185. To Lord ——— . . . . .	220
186. To Mr. Keally . . . . .	221

Letter	Page.
187.	To the Spectator . . . . . 222
188.	To the Duke of Marlborough . . . . . 225
189.	To Lord Somers . . . . . 229
190.	To Lord Halifax . . . . . 232
191.	To Mr. Pope . . . . . 234
192, 193.	To Mrs. Steele . . . . . 235—236
194.	To Mr. Pope . . . . . 236
195.	From Mr. Pope . . . . . 238
196, 197.	To Mrs. Steele . . . . . 240
198.	From Mr. Pope . . . . . 241
199.	To Mrs. Steele . . . . . 243
200.	To Mr. Lintott . . . . . 244
201—203.	To Mrs. Steele . . . . . 245—246
204.	From Mr. Pope . . . . . 246
205.	To Mr. Pope . . . . . 249
206.	From Mr. Pope . . . . . 249
207.	To Mrs. Steele . . . . . 252
208.	From Mr. Pope . . . . . 252
209.	To Mr. Pope . . . . . 254
210.	From Mr. Pope . . . . . 254
211.	To Mr. Boyle . . . . . 255
212.	To the Duke of Marlborough . . . . . 257
213.	To Sir Miles Wharton . . . . . 260
214.	To the Earl of Wharton . . . . . 267
215.	To the Earl of Sunderland . . . . . 269
216—218.	To Mrs. Steele . . . . . 270—272
219.	Dr. Swift to Mr. Addison . . . . . 272
220.	To Dr. Swift . . . . . 275
221.	From Dr. Swift . . . . . 276
222.	To Dr. Swift . . . . . 279
223.	From Dr. Swift . . . . . 281
224.	To the Earl of Oxford . . . . . 283
225—231.	To Mrs. Steele . . . . . 285—288
232.	To Mr. Methuen . . . . . 289
233—238.	To Mrs. Steele . . . . . 291—294
239.	To the Bailiff of Stockbridge . . . . . 295
240.	To Lieutenant-general Cadogan . . . . . 304
241.	To Mr. Pulteney . . . . . 306
242.	To Mr. Addison . . . . . 308
	243.

Letter	Page
243. To Mrs. Steele .....	309
244. To the Clergy of the Church of England .....	309
245—261. To Mrs. Steele .....	316—327
262. To Lord Finch .....	328
263. To a Member of Parliament .....	334
*264—266. To Mrs. Steele .....	*337, 338
*267. To Mrs. Scurlock .....	*339
*268—312. To Mrs. Steele .....	*341—359
*313—316. To Mrs. Scurlock .....	*359—362
*317—319. To Mrs. Steele .....	*363
*320. From Mr. John Scurlock .....	*364
*321—328. From Mrs. Steele .....	*365—368



**THE SCHOOL OF ACTION:**

*A COMEDY.*

**BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.**

[LEFT UNFINISHED AT HIS DEATH.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

Mr. SEVERN, *a Barrister, Lover of Miss Dolly.*  
Mr. HUMBER, *his Friend.*  
Mr. PINCERS, *an old wealthy Country Attorney,*  
*Guardian to Dolly.*

RALPH, *his Man.*

Mr. DOTTERELL, } *Comedians.*  
Mr. SPIDER, }

Mr. GWILLYN, } *Candidates for the*  
BUSKIN, } *Stage.*  
TRAGEDIAN, }  
GENERAL, }

Mrs. PINCERS.

Miss DOLLY, *Ward to Pincers.*

MARGERY, *her Maid.*

Mrs. UMBRAGE, *an Actress.*

Mrs. FENNELL.

*Her Daughter, a Candidate for the Stage.*

*Barber, Constable,*  
*Waiter, Servants, Rabble, &c.*

## THE SCHOOL OF ACTION:

A COMEDY.

## ACT I.

*Enter Mr. SEVERN and Mr. HUMBER.*

*Severn.* **T**HE world is much more easily imposed upon, than you studious and modest men imagine.

*Humber.* Dear Severn, if such superficial qualifications as you talk of will accomplish gentlemen and ladies, I own to you, hard has been our fate, in having suffered pains and penalties (fit only for malefactors) in great Schools, and been immured in College the best years of life, to acquire learning and attain to sciences, that are all useless when we come into the world.

*Severn.* Pardon me, dear Humber, I did not say useless; I only argue, that you had better, to make your fortune, have ordinary qualifications,

such as a good mien, common understanding, and an easy address, than great faculties and talents, under the oppression of bashfulness, rusticity, or—

*Humber.* Or knowledge.

*Severn.* It shall be, or knowledge, if you please—if you mean knowledge kept to a man's self, or in a man's keeping that is afraid or ashamed to exert it.

*Humber.* Well, be it as you propose; go on.

*Severn.* I say, then, your taste for books and fine writing, your judgment in the faculties of the soul, my town education, and skill in the airs, motions, graces, and abilities of the body, will enable us to carry on this our design of supporting a new Playhouse, and keeping a SCHOOL OF ACTION.

*Humber.* Well—if we break, I can go down again to my fellowship at Oxford, and laugh and be laughed at, among a parcel of worthy and ingenious men, whom I will entertain with my adventures; and I think the undertaking cannot but introduce at least matter of humour and mirth: if it does not advance our fortunes, it will heighten our conversation. But to your SCHOOL OF ACTION.

*Severn.* As all that reside in Inns of Court, and Universities, though they do not enter into any of the learned professions, are yet better accomplished for any other ways of life, by having the same education with those who go into them; so will all

who

who come to our SCHOOL OF ACTION be better qualified in their own characters, by being instructed among Players, who are taught to become any part which shall be imposed upon them.

*Humber.* Thou art a rare sanguine fellow, to think this will do. But I have observed, confidence in a man's self that he shall perform a thing, helps him forward better than any other quality about him.—Well—hang it—in order to make this experiment, I will be as enterprizing and confident as you.

*Severn.* Let me, then, observe one thing, for fear of your relapsing into your academic shyness; that you must beware of standing as if you were a thinking statue, a case for a spirit to reflect in, and not a mind and body acting together. You improve the soul only in your Colleges—you neglect the body.

*Humber.* Thou art in the right: I have studied eloquence till I am dumb.

*Severn.* I am glad you see your want and infirmity. If you will speak, I know you will talk well. I know when you are unreservedly familiar you talk very well, as you did t'other night concerning the principles of motion and rest. Suppose, as you are resolved to talk, you would resolve also to move, and practise a little local motion. Give me leave to shew you how you perform it—Go to the  
other

other side of the stage. [*He walks thither.*] Thus you walked.—Thus your shoulders—thus your legs—thus your breast—thus your hips—Pray adventure back again—thus—

*Humber.* Pish—I am a little hurt, and grow peevish with this mimickry; though I believe you are right enough.

*Severn.* Well, I only shew you: it is not necessary you should, as to the present purpose, be janty; you are to mind more important matters. You are censor, observe, upon the sense and spirit of what is said; leave the manner of doing it to me, the prompter.

*Humber.* But, as you are picking up people from all quarters, are the old gentleman and his lady, the young girl, and the maid and man, who came hither last night, all to be Players; and why are they accommodated here in the tiring-room, as if it were an ordinary lodging?

*Severn.* You shall know all in due time and order. Ho—Harry!—Who waits there? [*Enters a servant.*] Is the whole house come?

*Servant.* They are all here, Sir, except the thunderer and the candle-snuffer: they say it is a mistake, and that they are never required to come to rehearsal.

*Severn.* Tell them they shall forfeit; the thunderer shall pay two groats—they—they shall be fined

fined a day's pay. [*Exit Servant.*]—My dear friend, while the company is assembling in the several apartments, I will explain further. You are to know, that old master Pincers is a rich Northern attorney, who understands the law much better as it is the business of it to punish offenders, than as it is to protect the innocent;—the young girl is a ward left under his care, and has a very considerable estate in that country:—he has brought her up to town to settle her.

*Humber.* In the playhouse?

*Severn.* Pray hear—In the playhouse? no—of all things in nature, stage-plays (as he calls them) are his aversion. But they are no less Miss Dolly's delight. As I had my education, that is to say, ate and drank, conversed and lay some years every night, at Gray's-Inn, I made a notable pleader before our bench of justices in Cumberland, and grew very intimate with Mr. Pincers. He took such a fancy to my promising parts—for, you must know, I pretended to be a rogue to gain his good-will—that, with a hint of five hundred pounds reward for my share in the transaction, he communicated to me a design of disposing of this young lady by way of sale.

*Humber.* Good—and thought you a proper broker to find out a husband, or rather a purchaser.

*Severn.*

*Severn.* Right.—“Mr. Severn,” said he, “you know there is nothing more common than to observe that orphans are a prey, by reason of their great wealth, and marry unhappily.”

*Humber.* And therefore——

*Severn.* And therefore he would have a receipt for *all* her fortune, for delivering *half* of it to the man who should marry her:—“which,” said he, “shall be no fraud to the gentleman; for he shall settle only an equivalent for ten thousand pounds, which is the moiety. By this means,” continued my conscientious friend, “I shall observe how he behaves to this poor girl; and can, if he deserves it, leave the other moiety to them by my will.”

*Humber.* And what did you say to this hopeful project?

*Severn.* I fell in with it, and promised to find him a right young fellow for his purpose.

*Humber.* Did you so, Sir? [*as going.*]

*Severn.* Now you grow a mere scholar again.

*Humber.* An honest gentleman is a mere scholar where a sharper is a wit.—I will leave your cursed town to-night.

*Severn.* I will convince you that there is nothing mean or dishonourable on my part; but a lucky incident. I should be stupid not to take hold of.

*Humber.* Say it;—but your prologue is so long, you seem to know that the plot of your play is not easily to be defended.

*Severn.*



*Severn.* You cannot say that till you know it. I agreed with him to find a young gentleman suitable to her, who shall bring as good an estate as she shall, and settle all upon her and the children of the marriage.

*Humber.* Well—who is the gentleman whom you have thought of to do this? On whom will you bestow the poor innocent girl who has never injured you?

*Severn.* Why, I have been thinking that over and over; and it is so hard to look into another's breast, that one may, after all appearances, be mistaken; and therefore, I have resolved upon the only man who I was sure was honest——even my own proper self.

*Humber.* You are most conscientiously impartial and disinterested.

*Severn.* I think myself conscientious, though neither impartial nor disinterested—I consider that he would certainly sell her elsewhere on his own terms, without regard to her happiness. In my hands, she will have her estate her own, with the incumbrance only of a man who loves her, and whom I believe she loves, and who may increase that estate for her—Consider, he would do what he designed, whether I would or not.

*Humber.* I consider, you will do what you design, whether I will or not—Nay, further; I cannot

not

not but own, the circumstances much alleviate the guilt on your part. Nay, if you fairly get the girl's good-will, I will allow your attempt not only excusable, but praiseworthy.

*Severn.* There spoke my good genius.—In the country, as much as he trusted me in the secret of cheating her, he never let me see her alone, or without witnesses; his wife, the maid, or man, or all of them, were constantly present.—But, as she is a great lover and reader of plays, and of a great deal of wit and humour, we could speak one language, and look another, above their knowledge or observation.—I sent for him to town, in order to marry her, insisting on my five hundred pounds; for he would not trust me, did he not know my price. I have lodged all here, whence they shall never go out, till dear Miss implores it of me, or has justice done her by me or somebody to her liking.

*Humber.* There you justify all the art you can use for yourself. And may you win and wear her, since you plot her redemption though yourself should not succeed!

*Severn.* Well, we have done talking; let us to action. My business is, to review my forces, and not neglect my main plot; but consider my play-house and my mistress at the same time; and, while I am preparing the one, make love to the other.

other.—Here Jack, call all the actors—let the whole house march—Tragedy drums and trumpets, fifes, kettle-drums, and clarions, shall wake my country lodgers, fright my old parchment, and charm my little Northern pilgrim—my dear refugee—I will understand her no other. Beat—sound, and play. Make all people be in their posts round the stage, and answer in all parts to the stage.—All shall be done that can be, to make her pass her time pleasantly. She shall always expect to see me; but not see me, till I have abundant convincing proofs that I am in her favour.—Thus if I can save her, and save her for myself, it will be an exquisite happiness; if not, to save her from this rascal is but my duty.—Oh! I should have told you, that when Miss Dolly came in, I conveyed a letter into her pocket, intimating where she was, that she may be surprized at nothing; for I love the dear thing so tenderly, that I could not give her the shortest uneasiness, to purchase the most lasting good or pleasure to myself. [*Here begins the march.*—Hist.

[*Pincers within.* Ho! chamberlain, bring me my boots—where is the chamberlain?—What is the noise?—

*Ralph within.* The drums.

*Pincers.* What is the matter?

*Ralph.* The Train-bands belike, master.

*Pincers.*

*Pincers.* Ho! chamberlain.]

*Humber.* While the rest of the country family are thus deceived, Dolly is let into the whole matter, and won't be surprized at any thing. If she humours the deceit, it is a good symptom on your side.—This must be a fruitful circumstance of mirth.

*Severn.* Nymphs, shepherds, ghosts, angels, and demons, shall tease the old rascal; and all the while Miss Dolly see and hear nothing but according to the notice I have given her.

*Humber.* While you are thus busied about your people, and managing your design, which I have not much taste for (I want that mercury about me), I will go about the house, and view the accommodations: they say it is the most convenient one in the world.

*Severn.* Sir, take your humour: I will pursue mine, and call you when the circumstance is above my reach. [*Exit Humber.*]—Well, march by; let the kings take place of all the people—next them bishops—then judges—no, we had as good not to discompose their dresses. [*Among the march of the actors he observes Will Dotterell*]. Ho! Mr. Dotterell, Mr. Dotterell.

*Dotterell.* Sir!—Your most humble servant, good Mr. Severn. What, have you a part for me in your new play? It was you that first thought of making an actor of me, and I have gained some reputation;

putation; and, harkee—you have made a deal of me, I can tell you.

*Severn.* Ay, ay,—I know thou art a town favourite—thy name is not spoken of but it raises mirth. Let us see, what parts have you acted? You have acted all manner of things as well as persons—You began, I think, a flower-pot in Dioclesian—then you have performed another ingenious part, been a chair, I think, at another opera—you have represented all the appetites: as I take it, you do Hunger best;—you are a fine fellow at a cold chicken.—Then you have been all sorts of trades; but you shine most in the Taylor in Epsom Wells: you beat your wife most successfully.

*Dotterell.* It was thought I laid her on as well as another; for you may remember she was a bitter one; and if she provoked me, I gave her some six or seven drubs beyond what the Poet writ for her.

*Severn.* Well—look you, Will—I design greater things for you than any poet of them all—why you shall act a ghost in the ensuing play.

*Dotterell.* A ghost of me!—No—it can never be.

*Severn.* Yes, yes, you oaf, you shall be a country ghost—you shall come to the country gentleman who lay here last night, in the figure of his deceased brother, a fat Justice of the Peace, who left all his money in his hands—and he cheats him.—Why I don't know but you may be the luckiest ghost

ghost that ever appeared—Who knows but the old rascal may repent, and pay you?—If he does, I am sure you'll take it.

*Dotterell.* Nay, nay, there is no doubt of that. What has the poor money done?—I will take it, as you say.

*Severn.* Look you there: when you have done this part, you will have become a most accomplished player: you have gone through all the degrees of action; you came out of the parsley-bed, as they say to the children; you have been every thing——

*Dotterell.* A ghost! I shall never be sober enough. What if it be a country ghost—yet every man is serious after his death. I shall certainly laugh, and discover all.

*Severn.* Well—bid him they call Dickey come to me.

*Dotterell.* Dickey—Dickey, come to me; come, Dickey, come to Mr. Severn. I'm not a ghost yet; you need not be afraid:

*Enter SPIDER.*

*Severn.* Mr. Spider, I have a part for you; but I am afraid you have too good an air, too much dignity in your person, to do it well.

*Spider.* Oh, I warrant you.—They never put me to act any thing in Tragedy, though my genius and temper are altogether for great and sublime things.

*Severn.*

*Severn.* No doubt on't, Mr. Spider—but you must be content at present to do me a courtesy, and still keep in Comedy; for you are to be a tapster.

*Spider.* What! when Mr. Dotterell (as I apprehend) is to be a ghost—am I to be but a tapster?

*Severn.* Why, you are to be a tapster to the inn in which he is to be a ghost—so that he is in a manner in your keeping—all the ghosts in inns are kept there by the tapster or chamberlain; now you are to be both in this inn that I imagine.

*Spider.* Oh! oh! I begin to conceive you—I am to be a live tapster, and Mr. Dotterell is to be the ghost of a dead man that died in the inn, and left a power of money behind, and so haunts the house because his own cousin had not—I understand it very well.—Look you, Mr. Dotterell, it was I and my master contrived to kill this gentleman, for the great bag of money he brought into our house. Come, come, we'll go in, and consider how to act these parts, without giving Mr. Severn any more trouble about it.

*Severn.* But there is another thing that, I fear, will go much against you; and that is, you are to be excessively saucy.

*Spider.* No—I shall make no scruple of that, if he proves an unmannerly guest, I'll warrant you.—

But,

But, Mr. Dotterell, let us go and lay our heads together.

*Severn.* Now, gentlemen, you are going out in your own persons, and no man living can tell which of you should take precedence. Certainly, Mr. Spider, you are somebody or other; and, Mr. Dotterell, so are you. Now I would fain know which of you is to take place of the other.

*Spider.* Pray, good Mr. Dotterell.

*Dotterell.* Nay, nay, Mr. Spider, I'll never be outdone in civility: you must pardon me indeed, Sir.

*Spider.* Nay, Sir.

*Dotterell.* Nay, Sir.

*Spider.* Nay, Sir.

*Dotterell.* Nay, nay, nay, Sir, if you go to that.  
[turns aside.]

*Spider.* Nay, but, good Sir,—excuse me, Sir.

[turning another way.]

*Dotterell.* Oh, Mr. Spider, your servant for that, Sir.  
[takes him up in his arms.]

*Spider.* Sir, you conquer me beyond expression; Sir, you run away with me.

*Dotterell.* Indeed, Sir, I must say you are a very easy gentleman; you are carried away with the least civility, look you, Sir; for—

[carrying him backwards and forwards.]

*Spider.*



*Spider.* Plague on't, what a misfortune it is to be a little fellow! Though I have a soul as great as Hercules, this fellow can deal with me.

*Dotterell.* Oh my dear little Dickey Spider!

[*Exit, kicking him in his arms.*]

*Severn, solus.* Here is a great piece of difficulty adjusted; but I observe very few difficulties of ceremony of much greater moment than this, and wish they were all so to be ended.—Well—now have I the hardest task in all my affair to pursue:—to persuade a woman who is young, pleasant, and agreeable, to act a part for me to another; to make love for me, instead of receiving love made to her; and there is no way of obtaining women but by making love to them. They are used to no other language, and understand no other—Ho! who waits there?

*Enter Waiter.*

*Waiter.* Sir; do you call, Sir?

*Severn.* Pray, Sir, call Mrs. Umbrage hither. If she be in the green-room, tell her I beg to speak with her. I must form myself into all the good humour I can to entertain her, or I shall never get her to come into it.

*Enter Mrs. UMBRAGE.*

Oh, here she comes. Well, madam, I have cast parts for you, and named you to many, but never so very nice a one as I am to desire of you

to undertake at present. To overlook yourself, and deliver that application to another, which had been more rightly directed to yourself, is a greatness of mind, is a candour, to be found only in Mrs. Umbrage.

*Umbrage.* Well, Mr. Severn, you have waved your cap sufficiently; you have done homage, and made your acknowledgments; pray proceed to the matter.

*Severn.* The Northern young lady whom you have often heard me talk of, is in town, and lay in this house last night.

*Umbrage.* That has been the conversation of the green-room. But what do you design in all this you are going to let me into?

*Severn.* I would be well with that young lady. —Nay, I think I am so.

*Umbrage.* A man may often be mistaken in those points, as knowing as you are.

*Severn.* I grant it, madam; I have a mind to know it more explicitly, and have the most evident proofs of it; which I will not desire till I have given her sufficient testimony of a disinterested zeal and service for her.

*Umbrage.* That is, indeed, the noblest and the surest way to approach a sensible spirit, as I have heard you describe hers to be. Pray let me hear what argument you have for thinking that she has  
a dis-

a disposition towards you; for you know we naturally are too apt to believe what we wish to be true.

*Severn.* A good opinion is in a man's own power to create. I took care to appear in the best manner where she was; to be always in great good humour, and shew a wonderful deference to her in all my actions; which I constantly expressed by my eye only, as if afraid of notice and observation. She had her eyes as attentive to mine, and never lost the least expression that I made to her, but turned away her eyes when mine grew too familiar.—But give me leave to tell you one particular occasion wherein I plainly think she declared herself to me.

*Umbrage.* That will be worth hearing indeed; I shall be glad to hear the language of the eyes translated by the tongue. [smiling.]

*Severn.* You are to know, Madam, that there happened one day in the North, a great Quaker's wedding, at which she and I were present. They went with the greatest gravity and decorum through the whole circumstance of it. But at night she was invited, so was I, to see the bride and bridegroom put to bed.—Several of her maidens attended her; several of their young men him. It is the nature of their superstition, to keep their passions bridled, restrained, and formally dissembled. They have none of those flights, palpitations, gambols,

and follies, which divert the mind, and break it from its main object.

*Umbrage.* You are going into a fine story; but I trust your discretion.

*Severn.* Madam, you may [*bowing.*—To be sure the bridegroom is laid by his bride; the company stands in the most profound silence, as contemplating the objects before them.—He a young man of 25, she a young woman of 20—He wishing our absence; she fearing it. The eyes of every one of us spectators naturally searching the object with which they could best be pleased in the same condition, my eyes met Miss Pincers', in which there was such a sweet compliance, such a revel invitation, immediately checked when observed and answered by me, that I ever since concluded she had something more than good-will for me.

*Umbrage.* Well, if she has it, I shall be far from lessening it; but will, as you seem to desire, accompany her, and improve it.

*Severn.* I form great hopes of success from that declaration: but as the lady is mighty theatrically disposed, I beseech you to shew her the pleasure and beauties of the house.

*Umbrage.* All that is in my power:—all that is not, I must leave to you.

*Severn.* I will not doubt of success.

To gain a she, a sure she-friend provide;  
For woman is to woman the best guide.

ACT. II.

*The Scene opens, and discovers PINCERS and his WIFE, Miss DOLLY, RALPH, and MARGERY.*

*Mr. Pincers.* Fie, Miss Dolly; do you say you heard no manner of noise when I was knocking my heart out?

*Dolly.* None in the least. In the country they talked of the rattling of coaches here in London. I heard nothing of it; I can hardly think I am yet in the City.

*Mrs. Pincers.* Why, Miss Dolly, you won't say so, sure! Did you hear no drums nor trumpets?

*Dolly.* Not in the least.

*Mrs. Pincers.* O gemini!—then to be sure the house is haunted, and the man of the Inn has killed some traveller, and hid him behind the hangings, and we are all disturbed for it—'t is so to be sure.

*Ralph.* It is no otherwise. I wonder counsellor Severn would bring Master to such an Inn as this is, so I do.

*Mr. Pincers.* Chamberlain!—Why, chamberlain!—

*Enter SPIDER (as Chamberlain).*

*Spider.* Do you call, Sir?

*Mr.*

*Mr. Pincers.* Do you call, Sir?—ay, marry do I, Sir. What has been doing in the Inn here, or in the streets, with trumpets and kettle-drums?

*Spider.* Trumpets and kettle-drums!—Poor gentleman!

*Mr. Pincers.* Poor gentleman! no, no poor gentleman.—I am afraid this house is no better than it should be.

*Spider.* Has not your worship lain warm? The bed is as good a bed as any in the house. A man of fifteen hundred a-year lay in it, and slept all night.—He came to town to be fluxed.—He was very much a gentleman, and owned he slept very well; and his bones ached but little in that easy bed.

*Mr. Pincers.* Rogue! put honest folks, that have been man and wife these twenty years, into a pocky bed together!

*Mrs. Pincers.* In a pocky bed, husband! take the law of him.

*Mr. Pincers.* Sirrah! has not counsellor Severn been here this morning?—Go, Sirrah, bring me some water and a towel; I'll go to the counsellor's chambers immediately. I'll trounce this house.

[Exit SPIDER.]

*Miss Dolly.* [Aside.] I'll look over my letter again. [Reads.] “Be afraid of nothing; but know, that the disagreeable shapes Mr. Pincers is  
enter-

entertained with are not to appear to you; and when you know this, you may partake of the diversion of tormenting those who attempt only to sell and betray you. What you see are persons and appearances belonging to the several plays which are acted in this house."—Oh me! how pure is all this!

*Re-enter SPIDER, with a Barber.*

*Spider.* Here is the water and towel, and here is a barber if you want him. *[Exit.*

*Pincers.* Harkey ye, Mr. Barber; you look like an honest man, put on your trimming cloths about me. I'll enquire of you what sort of people live in this house. Ha! what's this here?—

"To Mr. PINCERS, Esq.

*[A letter has come down from the air with this direction.]*

"Sir, Repent of the ill you are contriving, before it be too late—I shall appear to you and your wife only. In hopes of justice, I remain

Your dead and buried Brother,

RALPH PINCERS."

*Enter SPIDER, as Tapster.*

*Spider.* Sir, do you call for nothing this morning? are not you dry, nor your wife neither, ha, old Dry-boots?

*Pincers.*

*Pincers.* What does this mean? A letter come directed to me out of the air—and my brother coming!—Wife!—Margery, do you see that letter? What can it mean? Look you, sauce-box; good man Tapster, I shall take a course with you, sirrah, I shall.

*Spider.* You are a sneaking, country bumpkin, Sir.

*Enter DOTTERELL, dressed like a Country 'Squire.*

*Pincers.* Bless us! there comes on my brother, in his old boots and grey riding-coat. 'Tis he: I ha'n't the heart to speak to it.

*Dotterell.* A country ghost! I shall laugh out [*aside*]. How frightened the dog is! I'll warrant the rogue has a great sum of money of mine. I'll make him give it me. [*To Pincers*] Repent, and don't cheat your brother, and break your word with a man that is dead and buried. I shall laugh before the old Put has refunded—— [*aside*].

*Mrs. Pincers.* There is the Justice come to fetch us away with him—he's come for Dolly's portion. You know I was always for giving it all to her since Nancy's death.

*Dotterell.* Give me my money—give me my money.

*Pincers.* Oh! how I tremble! yet dare not speak to him—— [*He comes nearer.*]

*Dot-*



*Dotterell.* Show my last will and testament—  
give me my money.

*Pincers.* I cannot speak to him, to tell him I'll  
do every thing.

*Dotterell.* I will haunt thee, and tear thy wife  
from the fell—

*Mrs. Pincers.* He presents the figure of the poor  
child we had to cheat Dolly with: Oh husband,  
he'll have me to punish thy sins.—Oh he has me—  
now, now, husband—*[they both sink with the Bar-  
ber at a trap-door.]*

*Ralph.* “He presents the figure of the poor  
child we had to cheat Dolly with!” How shall I get  
off this ground? *[Going away fearfully.]*

*Margery.* Oh, Ralph! can you leave me?  
*[They meet trembling, as if they found the  
place open.]*

*Ralph.* Let us keep together, and not go under  
ground in a strange place.

*Margery.* Tell me, Ralph, whether there was  
any thing between you and Nan?

*Ralph.* Ask no questions, ask no questions, good  
Margery. *[Exeunt.]*

*Miss Dolly.* Whither shall I go, or where will  
this adventure end? Sure Mr. Severn will—

\* \* \* \*

*[Four leaves of the MS. are here unfortunately  
missing.]*

\* \* \* \*

*Umbrage.*

*Umbrage.* The pretty good-natured absurdity! [*Aside*] but, madam, you forgot Lorenzo that you mentioned just now: you must see his—[*whistle: Scene changes*] there, madam, there's the place he spoke those charming words in. But I forget, madam, you are a country lady, and delight rather in airy prospects, tracts of land, and beauteous lawns. [*Scene changes to the Park.*]

*Miss Dolly.* Is this the Park? Pray, madam, where is the Bird-cage-walk, where lovers meet for intrigue?

*Umbrage.* You shall see it in due time; for I have a thousand other things to tell you of. You must understand human life, and what passes in the world, before you give yourself away;—but I must not inform you of it abruptly and hastily.

*Miss Dolly.* It will be charitable in you, madam, to do so.

*Umbrage.* I know you must be an admirer of poetry and good sense, without which music is insipid, or at least but half informed.

*Miss Dolly.* I have wished myself at London a thousand times, to see operas; but I would not have them sing nonsense.

*Umbrage.* Therefore, madam, I hope you'll like the poetry which Mr. Severn has ordered for the stage, in celebration of two faithful lovers: they were persons in an humble condition, and no ways con-

conspicuous, but by their passion for each other; indeed, just what they should be conspicuous for——

AN INSCRIPTION AND EPITAPH IN A COUNTRY  
CHURCH.

“Near this place lie the bodies of John Hewett and Sarah Drew, an industrious young man and a virtuous maiden of this parish, who having been contracted in marriage, and being with many others at harvest-work, were both in one instant killed by lightning on the last day of July, 1718.”

*Miss Dolly.* Oh; but the Poetry—what a sad thing 'twou'd have been if one of them had been left alive.—But pray let's see the Poetry.

*Umbrage.* Have but patience, and we will have convenience, Miss, to sit down and hear it.

[*Scène changes to a bower.*

“Think not with rigorous judgment seiz'd,  
A pair so faithful could expire,

Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleas'd,  
And snatch'd them in cœlestial fire.

Live well, and fear not sudden fate,  
When Death calls Virtue to the grave;

Alike 'tis justice soon or late,  
Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue alike can hear the call,  
And face the flash that melts the ball.”

But let us take our places, and carry it gravely, suitable to your fortune and merit.

[*Here it is performed.*

## ACT III.

*Enter SEVERN and HUMBER.*

*Severn.* I have often begged you to let me shift for myself, let my character sink or swim. Every man who attempts any new thing must allow mankind to talk of him as they please. I do not regard what the world says, but what it should say.

*Humber.* It is very odd, that we have never happy moments but at midnight, so different are our tempers; and we are made to keep together from no other rule, but that we never expostulate upon past mistakes: to meet again after a misunderstanding, contains in itself all manner of apology, all expostulation; but if I might, I would complain, that the business of the house is neglected while you are attending your amours.

*Severn.* No: there is a present leisure to attend any thing of that kind, to hear any person or persons that pretend to the Stage, to examine scenes or goods to be shewn or exhibited there, and give them their answers. Let us take our places accordingly.

*Humber.* It is wondrous to consider the folly of mankind, that think so lightly and so meanly of  
the

the faculties of a player.—Roscius had three thousand scholars, and one only fit for the purpose.

*Severn.* There's no arguing mankind out of their humour or their taste; they may be gained upon by skill and labour, but that must be felt before it's seen.

*Humber.* Now you begin to philosophize: but let us hear the people, in spite of vernacular dialect or tone, attempting to represent the most difficult characters of state. Mr. Duntaxat, if you please, we will now sit down and hear them. [*They sit down at table.*] Mr. Severn, you see he consents to take out places [*rings the bell*].

Who waits?

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Servant.* A great many people, Sir; but none so importunate to be admitted, as the Welch gentleman, who offers to act the character of Hamlet for his own pleasure.

*Humber.* Plague on him, whose pleasure will it be besides?

*Severn.* Oh, all the world will like him; let us admit him by all means.

*Humber.* He in his vernacular tone will disparage a scene for ever by repeating it; but do as you will.

*Severn.* Pray desire the gentleman to walk in: pray, gentlemen, keep your countenance; for he is

no

no fool ; or if he is, he is a valiant one, and hath a great estate half way up the atmosphere.

*Enter Mr. GWILLYN.*

*[They all rise from their seats.]*

Sir, we understand the high obligation you lay upon us (pray sit down, Sir) in condescending to tread the stage in the character of the Prince of Denmark ; in which, Sir, you are so far right, that he was a prince of a very antient family, and not unworthy a gentleman of your character to represent.

*Gwillyn.* I have a respect for him, both for his plutt and his prains, and think I could do him justice.

*Severn.* There is no doubt of it, good Sir ; and if you please to pronounce the sentence "To be or not to be,"—you'll mightily raise these gentlemen's expectations, and gratitude to you for the favour you intend them.

*Gwillyn.* Sir, that I will do, if the gentlemen please to hear it.

*[They all rise, and come forward with him.]*

*Gwillyn.* "To pee and not to pee," &c.

*Severn.* Most admirably spoke, Sir. Be pleased to give us time to concert measures, what day to act this play. Let our taylor wait upon you to adjust the shape, and all things necessary.

*[Exit GWILLYN.]*

*Humber.*

*Humber.* It's well we have got well clear of this humorous exceptious gentleman; but I was in terrible pain lest he should have observed your inclination to laugh. Let us not lose time, however, but go on to answer other persons. [*Rings the bell.*

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Humber.* Who waits without?

*Servant.* Very many people, Sir; but the lady with her daughter says she has been here so often that she will be next admitted.

*Severn.* She will! she insists to see us all together, and makes a difficulty even to show her daughter's face. Now that is so preposterous and humorous, that I could not answer her civilly, and in general, and so put her off.

*Humber.* Let her come in, however, and have her answer from us all.

*Enter Mrs. FENNEL with her DAUGHTER.*

*Humber.* Madam, what are your commands here?

*Mrs. Fennell.* Gentlemen, I am a gentlewoman of a very antient family.

*Severn.* Very likely, Madam; but indeed, Madam, we sit here to provide for the Stage, and not to hear pedigrees.—If you are of a house of yesterday—and please to-day—you'll pardon me, Madam—that is what we are to mind chiefly—but pray, Madam, break into your business.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Fennell.* Why, gentlemen, this young lady in a mask, with me, is my daughter; and I propose her for the Stage; for I am reduced, and starve or beg we must not.

*Severn.* But, Madam, please to show us how your daughter will help to keep us from wanting. Madam, we have a great charge already.

*Mrs. Fennell.* Why you see, gentlemen, her height is very well; she is neither tall nor short.

*Severn.* We allow it, Madam; but that is not all: she must speak with a good air and grace.—Won't she unmask? Must not we see more than thus much of her?

*Mrs. Fennell.* No, no, gentlemen, we must come to some manner of agreement before you see any further. To be a maid of honour—a waiting lady on your Statiras and *Roxannos*, or any of your theatrical princesses, she'll deserve 20s. a week for mere dumb show;—and I'll have assurance of that in case you like her face; or else it sha'n't be said she was offer'd to the playhouse.

*Severn.* Well but, Madam, that is not all; let her be for dumb show only, her face is not all; she must be well limbed; [*they whisper and confer*] she may sometimes be in a boy's dress—a Cupid—a young heir to a great family—a page, or a gentleman-usher.

*Mrs. Fennell.* Why I was aware of the objection, and have had a model taken of her legs, which you shall



shall see, Gentlemen. There they are; as fine a straight leg, and as proper a calf—you shall seldom see a woman's leg so well made.—I don't question, Gentlemen, but you have seen great choice, Gentlemen, in your posts; are well acquainted with the symmetry of parts, and correspondence of limbs.

*Severn.* Well, Madam, you speak of your goods so advantageously, and set them off so reasonably, that if the lady pleases to show her face, we shall give twenty shillings a-week certain.

*Mrs. Fennell.* She is your servant, and shall constantly attend rehearsals. [*Daughter unmasks.*]

*Severn.* On my word, a very surprizing face.—Pray, Madam, may I beg the favour to see those pretty lips move?

*Daughter.* Yes, Sir.

*Severn.* Pray, Madam, raise your voice a note higher.

*Mrs. Fennell.* Gentlemen, I beg she may be kept wholly for Tragedy, for she takes prodigiously after me. She can act only a haughty part; I was prodigiously haughty in my youth. She will never act naturally any thing but what's cruel and unnatural, as the men call it.

*Severn.* But, Madam, can't she repeat any verses, any parts of a play? It is strange she should

have an inclination to the stage, and yet have learnt nothing by heart.

*Mrs. Fennell.* Oh, I have inured her to get as many things as possible to arm her against the wiles of men; as those concerning Sir Charles Sedley—Say on, good Betty.

*Daughter.* “Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,  
That can with a resistless charm impart  
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart.”

*Severn.* “The loosest wishes!”—I fancy somebody or other has seen her legs otherwise than by a model—she speaks so sensibly! [*Aside.*]

*Daughter.* “Raise such a conflict, kindle such a  
fire,  
Between declining virtue and desire,  
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,  
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.”

*Severn.* Well, Madam, pluck up a spirit;—and let us hear you grace it, and do it with an air. Speak it politely, with a side face: you are to imagine an audience, tho' there is none; and pray speak it with courage—

“Sedley has that prevailing,” &c.

*Humber.* Madam, you may be sure of all the encouragement and care your beauty and merit deserve.—*Exeunt Mrs. FENNEL and DAUGHTER.*

Well, now let us look into some scenes that are under examination, whether proper to be exhibited,

or not. Let the Scene of Mr. Buskin come on.—

*Trumpets sound, and Drums beat a March.*

*Enter BUSKIN.*

*Buskin.* “In vain has conquest waited on my sword,

In vain th’ obedient waves have wafted o’er

The bark in which I sail’d; as if the gods

Had order’d Nature to preserve her course

With gentle clime and season, to convey

In safety me, their instrument of fate.”

*Humber.* Ho! brave, ho! brave. What’s to come after that?

*Buskin.* “All this was vain, since Clidiamira’s eyes Have met with mine—and stopt my race of glory.

Oh, Clidiamira—Oh! oh! oh! let all

The elements break loose—”

*Humber.* Ay ay, to be sure, they can do no less, if Clidiamira’s really angry; but not so fast, not so fast, if you please.

*Buskin.* Pray, Sir, give me leave—Oh, Mr. Humber, is it you? Your humble servant—I submit—I know you are a critick.

*Humber.* To be free, Sir, you must know this way of blustering is a stage legerdemain, a trick upon the eyes and ears of the audience. Look you, Sir, this is a time of licentiousness; and we must examine things, now we are setting up to strip you, to know whether what you say is good or not.

*Buskin.* How, strip me!

*Humber.* Ay, strip you—for if it be not sense in your doublet, it is not in your long robe. High heels on your shoes, or the feathers on your beaver, cannot exalt you a tittle. No; you must know, good folks, this is all a cheat. Such stuff as this is only a tragedy of feathers--it is only lace and ribbon in distress--undress the actor, and the speech is spoiled.

*All.* Strip him—strip him!

[*they pull off his clothes.*]

*Humber.* Now speak, now speak.

*Buskin.* Give me my truncheon at least; I got it by heart with a stick in my hand.

*Many.* Ha, ha, ha; let him have his truncheon, let him have his truncheon.

*Buskin.* Nay--pray, Gentlemen and Ladies, let me come on the same board.--Nay--

*Humber.* You shall do that--well, but begin.

*Buskin.* "In vain has conquest"—sha'n't I have a little of the trumpet?

*All.* No, no, no.

*Buskin.* Then the drum only.

*All.* No, no.

*Buskin.* "Oh, Clidiamira--oh! oh! oh!"--it won't do: one can't follow either love or honour without some equipage.

*Hum-*

*Humber.* Well then, Master, to keep you in countenance, you shall take up your things, and in your doublet speak that sentiment in the play call'd *The Patriot* \*, wherein the great Lord speaks to his friend, who applauds the bestowing of his bounty.--The friend, taking notice of his conveying secretly relief to a distress'd person of great merit, and thinking to please him, tells him, that the man obliged has found out who sent it, and said it was a god-like action. To which the other answers:

“ God-like indeed, could one bestow unseen!  
Thanks are too large returns, from soul to soul,  
For any thing that we can handle thus :  
Heaven has no more for giving us our all.  
The means of sustenance man owes to man,  
As Angels give each other thought for thought.”

Mr. Buskin, your most humble servant ; mingle with the company—Take your things. Say that in a doublet, cap, or waistcoat, with or without shoes, and make it little if you can.

[*The crowd takes in Buskin.*]

*Humber.* But I see you grow uneasy, to be diverted from your main design ; I'll only trouble you with two circumstances, which to me appear very

\* I cannot discover what play this could be. The only dramatic piece, called *The Patriot*, that was in print in Steele's time was Gildon's Tragedy ; and no such passage is to be found therein. J.

magnificent, tragical, and great: the one is a great favourite in a Court, a man of consummate honour, who was surrounded with many difficulties and enemies. They got the better of him so far, as that he must be sacrificed, unless he would open a letter which came by an error into his hand, but was directed to his enemy. He comes on in a soliloquy, but chooses to preserve his honour by abstaining from opening it, and goes on to his ruin. He says but a word or two; but let him come.

*Enter a TRAGEDIAN with a letter in his hand.*

*Tragedian.* "Here is my fate: 'tis put into my hands;

'Tis in my hands to take or to refuse;  
I cannot op'n it but with loss of honour—

Be it for ever clos'd.

I can't 'scape death; that will come soon or late;

'Tis in my power to make it find me innocent."

[*Exit.*

*Humber.* You observe, Mr. Severn, here's no noise, no eclat, no bustle, but simple and calm greatness.—The next circumstance for which I beg your patience is that of a great English General, who, observing the confederate horse seized with a panick fear, and all, to a man, in the utmost disorder, assumes himself, mounts an eminence, and says he will stand there to revive the army. He did so: the enemies soon observed so remarkable an object,

object, and cannonaded it. He stood the fury of their cannon while the army marched—But he comes on—

*Drums and Trumpets to precede his march.*

*Enter GENERAL.*

*Gen.* "Nothing, but seeing me meet all they fear,  
Can avert the same contagion from the troops.  
Let them behold me die; or, what is more,  
Let them behold how I expect to die!" *[Exit.*

*Hum.* It is allowable to help great thoughts, and alarm the audience with warlike instruments, to give the inattentive a sense of what is truly sublime. But I won't detain you longer; let us go in; but as we are going off a stage, let me repeat to you a couple of verses.

Would you reform an heedless guilty age,  
Adorn with virtuous characters the Stage.

## ACT IV.

*Enter Mr. PINCERS, and BARBER and CONSTABLE.*

*Pincers.* How do you say, Sir? All this a delusion! an imposition!

*Barber.* Perfectly so, Sir; no otherwise, indeed, Sir; and they have seized Mr. Constable there, my neighbour, who came into the house to keep the peace, when they were waging war in it.

*Pincers.* What, lay hold upon a Constable! detain the Constable! do they know what they do?

*Barber.* Ay, they know very well; but they don't care what they do.

*Pincers.* And was the ghost a cheat, and calling this an Inn all imposition?

*Barber.* Yes, Sir; but here Mr. Constable has found out below stairs an inlet into the house, and whence he can let in all the people of Drury-lane and the parts adjacent.

*Pincers.* I have heard of Drury-lane, in the country; but they will do as well as any, for this purpose.

*Barber.* That is most excellent good luck: we will swinge them for false imprisonment, and that of so great an officer as a Constable.

*Constable*



*Constable.* But, Sir, I want a warrant to do what I would on this occasion.

*Pincers.* There need none, Sir; you have the law, which will uphold you in it; the recovery of your liberty, and my liberty, as well as that of the Barber, will support you. There is in your person the liberty of every man in England. As you are a Constable concern'd, I am a Lawyer. I'll stand by you, I warrant you. But let's be silent before you bring in the *posse*. Take these deeds in your care and custody [*giving him deeds.*] Observe, Mr. Barber, I deliver them to him; and now let us go, or him go, and let in his people.

[*Exit* CONSTABLE.]

What a prodigious villainy was here, Mr. Barber! I placed such a confidence in this Mr. Severn, and took counsel with him for the disposal of my niece, and thus he has served me; but I have put my deeds relating to her into the Constable's hand; and if he can let his *posse* into the house, I'll warrant you we will recover all. [*A noise of People.*]

“Beat down the doors; deliver the lady.”]

*Barber.* Hark, hark! he has got them in, I warrant ye; the *posse* is rais'd; I'll warrant we shall have the whole city and country on our side.

*Pincers.* The whole matter is, how to conduct it legally. Let me be but of the council, and we will knock them all o' the head, and not transgress the

the

the law at all; we will murder the dogs,--I would say the rogues;--why what is there in it? they are no people, they are nobody in law; and if they are no people, to kill them is to kill nobody; for to fire at *fera natura*, creatures by nature wild—those animals are lawful game, and any man that has so much a-year may kill them; so, Mr. Barber, any man may fire upon these fellows; these Stage-players, who are no persons, have no right in themselves; and therefore any man may kill them.

[*A noise without.*]

“Deliver the lady; give her to her guardian; give her to her uncle.”]

*Barber.* They are just a coming in; I know the neighbourhood and the constable; you shall direct us all.

*Pincers.* Nay, I'll warrant you all shall be safely and legally done.

[*Enter a Crowd of People.*]

*Rabble.* Where is the gentleman? where is the gentleman?

*Barber.* Here he is, Gentlemen; and the Players have taken his niece from him; and, for aught we know, they have ravished her; but, let it be so or no, we'll indict them for it. Hark'ee, Mr. Pincers, will an indictment for a rape lie in Drury-lane?

*Pincers.*

*Pincers.* Look'ee, Gentlemen, we will fall upon them for taking her and her clothes; and then afterwards come upon them for the body, as we shall see cause; but we must find this body before we can do any thing.

*Barber.* We will bear all down before us but we will find her. Down with all their sham. Heavens, their counterfeit seas. Down with their false unsafe lands; down with their windmills and their dragons; burn their barns; and when we have got the lady, fire the house. Come, follow the gentleman.

*All.* Ay, ay.

*Pincers.* Huzza, huzza!

*All.* Huzza, Huzza! [Dog barks.

*1st Rabble.* Don't mind their great dog; he barks a sham. He is no true dog. Unkennel the dog within. Hark'ee, neighbour, keep up your dogs—keep your dogs. Halloo halloo!

*2d Rabble.* Keep your dogs, Gentlemen Butchers; keep the dogs to charge their house. I'll warrant we'll spoil their battling, and rioting, and fighting, and decoying all our daughters and nieces to see sights, and never mind their business. Ho! the lady, the lady—we'll have the lady.

*Barber.* We'll make this young lady as famous as Helen of Troy was. We'll burn all before us

for

for her sake. Come, let us hunt, let's see what's about this house in all its parts—halloo, hunt.

*Pincers.* Let the Constable march first; there's our safety, that's our security.—Take notice, I declare before all this company, it is in defence of this honest——

\* \* \* \*

[It seems not unreasonable to conjecture, that the *Constable*, to whom *Pincers* gave the deeds in custody (p. 41.), was a player-confederate in the scheme of SEVERN; that the papers were the writings of Miss Dolly's estates; and that SEVERN was thus to become possessed of them in the winding-up of the Comedy. J.]

# FRAGMENT

(PROBABLY)

OF

## A PLAY,

INTENDED TO BE CALLED

### “ THE GENTLEMAN.”

---

*Enter TOM DIMPLE and Sir HARRY SEVERN.*

*Tom.* I'LL serve you very faithfully in this particular, since you have a curiosity to pry into the affairs of us poor servants.

*Sir Harry.* I think you are happier than we masters. But how do you contrive it, to be at a ball and masquerade of your own, all the time we are at ours, and yet be in readiness to attend when we break up or want you?

*Tom.* Sir, we leave sentries at all the places where you come out. All of us cannot expect to be at the diversion every night; but the forty or fifty who are to stay about the Play-house, or the person of quality's who entertains, send frequent  
expresses

expresses to us. Besides, I own to you, Sir, that we find means to have tickets of our own, and can send in among you, by the help of them, when we please, and have warning enough of your motions: If we are a little too tardy, the coachmen can, when they think it convenient, make stops, so as no one can stir, and keep every thing in a ferment till all troops are come together.

*Sir Harry.* You put me in mind of a great many things that have been till now unaccountable.— Why, then, the sudden motion when we have been all lock'd fast--tearing and swearing--coachmen lashing, footmen bawling, and link-boys offering help to call chairs or coaches, and striving to lead or light you, is usually a hurry contrived and made up on purpose: and the sudden getting loose of one another, is only that the word is given; "all are come," "all is right?"

*Tom.* It is nothing else in the world.

*Sir Harry.* But then how do you do for your habits and your musick, and all the rest of the conveniences?

*Tom.* You have been so good and kind a master, that I'll hide nothing that may contribute to your diversion. We are in fee with the wardrobe-keepers at the Playhouses; and when the play is over, and all the parties concerned are disposed of, the whole

whole stock of clothes are in their hands; and they let them out for so many hours, pack them up again with great order, and no harm done.

*Sir Harry.* Well, well, now there is no mystery; there is nothing so easy, as all is safe without possibility of disappointment or surprize. But as to what is to be done to-night——

*Tom.* This alehouse, where we all meet, is joining to a great house very well furnished; and the care of letting it is committed to our landlord. He has broke down a partition, which he can in a day or two make up again; and we have noble apartments for our entertainments, not inferior to those wherein our masters themselves are received.

*Sir Harry.* You divert me extremely with this new scene of pleasure.

*Tom.* We shall be in our tip-top jollity to-night; all the lower world will be together, in as much pleasure as ever the upper themselves enjoyed.

*Sir Harry.* What have you extraordinary at this time, more than any other?

*Tom.* Our landlord is leaving off his business, and marries his daughter, Mrs. Jenny, my Lady Dainty's chambermaid, to the favourite footman of Sir John Plover, who is a great leader among us, and will keep and increase the custom of the house. But the humour is—no one is to know which is  
the

the bridegroom; nor any but the girl herself which of the company is Sir John.

*Sir Harry.* How! Sir John?

*Tom.* I should have told you, that we always call one another by the names of our masters; and you must not be surpriz'd at hearing me answer to your honour's to all who call to me; for, as I am a manager, and to be barefac'd, I cannot disguise that *I am you.*

*Sir Harry.* It is no matter, if they will take me as readily for your fellow-servant.

*Tom.* They'll never suspect you for my master. But here comes my landlord.

*Landlord.* Come Sir Harry, Sir Harry, 'tis past nine o'clock;—the company is coming—they have put all in at the masquerade and the assemblies.

*Tom.* [*whispering Sir Harry.*] As I am barefac'd, you can come to me when you please, or when you are at a loss. But you see I must attend my charge.

*Sir Harry.* I beg your pardon; I'll interrupt you no more; but if I like—you understand.

*Tom.* You know my skill and diligence, my good master;—but adieu.—Landlord, you see the house fills; let all the waiters be ready; pipes, tobacco, bread, cheese, and the like, for those who are in habits proper for such coarse fare. What! none of the Stewards ready but myself?

*Enter*



*Enter three others with wands, barefaced.*

*2d Steward.* Ay, ay, here we are—here we are.

*3d Steward.* We stayed only till we saw some quality figures coming in.

*2d Steward.* Look you, how we are overrun with nymphs and shepherds!—But look, look! there is some sense in those stalking things, which move like pageants, and are not of human shape.

*1st Steward.* Right, they cannot be out in their parts, as there are no such things in nature: they are patch'd-up beings, out of mere fancy and imagination.

*3d Steward.* But have a care, ladies, shepherdesses, nymphs; run, run—Here, here is a dragon that devours virgins, as a pike does small fish.

*2d Steward.* Have a care—here he comes, here he comes—he eats all virgins without mercy, but will touch nobody else.

*Several Women's voices together.*

Let him come, let him come.

*An old wither'd Maid crying out.*

*Old Maid.* Have a care, have a care; let me get off, let me get off; oh me—oh me! [*running off.*]

*Figure of St. George—DICKY, borne on a War Horse.*

*Dicky.* Fear not, fair-one, fear not. I am St. George. I'll save thee.

■ DRAGON

*DRAGON and ST. GEORGE fight.*

*The Crowd cry out.* Ho-boy, St. George! Ho-boy, Dragon!—there's the Knight of the World.

*1st Masquer.* Hear, hear, the Knight is going to speak. As he's stout, he's merciful. He is going to give the Dragon his life—no no, he's going to speak to him.

*Constable.* Hold—hold—Sir Knight; the Dragon's my neighbour—he's a Taylor in my neighbourhood.

*2d Masquer.* Open the Dragon, open the Dragon; keep the peace; take out the Taylor.

*Lawyer Masquer.* Take care what you do; take care what you do. If he is a denizen, the law is very severe.—Though there are nine to make up a man, by fiction of law it is murder to kill any one of them: the law supposes him a whole man.

*1st Steward.* Ho! Mr. Fly-flap, Mr. Wardrobe-keeper, give the company an account of the Knight and of his Horse.

*Wardrobe-keeper.* This is the Poet's Horse that trod down all the persons who have been killed in Tragedy ever since I came to the house. The gentleman that rides him has some verses about him, if he would speak them.

*Many Masquers.* Hear, hear!—Hear the verses!

*St.*

*St. George.* On this bold steed, with this dead-  
doing arm,

Without art magic, help of draught or charm,  
Crowds have I slain, and routed from the field,  
Or made, as captives, to my mercy yield.

My horse and me none could escape by flying,  
But sav'd their lives by well-dissembled dying.

*Cobler Masquer.* Very well, very well, i'faith.  
Look ye, look ye, Gentlemen, I know the humour  
of that. I live just by in Vinegar-yard, and I know  
the humour of that. You must know he means by  
that—that by pretending to be dead, the men  
whom the valiant man in the play rides over, or  
cuts down, are carried off safe and sound—why, I  
have been called in, when there has been a great  
battle in the house, to help to carry off the dead;  
and I have brought a man off dead over-night,  
and mended his shoes next morning.

*4th Masquer.* Ho, brave Crispin!—that's a good  
jest, i'faith.

*Cobler.* But my wife said a very good thing upon  
that. “Look thee, Will,” said she, for you must  
know my name is William, “we shall never make  
any thing of this, if we are to wait for dead men's  
shoes.”

*4th Masquer.* Ho-boy, Crispin! Thou art a  
merry rogue, Crispin!

\* \* \* \*

1870  
The first of the year  
was a very successful one  
and the business was  
very good.

The second of the year  
was also very successful  
and the business was  
very good.

The third of the year  
was also very successful  
and the business was  
very good.

The fourth of the year  
was also very successful  
and the business was  
very good.

The fifth of the year  
was also very successful  
and the business was  
very good.

**FRAGMENT**

**OF A**

**TRAGEDY,**

**PROBABLY WRITTEN BY ADDISON.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

BELLARIO, *a discarded Favourite of the King.*

ORAMONT, *his Son.*

ALTIMOR, *a Minister of State.*

PHILOMONT, *contracted to Eunesia.*

MARTIAN, *Oramont's Friend.*

LUCIO, *Oramont's Page.*

MARANA, *Bellarion's Wife.*

EUNESIA, *his Daughter.*

---

The best passages in this Fragment are more in the style of *Addison* than any other that I recollect; and its being left in *Steele's* possession would favour a conjecture that it was written by the modest author of *The Drummer*, the copy of which was sold, and sent to the press, by Sir Richard. The hand-writing also resembles *Addison's*.

Though here is only one Act, it is a good foundation for a fine Tragedy. J.

## FRAGMENT

OF A

## TRAGEDY.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Bellarion's Palace.**Enter ORAMONT and MARTIAN.*

*Oramont.* YES, Martian, yes; it is a foul reproach,

A scandal to my youth and to my name,  
 To loiter thus in dull obscurity,  
 In idle study, and pursuit of wisdom;  
 To me, ambition, pleasure, wealth, are wisdom;  
 In them it is contain'd, in them I'll seek it.

*Martian.* It does not suit, indeed, thy active soul,  
 To waste thy days thus in inglorious ease,  
 When war, in all its loveliness of pomp,  
 Courts thee to fame, to honour, and to power.

Yet,

Yet, lovely as it is, I quit it all,  
For thy dear sake with pleasure do I quit it.

*Oramont.* Yes, *Martian*, 'tis a wondrous proof  
of friendship.

O! I've a soul like thine, my friend, ambitious;  
Like thine it glows with an uncommon ardour,  
For glory pants, swells with desire of fame.

*Martian.* And does your father—

*Oramont.* Still deaf to my desires,  
Austere he frowns on all my fond entreaties;  
Tells me it is the error of my youth,  
Bids me correct it, check my forward hopes,  
And seek for happiness in my peaceful studies.  
Vain thought! in seeking happiness I lose it:  
Can I be happy with desires unanswer'd,  
If I've a wish unsated, unenjoy'd?

*Martian.* But then your mother lives but on your  
sight,  
Your father doats on hers.

*Oramont.* Yes, thus I'm curb'd;  
Thus all my hopes are nipp'd ev'n in the bud;  
Thus bounded is my prospect of the world.  
To please the will of an imperious father,  
And soothe the weakness of a doating woman,  
Thus am I cag'd, while, like the joyous birds,  
I unconfi'd from grove to grove would fly,  
And taste the various fruits that nature yields;  
Boldly I'd climb to titles, and to power;

Pow'r!



Pow'r! 'tis the darling attribute of Heav'n!  
 And only giv'n by Heaven to the brave.  
 Is it not great, my Martian, is it not,  
 To dart a blazing lustre all around one,  
 To be the first distinguish'd of mankind,  
 Admir'd, caress'd, gaz'd at by gaping crowds,  
 Who, waiting, smile or tremble at one's nod?  
 Yet this my father whimsically calls  
 The food of a deprav'd, a sickly fancy,  
 The idle silly pageantry of fools,  
 To please weak women, and amuse the vulgar.  
 This he despises;—but he first enjoy'd it.

*Martian.* 'Tis the perverseness of decaying age,  
 To envy, and deny to vig'rous youth,  
 Those pleasures which their weakness can't enjoy.  
 But reasons urge his hatred to the Court;  
 When, stung with injuries and piercing taunts,  
 He struck an insolent intruding courtier,  
 Did not the King, unmindful of his service,  
 With threats provoke and drive him from his sight?  
 Did he not cherish the offending brute?

*Oramont.* And must I, therefore, dream away  
 my life  
 In sloth, contempt, and in mistaken pleasures?  
 No, no; my hours in dalliance shall play,  
 Shall dance in circles and in endless rounds  
 Of pomp, of pleasure, gaiety, and love;  
 The Court, the Court's the sunshine I must bask in.

*Martian.*

*Martian.* Then you have seen the Court, I may conclude.

*Oramont.* Yes, twice I've disobey'd my father's orders;

Twice, unobserv'd, unknown, I've stolen to it,  
Befriended by our neighbourhood to town.

*Martian.* And did it please you, Oramont?

*Oramont.* It did.

Its splendor struck, its pleasure charm'd my soul;

Like Venus' court it seem'd, the seat of beauty,

While Venus self, in gay Arderia's form,

Sister to Altimor, the King's chief favourite,

Amid her nymphs shone eminently bright,

Superior look'd, and stood confess'd the goddess.

I gaz'd, was pleas'd, still gaz'd, and still admir'd,

Ten thousand Graces revell'd in her eyes;

Ten thousand little Loves play'd in her smiles,

And fir'd insensibly my unwary heart.

Thou'st seen her?

*Martian.* Yes.

*Oramont.* And didst thou not perceive—

Tell me, my Martian, didst thou not perceive

The little wanton Cupid in her face

Reigning with glorious pride? Yes, yes, thou must.

There, there he sits, from thence securely wounds;

Each feature is a magazine of darts;

Her eyebrow is his bow, that's ever bent;

Her eye his sharpest, fatal'st pointed arrow.

Let him no more be wrong-reputed blind,

Since

Since with Arderia's eyes so sure he wounds,  
 Since he could chuse so fair a seat to dwell in;  
 There, there he reigns, the cruel sporter reigns,  
 And smiles to see th' extensive waste he makes.

*Martian.* She's fair indeed.

*Oramont.* O! she is wondrous fair!

*Martian.* But she is wondrous proud: guard  
 well your heart;

She may prove somewhat dang'rous. Do you love  
 her?

*Oramont.* Love her!—yes, to enjoy her, nothing  
 farther;

I scorn the childish ague of the soul,  
 That shakes and trembles; mine's a raging fever,  
 Burns to possess, and when possess'd can quit.  
 From fair to fair I'll rove, possess, enjoy,  
 And prove Love's various pleasures, shun its pains.

*Martian.* Would you not marry, then, the fair  
 Arderia?

*Oramont.* Marry!—O yes; to satisfy my glory,  
 To pave my way to honour and to power,  
 I'd marry. But my soul is all ambition,  
 And has not room for such a toy as woman.  
 Women are but the playthings of an hour;  
 Too much of them unmans us into trifles  
 Like themselves.

*Martian.* But hush! here comes your father;  
 And with him, ha! Altamor, as I live;

I'll for a minute leave you, Oramont.

[Exit MARTIAN.

*Enter BELLARIO and ALTIMOR.*

*Bellarario.* 'Tis generous, and singularly kind,  
To visit the disgrac'd; my Lord, you're welcome.  
You're early with the day; d'ye travel far?

*Altimor.* Only to town; I left my country seat  
This morning; but my friendship to your lordship  
Led me awhile to quit the common road,  
To enquire of your health.

*Bellarario.* My Lord, you're welcome,  
Most truly so—you'll honour me, I hope,  
With your continuance for a day or two.

*Altimor.* No, 'tis impossible.—I must attend  
His Majesty this morning to the Council.  
You are but four short miles, I think, from town?

*Bellarario.* No more; but yet I live retir'd enough;  
No one is fond to visit those in clouds,  
Who have not sun enough to warm their hopes.  
I have no morning levees, no crouds to watch,  
And trouble my repose: that happiness,  
That blessing, ev'n the wretched do enjoy—  
But pray, my Lord, how does his Majesty?  
He must be near my age. Is he still hearty?

*Altimor.* Still gay and lively as in blooming youth.

*Bellarario.* The Heav'ns continue him so; he is a  
good

And ever gracious Prince.

*Altimor.*

*Altimor.* He is, indeed,  
Tender and pitiful; and so you'd find him,  
Would you but make submission, own your error.  
The King, I'm sure, would readily forgive you,  
And take you to his arms with pride and gladness.

*Bellarion.* No, Altimor, I should again offend him;  
I'm peevish, rash, and testy grown with age,  
And cannot bear the flattery of knaves,  
Nor insolence of fools; I should fly out;  
I have not art enough to hide my temper.

*Altimor.* You've had a long experience of the  
world,  
And know how to despise without offending.  
The wise should not be mov'd by cringing knaves,  
Nor should a proud, a worthless fool provoke them.  
Return again, my Lord, return to Court;  
Return, and serve your country and your Prince.

*Bellarion.* Serve him! alas! I have no pow'r to  
serve him.

I have a heart, indeed, that's warm with zeal  
And love. But I am old—I'm much too old;  
Weak is my head, and feeble are my hands.  
No, I am going—I've but a little way  
To walk, and that should be in peace and quiet,  
Even and smooth. But you can serve him well;  
You've youth, capacity, and strength to serve him;  
You can and will, and he deserves it well.

*Altimor.*

*Altimor.* But think, Bellario, how strong your  
foes,

How restless, in your absence, they're to ruin you.

*Bellarrio.* O! let them plot, and search thro' all  
the ways

And labyrinths of malice; I despise them.

Let them with art and labour spin their webs,

To catch my undesigning honesty;

Yet has my virtue force to break thro' all.

*Altimor.* Will nothing do? I'll yet attempt it  
farther. [aside.

But tho', my Lord, you're weary of the world,

Your son, the noble Oramont, has youth.

In youth the blood boils high, impetuous beats;

The youthful mind would soar aloft to fame.

*Bellarrio.* 'T would soar, only to fall with greater  
weight.

No, no; my son's too young, his youth too weak

To stand the pleasures of so gay a Court.

His virtue would be stain'd. Besides, he's not

Ambitious, as I hope.

*Altimor.* But, my good Lord—

*Bellarrio.* Or if he is, let him hunt after wisdom;

That is a conquest worthy his pursuit,

Will bless his wishes, smile on his desires,

With wide-extended arms will meet his search,

And crown his hopes with glory and with wealth.

*Altimor.* You have a daughter too.

*Bellarrio.*

*Bellario.* What! my Eunesia? into her's hand she's sold!

*Altimor.* Fame speaks her Nature's chief, her  
greatest boast,

Her excellence, profuse of beauty's sweets.

*Bellario.* Beauty she has, yet 'tis the least her  
care;

Free from her sex's vanity and pride,

Her care is to attend her father's age,

His few remaining hours of life to sweeten,

And form her mind to virtue and to wisdom.

This is her pride, this only her ambition.

*Altimor.* Such virtue would reform and shame  
her sex,

Such goodness would adorn and grace the Court,

The fitter place for her excelling beauty.

There gaiety and wit their revels keep,

To polish and to please our youthful minds.

*Bellario.* Her soul's not touch'd with such illu-  
sive joys,

Her pleasure is the pleasure of the year;

In spring, the blossoms; and in summer, flowers;

To observe the op'ning of their various beauties,

And tend her nurseling oranges and myrtles.

*Altimor.* A Paradise indeed! where such an Eve  
Infuses warmth and life into the flowers,

That aim to rival (but in vain!) her sweetness.

*Bellario.* Sometimes we angle, and the pretty  
reas'ner

Upbraids

Upbraids and chides herself for cruelty,  
Till lovely pearls stand in her melting eyes,  
And urge her to release her little captive.

*Altamor.* Yet man, the proudest of his sex,  
would wear

Her chains, and think it happiness sufficient.

*Bellarion.* Or sometimes, shrouded in a pleasing  
shade,

My fondling sings, to soothe her father's cares,  
And tune his soul to harmony and peace.

The feather'd warblers perch'd on every bough  
Attentive listen to her sweeter notes ;

Then, when she ceases, in full chorus join,  
To sing her praise, and to proclaim their joy ;

While the soft whispers of the gentle wind  
Play thro' the trees, and in the concert aid.

Thus blest with ease, thus busy without noise,  
My days glide on in innocence and silence.

But I shall tire your Lordship with my talk ;  
'Tis age's humour, and you must forgive it.

*Enter EUNESIA.*

My angel, Heaven bless thee ! as thou com'st  
To bless thy aged father with thy sight.

*Eunesia.* I come to wait your Lordship to the  
chapel.

*Bellarion.* O ! thou'rt all goodness. I'll attend  
thee thither.

Thy mother—will she go ?

*Eunesia.*



*Eunesia.* She'll meet us there.

*Bellario.* Come then, my child.

My Lord, you will not stay?

*Altimor.* No, good Bellario; I must to the Court.  
Yet I could stay, and gaze for ever there— [*aside.*  
I'll look no more, I shall grow foolish straight;  
Her lovely beauteous form works round my soul,  
And fashions it her own.

*Bellario.* Good morrow, Sir:  
My humble duty to his Majesty;  
My prayers, the all my age can serve him with,  
With fervent zeal I'll offer for his welfare.  
Attend his lordship. Come, my dear Eunesia,  
Our morning's duty first to Heav'n we'll pay,  
In various pleasures then enjoy the day.

*Exeunt BELLARIO and EUNESIA.*

*Altimor.* Thy father, Oramont, is truly brave,  
Honest, and wise; but he is much to blame,  
Too obstinately bent against the Court,  
And too severe to thy aspiring youth.

*Oramont.* My father's temper's fiery and hot,  
Unus'd to bear, impatient of affronts,  
Yet long retentive of the sense of them.

*Altimor.* Why urge you not your wishes for the  
Court?

Thou hast, I'm sure, ambition.

*Oramont.* Yes, I own

F

It grieves me to be always thus confin'd ;  
 But so austere, so rigid is my father,  
 I'm aw'd by his severe and stern denials.

*Altimor.* Thou hast, I'm sure, a soul that's  
 turn'd to glory ;

I saw it, when I press'd thy father's leave ;  
 I saw it beat and bound within thy breast,  
 Impatient of his cruel hard restraint.

Oh, Oramont !

*Oramont.* What passion moves you thus ?

*Altimor.* Believe me, my heart bleeds.

*Oramont.* For what, my Lord ?

*Altimor.* To see thy youth thus, like the op'ning  
 spring,

Promise a plenteous autumn ; then to see it  
 Nip'd before the summer suns can warm it,  
 To see thee ruin'd, beggar'd, and undone.

*Oramont.* Ha ! beggar'd, and undone ! what  
 mean you, Sir ?

*Altimor.* Oh ! Oramont ! thou dost not see or  
 dread

The gath'ring storm that quickly will fall on thee ;  
 Ev'n now I fear tis breaking o'er thy head.

*Oramont.* I do not see a cloud, Sir ; but your voice  
 Like thunder does alarm and threaten me  
 With some impending tempest. Tell me then,  
 O ! tell me, whence it comes ; that I may watch,  
 And try (if possible) t' avert the danger,

Lest unprepar'd it deluges my soul,  
And sinks my vessel in a sea of troubles.

*Altimor.* You know your father was security  
For his dear friend Elanius: he, dying,  
Left a vast debt of fourscore thousand pounds  
Unanswer'd to the Crown. Bellario's worth,  
His zeal, and service, have been long consider'd;  
But now, I fear, his enemies prevail.  
He's careless, artless, unsuspecting; they  
Are subtle, vigilant, and powerful.  
I saw them yester-even skulk about,  
Buzzing with cautious whispers; in their eyes  
Sat a malicious joy, and grimly told  
The wicked, cruel purpose of their hearts.  
I fear they gain'd an order, in my absence,  
For an extent, to seize your father's house,  
Estate, his jewels, all his valuables,  
To answer for the debt.

*Oramont.* Ha! say you, Sir?  
Seize his estate!

*Altimor.* All, all, my Oramont.

*Oramont.* What! all! all! O! most cruel treach-  
'rous Fortune!

And must my youth be crush'd thus in its bud?  
Must all my hopes thus blasted fall to ground,  
Never to rise again?

*Altimor.* Indeed 'tis pity,  
It is a wondrous pity.

*Oramont.* Oh! 'tis cruel;  
 It is the work of hell and hell-bred malice;  
 Rot, rot the heart that first did dictate it,  
 The tongue that mention'd it. Oh! may the fiends  
 Burn in their own incessant, tort'ring fires,  
 And never know one moment's joy or peace!

*Altimor.* Have patience!—yet you may be sav'd  
 from this.

*Oramont.* No, none but the blest hand of Heav'n  
 can save me.

*Altimor.* Yes, Oramont, a mortal's can.

*Oramont.* And where,  
 O! where in mortal can I hope that goodness?

*Altimor.* Suppose *I* should exert my utmost power,  
 Should step between thee and this fierce destruction,  
 Should stem, with danger to myself, this torrent.

*Oramont.* O! it should be the business of my life,  
 To bless, to thank, and to admire your goodness,  
 To wait and serve you with my life and fortune.

*Altimor.* This, Oramont, and more, I'll do to  
 serve you;

With me thou shalt enjoy the Royal favour,  
 Be crown'd with titles, and abound in wealth,  
 Adorn'd with power, blest with prosperity.

*Oramont.* O! good my Lord, unless you pur-  
 pose it,  
 Do not amuse me with deceitful hope;  
 That will undo me more. I am too apt

To hope ; for, like the lamp that 's just extinguish'd,  
My hasty soul catches at any light,  
And in a moment bursts into a flame.

*Altimor.* I'll do it on my honour, on one poor,  
One slight condition.

*Oramont.* Pray, my Lord, what is it?  
I have a soul starts at ingratitude.  
Whate'er it is, I readily consent.

*Altimor.* You do? Remember well your present  
promise ;  
But tell me first, what think you of a woman?

*Oramont.* I cannot guess your meaning.

*Altimor.* That's no matter ;  
Tell me, what think you of a woman's honour?

*Oramont.* Humph—nothing ; or but a trifle, a  
gawdy flower,  
With many fancy'd charms, no real ones ;  
The pleasure and the beauty of a day,  
That fades with every little breath of wind.

*Altimor.* Then wou'dst thou, Oramont, for this  
mere trifle,  
Quit all thy hopes of honour and of power?

*Oramont.* No, on my soul I would not. What's  
the condition?

*Altimor.* You have a sister.

*Oramont.* Yes.

*Altimor.* A fair one.

*Oramont.* So she's thought.

*Altimor.*

*Altimor.* I love her.

*Oramont.* Ha! Your Lordship's married.

*Altimor.* No matter—I'd enjoy her—think on that.

But first, if thou wilt aid my fond design,  
Arderia, my sister, shall be thine;  
She's beautiful, and thou'st a form to please her.

*Oramont.* Pray, my Lord, give me a few moments thought.

*Altimor.* [*aside.* So! if he can deliberate, he's mine;

The man who pauses on his honesty,  
Int'rest will soon determine.

*Oramont.* Let me see.

[*Retires to the other side of the Stage.*

What means this sudden trembling of my limbs?

My blood thus curdled? ev'ry nerve relax'd?

Death to my sight! oh! horror! horror! horror!

[*starting.*

*Altimor.* Ha! Heav'ns! my Oramont, why start you thus?

Why do you shudder thus, and wildly stare?

Why is this dropping dew upon thy face?

Say, speak, what! has thy tongue forgot its office?

Thou stand'st a very statue of surprise.

What can it be, that thus thy lips do quiver,

Struggling to speak, yet frightened from their strength?

Tell me, oh! say, what is 't thou gazest at?

*Oramont.*

*Oramont.* Shroud me, kind darkness, from that  
grizly horror,

That ghastly sight!

*Altimor.* Where, what, my Oramont?

*Oramont.* Shield me, protect me, oh!

*Altimor.* What dost thou mean?

*Oramont.* Start from your orbs, my eyes; forget  
to see,

Rather than see such terrors.

*Altimor.* Why, what terrors?

*Oramont.* Perdition blast me but I saw it.

*Altimor.* What?

*Oramont.* By Heav'n, the very image of my  
father;

Raving he seem'd, and in the pangs of death;  
Each heart-vein pouring forth a crimson flood,  
Dreadfully pale, he star'd, and sternly frown'd,  
As if——

*Altimor.* No more.

*Oramont.* I say, my father's image.

*Altimor.* Away, 'twas but the image of your fear,  
The self-created curse of wavering minds.  
In all the various shapes of dread and horror,  
This fear, this visionary, cheats the sight,  
And shakes the mind from all its firm resolves:

*Oramont.* Again!

*Altimor.* Ha!

*Oramont.* See—look where the phantom stands!

With

With stiff, erected hair, and clotted blood,  
With hollow eyes, and—oh, do not look thus.

*Altimor.* Why, Oramont.

*Oramont.* O Heavens!

*Altimor.* Indeed—

*Oramont.* 'Tis gone.

*Altimor.* 'Tis but the lab'ring of your frightened  
fancy.

Your father lives, how can his spirit then walk?  
What! can the soul enliven separate beings?

*Oramont.* 'Tis strange.

*Altimor.* Believe me—

*Oramont.* It is wondrous strange.

*Altimor.* Or, if 't was true, think 't was thy  
friendly genius

Assum'd this form, to influence your thoughts.

*Oramont.* It may be so.

*Altimor.* Assuredly it was.

Say, could'st thou see thy father thus indeed,  
Raving with anguish, dying in despair?

Stop, stop th' effusion of his bleeding heart;

Let not his hoary age sink down in misery;

Let him not pine in poverty and sorrow.

*Oramont.* And how avoid it?

*Altimor.* I will be your guide.

Thou know'st the friendly terms on which I'll save  
you.

*Oramont.* What terms?

*Altimor.*



*Altimor.* Eunesia.

*Oramont.* 'Tis impossible!

My sister! must-I sacrifice my sister,  
And in her loss of honour wound my own?

*Altimor.* Honour! away! a silly vain opinion,  
That hangs but on the rabble's idle breath.

Say, is it better to give up this toy  
(Which yet may be preserv'd by secrecy),  
Or see thy parents, sister, and thyself,  
Wand'ring in beggary?

*Oramont.* No more, no more.

*Altimor.* Nay, then too thou wilt see her fall a  
prey,

A helpless prey (for who befriends the poor?)—

A helpless prey to some low wretch in office.

*Oramont.* Can, can it be?

*Altimor.* Thou too, my Oramont,

Mayst be constrain'd to stoop, to kneel, and kiss  
The very feet of him thou now wouldst scorn.

*Oramont.* Hide, hide that thought; for all beyond  
is madness.

*Altimor.* Quickly resolve then.

*Oramont.* Ha! it shall be so;—

Yet she may marry the fond Philomont,

The practice of the world will justify it.

My Lord, I do consent; but the condition

Shall be eternal silence.

*Altimor.*

*Altimor.* Do not doubt ;  
My joys thy sister gives shall be as secret,  
As shall my care and love for you be public ;  
And here, my Oramont, I pledge my word,  
Arderia, my sister, shall be yours ;  
Fame, wealth, and future fortune, shall be yours.  
Thou near the King, our earthly sun, shalt shine,  
Superior and distinguish'd from the herd ;  
While they at distance gazing shall repine :  
Yes, thou shalt rise to honour and to pow'r,  
While ev'ry joy shall crown thy ev'ry hour.

The sprightly lark thus, as he mounts the sky,  
With scorn beholds his fellows from on high ;  
Upward he'll soar, and, with erected flight,  
Aloft he'll shoot, and tow'r beyond our sight ;  
Tow'ring he'll warble ; warbling he will play,  
Enjoy a warmer and a brighter day.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE  
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
*SIR RICHARD STEELE.*



*SIR RICHARD STEELE'S*

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

---

1. TO JOHN LORD CUTTS\*.

MY LORD, TOWER GUARD, MARCH 23, 1701.

**T**HE address of the following papers is so very much due to your Lordship, that they are but a mere report of what has passed upon my Guard to my Commander; for they were writ upon duty,

\* A soldier of most hardy bravery in king William's wars. He was a younger son of Richard Cutts, esq. of an antient and distinguished family, settled about the time of Henry VI. at Matching in Essex, where they had considerable property. His father removed to Childerley in Cambridgeshire, on a good estate being given him by sir John Cutts, bart. who died without issue. This estate, after the decease of an elder brother, devolved on John; who sold it, to pay incumbrances, to equip himself as a soldier, and to enable himself to travel. After an academical education at Cambridge, he entered early into the service of the duke of Monmouth, and followed his fortunes abroad; was aid-de-camp to the duke of Lorrain in Hungary, and in 1686 signalized himself in a very extraordinary manner  
at

when the mind was perfectly disengaged, and at leisure, in the silent watch of the night, to run

at the taking of Buda by the Imperialists; which important place had been for near a century and a half in the hands of the Turks. Mr. Addison, in a Latin poem worthy of the Augustan age, plainly hints at Mr. Cutts's distinguished bravery at that siege. He was afterwards colonel of a regiment in Holland, under the States, and accompanied king William to England, who continued his favour towards him, and created him baron Cutts of Gowran in Ireland, Dec. 6, 1690. "The Right Honourable the Lord Cutts his speech to the Mayor and Corporation of Newport, at his Majesty's Castle of Carisbrook, in the Isle of Wight, upon the swearing of Captain Thomas Read into the Office of Mayor, according to the annual Custom and Charter of the Corporation," was printed in 1690, a single sheet, folio. He was appointed governor of the Isle of Wight, April 14, 1693; made a major-general; and, when the assassination-project was discovered, 1695-6, was captain of the King's guard. He was twice married; first, to Elizabeth, daughter of George Clark of London, merchant (relict of John Morley, of Glynd in Sussex, and after, of John Trevor, esq. eldest brother to the first lord Trevor). This lady died Feb. 1692; and that same year he had both his legs hurt in the battle of Steenkirk.—"The Lord Cutts had a grant, from the King, of the estate of Mr. Caryll, secretary to the late Queen in France. The estate was in Sussex, and worth about 2000*l.* a year. Mr. Caryll had been allowed to retain the profits, till, being accused of having, with his own hand, paid 800*l.* to buy horses, arms, &c. for the assassination of the King, he was outlawed, and his estate given to lord Cutts." (Post Boy, May 23, 1696.)—At the particular request of king James, this estate was restored to the Caryll family on payment of 10,000*l.* to lord Cutts. This anecdote Mr. Caryll told sir Merick Burrell, from whom the late sir William Burrell has recorded it in his Sussex Collections. (MSS. 5689, in the British Museum.)—In 1695, and the three following parliaments, lord Cutts was regularly elected one of the representatives both for the county of Cambridge, and for the borough of Newport in the Isle of Wight, but made his election for the former. In two parliaments

over the busy dream of the day; and the vigilance which obliges us to suppose an enemy always near

parliaments which followed (1702 and 1705) he represented Newport. July 3, 1696, he set out for Dublin; and was married, Feb. 4, 1696-7, to madam Pickering, daughter of sir Henry Pickering, a very considerable heiress in Cambridgeshire. He went to Flanders June 2, 1697; and, on the first of September, his lady was delivered of a son. His second wife, an amiable young woman, dying in 1697 at the age of 18, was celebrated in an admirable sermon by Atterbury. In 1698 he was complimented by Mr. John Hopkins, as one to whom "a double crown was due," as a hero and as a poet. In 1699, he is thus introduced in a compliment to king William on his conquests:

"The warlike Cutts the welcome tidings brings,  
The true best servant of the best of kings;  
Cutts, whose known worth no herald needs proclaim,  
His wounds and his own worth can speak his fame."

He was colonel of the Coldstream, or second regiment of guards, in 1701; when Steele, who was indebted to his interest for a military commission, inscribed to him his first work, "The Christian Hero." On the accession of queen Anne, he was made a lieutenant-general of the forces in Holland. Feb. 13, 1702-3, he was appointed commander in chief of the English forces on the Continent during the absence of the duke of Marlborough; commander in chief of the forces in Ireland, under the duke of Ormond, March 23, 1704-5; and afterwards one of the lords justices of that kingdom, to keep him out of the way of action, a circumstance which broke his heart. He died at Dublin, Jan. 26, 1706-7, and was buried there in the cathedral of Christ-church. He was a person of eminent natural parts, well cultivated by study and conversation; of a free, unreserved temper; and of undaunted bravery and resolution. As he was a servant to queen Mary when princess of Orange, and learned the trade of war under her Consort, he was early devoted to them both, and a warm supporter of the Revolution. He was an absolute stranger to fear; and, on all occasions, gave distinguishing proofs of his intrepidity, particularly at the siege of Limerick

us, has awakened a sense that there is a restless and subtle one which constantly attends our steps and meditates our ruin\*.

Limerick in 1691, at the memorable attack of the castle of Namur in 1695, and at the siege of Venlo in 1702. Macky says of him, in 1703, "He hath abundance of wit, but too much seized with vanity and self-conceit; he is affable, familiar, and very brave. Few considerable actions happened in this as well as the last war, in which he was not, and hath been wounded in all the actions where he served; is esteemed to be a mighty vigilant officer, and for putting the military orders in execution; he is pretty tall, lusty, well-shaped, and an agreeable companion; hath great revenues, yet so very expensive as always to be in debt; towards fifty years old." Swift, in a MS note on Macky; calls him, with his usual laconic cruelty, "The vainest old fool alive."—He wrote a poem on the death of queen Mary; and published, in 1687, "Poetical Exercises, written upon several Occasions, and dedicated to her royal highness Mary princess of Orange; licensed March 23, 1686-7, Roger L'Es-trange." It contains, besides the dedication signed "J. Cutts," verses to that Princess; a poem on Wisdom; another, to Mr. Waller on his commending it; seven more copies of verses (one of them called "La Muse Cavalier," which had been ascribed to lord Peterborough, and as such mentioned by lord Orford in the list of that nobleman's writings), and eleven songs; the whole composing but a very thin volume. The Author speaks of having more pieces by him; and a specimen of his poetry is quoted by Steele in the Tatler, No. V. Dr. Watts has a Poem on Lord Cutts, in Johnson's Poets, vol. LV. 115.

\* "Being thoroughly convinced," Steele says, "of many things, of which he often repented, and which he more often repeated, he wrote, for his own private use, a little book, called, 'The Christian Hero,' with a design principally to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures. This secret admonition was too weak; he therefore printed the book with his name, in hopes that a standing testimony against  
himself,



Thoughts of this nature a man may with freedom acknowledge to your Lordship, who have ever been so far from running into the fashionable vice of exploding Religion, that your early valour first appeared against the professed enemies of Christianity; and Buda had transmitted you to late posterity, but that you yourself have obliterated your part in that glorious scene by the fresher memory of you at Limerick and Namur.

With one honest purpose of life, and constant service of one interest and one cause, in what country have you not fought? in what field have you not bled? But I know I here offend you, nor will you allow warmth in commendation to be like a friend; but if, my Lord, to speak you generous, honest, and brave, be not friendly, I do assure you it is the only thing I will ever do in common with your enemies.

I said your enemies; but if there are any who have ignorance or malice enough to be such, their little hates must be lost in the distinction the better world allow you; and that County \* (whose discerning is refined by a learned and elegant Univer-

himself, and the eyes of the world (that is to say, of his acquaintance) upon him in a new light, might curb his desires, and make him ashamed of understanding and seeming to feel what was virtuous, and living so quite contrary a life. This had no other good effect, but that, from being thought no undelightful companion, he was soon reckoned a disagreeable fellow. One or two of his acquaintance thought fit to misuse him; and try their valour upon him; and every body he knew measured the least levity in his words and actions with the character of a Christian Hero." Apology, p. 296.

\* Cambridgeshire; see p. 78.

sity) has done you so great an honour in making you unanimously their Representative in Parliament, that they who would oppose your reputation, do but confess they are unacquainted with what passes in the world, and strangers to the residence of knowledge and virtue. It was there you received those rudiments of honour, which have rendered your life conspicuous enough to make you appear a worthy descendant of an antient and distinguished family, which has served the Crown in the most eminent stations; and been equally favourites of their country; it was there you imbibed those impressions which inspire that true use of your being; which so justly divides your time between labour and diversion, that the one does but recreate for the other, and which give a generous contempt of both when in competition with the service of that country which you love, and that God whom you worship.

Go on, my Lord, thus to contemn, and thus to enjoy life; and, if some great English day does not call for that sacrifice which you are always ready to offer, may you in a mature age go to sleep with your ancestors, in expectation, not of an imaginary fame, but a real and sensible immortality.

As for the present I now make you \*, if you will accept it with your usual goodness and affection to

\* A second edition of the *Christian Hero*, "with large additions," was published July 19, 1701. Steele, who was at this time an ensign in the Guards, and principal secretary to lord Cutts, obtained, by the interest of his kind patron, a captain's commission in the lord Lucas's regiment of fusileers.—It appears by a letter of Congreve, in January 1700-1, that *he* and *Dick Steele* were then on very friendly terms.

me, I shall entertain no farther hopes ; for, as your favour is my fortune, so your approbation is my fame.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient, most faithful, and most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

## 2. TO THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE \*.

MADAM,

[1702.]

AMONG the many novelties with which your Ladyship, a Stranger in our Nation, is daily entertained, you have not yet been made acquainted with the poetical English liberty, the right of dedication ; which entitles us to a privilege of celebrating whatever, for its native excellence, is the just object of praise ; and is an antient charter, by which the Muses have always a free access to the habitation of the Graces. Hence it is that this

\* Isabella, 2d daughter of s'Gravemore, the general of the forces to the States-General, whom Steele calls "*Mr. Scravenmore*;" but who in Collins's Peerage is termed "*S. Gravemore*;" probably for "*s'Gravemore*." She was married, a short time before this epistle was written, to Arnould Joust van Keppel, who in 1696 had been created earl of Albemarle, and with whom Steele was connected in his military capacity, as colonel of the first troop of horse-guards ; and it was probably through his Lordship's recommendation of this Comedy that Steele attained the notice and favour of king William. Our Author's name, &c. to be provided for, were in the last table-book ever worn by that glorious and immortal Monarch. Apology, p. 297.

Comedy \* waits on your Ladyship, and presumes to welcome you amongst us; though indeed, Madam, we are surprized to see you bring with you, what we thought was of our own growth only, an agreeable beauty. Nay, we must assure you, that we cannot give up so dear an article of our glory, but assert it by our right in you: for, if it is a maxim founded on the noblest human law, that of hospitality, that every soil is a brave man's country, England has a very just pretence of claiming as a native, a daughter of Mr. Scravenmore.

But your Ladyship is not only endeared to us by the great services of your father, but also by the kind offices of your husband, whose frank carriage falls in with our genius, which is free, open, and unreserved. In this the generosity of your temper makes you both excel in so peculiar a manner, that your good actions are their own reward; nor can they be returned with ingratitude, for none can forget the benefits you confer so soon as you do yourselves.

But ye have a more indisputable title to a dramatic performance than all these advantages; for ye are yourselves, in a degenerate low age, the noblest characters which that fine passion that supports the Stage has inspired; and as you have practised as generous a fidelity as the fancies of Poets have ever drawn in their expecting Lovers, so may you enjoy as high a prosperity as ever they have

\* This address was prefixed to "The Funeral, or Grief à-la-mode, a Comedy, 1702." The success of this performance was chiefly owing to the zeal of his fellow-soldiers, arising from his interest in the Army.

bestowed on their rewarded: this you may possess in an happy security, for your fortunes cannot move so much envy, as your persons do love.

I am, Madam; your Ladyship's most devoted  
humble servant, RICHARD STEELE.

### 3. TO THE DUKE OF ORMOND\*.

MY LORD,

[1704.]

**O**UT of gratitude to the memorable and illustrious patron of my infancy, your Grace's grandfather †, I presume to lay this Comedy at your

\* James Butler, duke of Ormond, born April 29, 1665, was sent to France at ten years of age; and on his return was admitted at Christ-church, Oxford, of which university he was afterward chancellor; succeeded to his grandfather's titles, July 21, 1688; in 1689, was made a gentleman of the bed-chamber, captain of the second troop of guards, and knight of the Garter; in 1702, generalissimo of the forces against Spain; lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Feb. 4, 1702-3; and again, Oct. 19, 1710; captain-general, Jan. 1, 1711-12, and had the first regiment of guards; was lord warden of the Cinque ports, and constable of Dover castle. (Burnet observes, "he had the same appointments which were voted criminal in the duke of Marlborough.") On the arrival of king George I. at Greenwich, the duke of Ormond came, with uncommon splendour, to pay his court; but was told by Lord Townshend, "that the King had no longer occasion for his service in the quality of captain-general; but that his Majesty would be glad to see him at Court." Withdrawing into France, he was attainted, Aug. 20, 1715; and died, Nov. 16, N. S. 1745, at Madrid, in the 81st year of his age.

† Steele's father, a counsellor at law, was some time private secretary to James, the first duke of Ormond. From the turn

feet: the design of it is, to banish out of conversation all entertainment which does not proceed from simplicity of mind, good-nature, friendship, and honour: such a purpose will not, I hope, be unacceptable to so great a lover of mankind as your Grace; and if your patronage can recommend it to all who love and honour the duke of Ormond, its reception will be as extensive as the world itself\*.

It was the irresistible force of this humanity in your temper that has carried you through the various successes of war, with the peculiar and undisputed distinction, that you have drawn your sword without other motive than a passionate regard for the glory of your country; since, before you entered into its service, you were possessed of its highest honours, but could not be contented with the illustrious rank your birth gave you, without repeating the glorious actions by which it was acquired.

of expression in the beginning of this letter, it seems not improbable that Mr. Steele sent his son to the Charter-house-school by the direction of the duke of Ormond above mentioned, who was one of the governors of that hospital, and who probably, if he had lived long enough, might have been very serviceable to the son of his secretary; who "cocked his hat," however, "and put on a broad-sword, jack-boots, and shoulder-belt, under the Duke's command," before "he was acquainted with his own parts;" and, "from the same humour which he ever after preserved, of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune, lost the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wexford, by mounting a war-horse with a great sword in his hand, and planting himself behind king William against Lewis XIV." See Steele's Theatre, No XI.

\* This address was prefixed to "The Lying Lover, or the Ladies Friendship, a Comedy, 1704."

But

But there cannot be less expected from the son of an Ossory, than to contemn life, to adorn it; and with munificence, affability, scorn of gain, and passion for glory, to be the honour and example to the profession of arms: all which engaging qualities your noble family has exerted with so stedfast a loyalty, that, in the most adverse fortune of our Monarchy, popularity, which in others had been invidious, was a security to the Crown, when lodged in the House of Ormond.

Thus your Grace entered into the business of the world with so great an expectation, that it seemed impossible there could be any thing left which might still conduce to the honour of your name. But the most memorable advantage your Country has gained this century was obtained under your command\*; and Providence thought fit to give the wealth of the Indies into his hands who only could despise it; while, with a superior generosity, he knows no reward but in opportunities of bestowing.

The great personage whom you succeed in your honours made me feel, before I was sensible of the benefit, that this glorious bent of mind is hereditary to you. I hope, therefore, you will pardon me, that I take the liberty of expressing my veneration for his remains, by assuring your Grace that I am, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient, and most devoted, humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

\* Alluding to the Duke's successes against the Spaniards at Cadiz, &c. in 1702.

## 4. TO MR. ADDISON.

SIR,

[1705.]

YOU will be surprized, in the midst of a daily and familiar conversation, with an address which bears so distant an air as a public dedication: but, to put you out of the pain which I know this will give you, I assure you I do not design in it, what would be very needless, a panegyric on yourself, or, what perhaps is very necessary, a defence of the Play \*. In the one I should discover too much the concern of an Author, in the other too little the freedom of a Friend.

My purpose, in this application, is only to shew the esteem I have for you, and that I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life. At the same time, I hope, I make the Town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of this Comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far raised my opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper memorial of an inviolable friendship.

I should not offer it to you as such, had I not been very careful to avoid every thing that might look ill-natured, immoral, or prejudicial to what the better part of mankind hold sacred and honourable.

Poetry, under such restraints, is an obliging service to human society; especially when it is used,

\* This Letter was prefixed to "The Tender Husband;" which was first acted in 1704, but not printed till 1705.



like your admirable vein, to recommend more useful qualities in yourself, or immortalize characters truly heroic in others. I am here in danger of breaking my promise to you; therefore shall take the only opportunity that can offer itself of resisting my own inclinations, by complying with yours.

I am, Sir, your most faithful, humble servant,  
 RICHARD STEELE.

---

## 5. A PETITION TO THE QUEEN;

WRITTEN BY MR. STEELE.

To the QUEEN's Most Excellent Majesty \*,

The Humble Petition of CHARLES GILDON †,

SHEWETH,

**T**HAT your Petitioner has, by an unhappy mistake, and not by any malicious design against the happiness and quiet of your Majesty's government,

\* This petition, in behalf of a brother Author under prosecution for a libel, is in Steele's hand-writing, and is dated in April 1707. Gildon had been tried at Guildhall, Feb. 14, 1706-7; and, having been found guilty, received sentence, May 17, to pay 100*l.* fine.

† Charles Gildon was born and educated at Gillingham in Dorsetshire. Richard, his father, who was of the Society of Gray's-Inn, and a zealous Roman Catholic, dying when his son was but nine years old, Charles was sent by his relations to the English college at Douay, in order to be made a priest; but, quitting the superstitions of the church of Rome (from conviction, as he himself said, on reading a Discourse by Dr. Tillot-

been concerned in publishing a pamphlet, called, "Sir Rowland Gwynn's \* Letter," &c. †

son on Transubstantiation), ran into the extremes of Infidelity and Deism. He was author of several dramatic pieces, most of which were unsuccessful; and of some poetical and other performances. He has been ranked among the Deistical Writers, from having ushered into the world "The Oracles of Reason," written by Charles Blount, esq. and published by Mr. Gildon in 1693, after that author's unhappy end, with a pompous eulogium, and a preface in defence of self-murder. He was afterward, as Dr. Leland candidly observes (View of Deistical Writers, vol. I. p. 43), "convinced of his error; of which he gave a remarkable proof in a good book, which he published in 1705, intituled, 'The Deist's Manual;' the greatest part of which is taken up in vindicating the doctrines of the existence and attributes of God, his providence and government of the world, the immortality of the soul, and a future state."—We are told, in the notes on the Dunciad, that "he signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. Pope very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called 'The New Rehearsal;' in a third, intituled, 'The Complete Art of English Poetry,' in two volumes; and others." He died January 12, 1723-4.

\* Sir Rowland Gwynn had been one of the representatives for Beeralston in two parliaments during the reign of king William III.

† This extremely rare pamphlet was called, "A Letter from her Royal Highness, the Princess Sophia, Electress of Brunswick and Lunenburgh, to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury; with another from Hanover, written by Sir Rowland Gwynn to the Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford," 8 pages, 4to; and was published in January 1705-6. The proceedings which it occasioned may be seen in the Journals of the House of Commons, for March 1705-6, vol. XV. p. 189; and the circumstances of the "high offence" are thus illustrated by Macpherson: "Though the remaining part of the session was distinguished with no business of importance, the animosities between the two parties filled every debate with altercation and noise.

That your Petitioner has had a liberal education and fortune, and expects this term a sentence worse than death for the same :

That he is under the greatest sorrow and contrition for this his high offence against so good and gracious a Queen ; and shall hereafter abhor and avoid all licence in speech and writing unbefitting a quiet, humble, and peaceable subject.

Your Petitioner, therefore, most humbly prays, &c.

The people without-doors were not disinterested spectators of the transactions within. They were roused with libels and pamphlets, which zealots, on both sides, poured daily from the press ; and they suffered themselves, as usual, to be deceived by the designing, or inflamed by the violent and weak. Among the publications concerning the proposed invitation of the presumptive Heir of the Crown to England, one commanded the attention, and incurred the censure of Parliament. Sir Rowland Gwynn, a busy, selfish, forward, and intriguing man ; violent in his principles, suspicious through weakness, deceiving others, and perhaps deceived himself by seeing objects through the muddy medium of a clouded understanding, had repaired to the Court of Hanover, to gain the favour of the Electoral Family, by alarming their fears concerning the succession of the British Crown. Upon the subject of the invitation to the Princess Sophia, Gwynn wrote a letter to the Earl of Stamford, which found its way to the press. This ill-worded, unmeaning, and confused performance, though it seemed to approve of the principles of the Whigs, severely censured that party for refusing their consent to the proposed invitation of the Princess Sophia into England. The Commons, on the eighth of March, voted Gwynn's Letter a scandalous, false, and malicious libel. The Lords concurred with them in an address upon this occasion to the Queen ; who replied, ' that, being fully sensible of the pernicious tendency of the paper which they had censured, she would comply with their request, and give orders to prosecute the printer and author.' Hist. of Great-Britain, sub ann. 1705.

## 6. TO MRS.\* SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

[SATURDAY, AUG. 9,] 1707 †.

**Y**OUR wit and beauty are suggestions which may easily lead you into the intention of my writing to you. You may be sure that I cannot be cold to so many good qualities as all that see you must ob-

\* *Mrs. Mary Scurlock*, afterwards *Lady Steele*, daughter and sole heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, esq. of the county of Caermarthen, was at this time a beautiful young lady about the age of eight or nine-and-twenty. Sir *Richard* has drawn a very amiable character of her in a dedication prefixed to the third volume of "The Ladies Library." She is styled here, according to the mode of the time when this letter was written, not *Miss*, but *Mistress Scurlock*, though her mother was still living. The appellation of *Miss* was then appropriated to the daughters of gentlemen under the age of ten, or given opprobriously to young gentlewomen reproachable for the giddiness or irregularity of their conduct. See "The Tatler," vol. I, N<sup>o</sup> 10, *note*; and N<sup>o</sup> 13, and *note*.

† The day of the month is cut out from this and a few of the following letters; and in some others the figures have been altered, in order to disguise the exact dates. Many concurring circumstances, however, confirm the conjectural dates here inserted in hooks.—In the *Muses Mercury* for January 1706-7, are some humorous lines by Steele, "to a young lady who had married an old man;" and in that for February is the following lively Song by him:

"Me Cupid made a willing slave,  
 A merry wretched man;  
 I slight the Nymphs I cannot have,  
 Nor doat on those I can.  
 This constant maxim still I hold,  
 To baffle all despair;  
 The absent ugly are and old,  
 The present young and fair."

serve in you. You are a woman of a very good understanding, and will not measure my thoughts by any ardour in my expressions, which is the ordinary language on these occasions.

I have reasons for hiding from my nearest relation any purpose I may have resolved upon of waiting on you if you permit it; and I hope you have confidence from mine as well as your own character, that such a condescension should not be ill used by, Madam, your most obedient servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

7. TO MRS. SCURLOCK\*.

MADAM,

[AUG. 11,] 1707.

I WRIT to you on Saturday by *Mrs. Warren*, and give you this trouble to urge the same request I made then; which was, that I may be admitted to

\* The admirers of Steele will recognise this letter, which they have read so frequently in the *Tatler*, N<sup>o</sup> 35; where it is thus introduced as an article from White's Chocolate-house: "I know no manner of news from this place, but that Cynthio, having been long in despair for the inexorable *Clarissa*, lately resolved to fall in love the good old way of bargain and sale, and has pitched upon a very agreeable young woman. He will undoubtedly succeed; for he accosts her in a strain of familiarity, without breaking through the deference that is due to a woman whom a man would choose for his life. I have hardly ever heard rough truth spoken with a better grace than in this his letter." *Mrs. Warren*, in the *Tatler*, is changed to *Mrs. Lucy*; and so it is in the MS. whence the letter is now printed.

wait

wait upon you. I should be very far from desiring this, if it were a transgression of the most severe rules to allow it. I know you are very much above the little arts, which are frequent in your sex, of giving unnecessary torment to their admirers; therefore hope you will do so much justice to the generous passion I have for you, as to let me have an opportunity of acquainting you upon what motives I pretend to your good opinion. I shall not trouble you with my sentiments till I know how they will be received; and as I know no reason why difference of sex should make our language to each other differ from the ordinary rules of right reason, I shall affect plainness and sincerity in my discourse to you, as much as other lovers do perplexity and rapture. Instead of saying "I shall die for you," I profess I should be glad to lead my life with you. You are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured, as any woman breathing; but I must confess to you, I regard all these excellencies as you will please to direct them for my happiness or misery. With me, Madam, the only lasting motive to love, is the hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let *Mrs. Warren* send me word when I may attend you. I promise you I will talk of nothing but indifferent things; though, at the same time, I know not how I shall approach you in the tender moment of first seeing you after this declaration which has been made by, Madam,

Your most obedient

and most faithful humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

## 8. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

[AUG. 14,] 1707.

I CAME to your house this night to wait on you; but you have commanded me to expect the happiness of seeing you at another time of more leisure. I am now under your own roof while I write; and that imaginary satisfaction of being so near you, though not in your presence, has in it something that touches me with so tender ideas, that it is impossible for me to describe their force. All great passion makes us dumb; and the highest happiness, as well as highest grief, seizes us too violently to be expressed by our words.

You are so good as to let me know I shall have the honour of seeing you when I next come here. I will live upon that expectation, and meditate on your perfections till that happy hour. The vainest woman upon earth never saw in her glass half the attractions which I view in you. Your air, your shape, your every glance, motion, and gesture, have such peculiar graces, that you possess my whole soul; and I know no life but in the hopes of your approbation: I know not what to say, but that I love you with the sincerest passion that ever entered the heart of man. I will make it the business of my life to find out means of convincing you that I prefer you to all that is pleasing upon earth.

I am, Madam, your most obedient, most faithful  
humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

## 9. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM, FRIDAY MORNING [AUG. 15, 1707].

**H**OPING you are in good health, as I am at this present writing, I take the liberty of bidding you good-morrow, and thanking you for yesterday's admission. To know so much pleasure with so much innocence is, methinks, a satisfaction beyond the present condition of human life; but the union of minds in pure affection is renewing the first state of man.

You cannot imagine the gratitude with which I meditate on your obliging behaviour to me, and how much improved in generous sentiments I return from your company. At the same time that you give me passion for yourself, you inspire me also with a love of virtue.

Mrs. Warren informed me of your intention \* on Sunday morning. I forbear indulging myself in a style which my eager wishes prompt me to, out of reverence to that occasion.

I am, Madam,

Your most obliged, most faithful servant,

RICH. STEELE.

\* To receive the sacrament; see p. 102.



## 10. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

AUG. 16\*, 1707.

**B**EFORE the light this morning dawned upon the earth, I awaked, and lay in expectation of its return; not that it could give any new sense of joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you with its chearful face, after a quiet which I wished you last night. If my prayers are heard, the day appeared with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon your person and actions. Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts; I contemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you, that I cannot with confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me in. May he direct you in all your steps, and reward your innocence, your sanctity of manners, your prudent youth, and becoming piety, with the continuance of His grace and protection! This is an unusual language to ladies; but you have a mind elevated above the giddy notions of a sex insnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration, into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls in the possession; but I love also your mind: your soul is as dear to me as

\* The date in the original has been twice altered; in the first place, "Aug. 16" is changed to "Aug. 23;" and under it is written "Sept. 3, 1671;" and this remark: "Though I made him no declarations in his favour, you see he had hopes of me when he writ this in the month following . . . . obedient servant!"—See the Spectator, No CXLII. Aug. 13, 1711.

my own; and, if the advantage of a liberal education, some knowledge, and as much contempt of the world, joined with endeavours towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed as yours is, our days will pass away with joy; and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ; therefore beseech you to pardon the first hints of my mind, which I have expressed in so little order. I am, dearest creature, your most obedient, most devoted servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

11. MRS. MARY SCURLOCK TO HER MOTHER.

DEAR MADAM,

[UNDATED].

**BY** a letter I had from Cousin Betty Scurlock, I find you are resolved to winter in Wales, which is the cause of this speed in my writing; having kept a secret from you, through fear that a letter might (by the usual impertinent curiosity of people) make a discovery of what is proper for your own ear only, and not to divert any in that tattling place where that wretched impudence H. O. resorts, who (lest we should think God had not wholly forsaken him) had

had the boldness to send me a letter, which I had the very last post. I tore it without once reading it, he being beneath my scornful laugh.

But the matter in hand is this. Your frequent declarations of your earnest wishes that I might happily please you in obliging myself by my choice of a companion for life, has emboldened me, now Fate has put it in my power, to give so far encouragement, as to promise speedy marriage upon condition of your consent; which I do not question having, when I tell you I not only make use of the most weighing consideration I am mistress of, but also hope my inclination is the direction of Providence, whose guidance, in every particular of this nice affair more particularly, I cease not to implore continually \*. I cannot recommend the person to you, as having a great estate, title, &c. which are generally a parent's chief care—but he has a competency in worldly goods, to make easy, with a mind

\* From circumstances this letter must have been written on or about Aug. 16, 1707. It is addressed, "This—For Mrs. Scurlock, at her Lodgings in Carmarthen, South Wales."—It cannot well escape the notice of an attentive reader, that Mrs. Mary Scurlock soon made up her own mind on the subject of marrying Steele; and it does not appear that her determination was less peremptory for having been expeditious. She appears from various circumstances to have been coy, rather a prude, and unwilling to let it be known that Steele did not sue her a long time in vain. She certainly was desirous to prolong the time of the courtship, which was wondrous short, not exceeding, so far as I can find, the space of *one short month*. Let it however be remembered, that this disdainful, capricious beauty was besieged by a master of the art of love, and at the time, as she testifies, *as agreeable and pleasant a man as any in England*. See pp. 109, 110.

so richly adorned as to exceed an equivalent to the greatest estate in the world, in my opinion: in short, his person is what I like; his temper is what I am sure will make you, as well as myself, perfectly happy, if the respect of a lover, with the tender fondness of a dutiful son, can make you so; and, for his understanding and morals, I refer you to his "Christian Hero \*," which I remember you seemed to approve. By this, I believe, you know his name; but, lest memory may not befriend me, it is the survivor of the person † to whose funeral I went in my illness.

Enquiries about him, any farther than I have made, are altogether needless; for I am fully satisfied, and do not question but you will be so when business will permit you to be an eye-witness and partaker of my happiness. In the mean time, what I desire is, your consent and blessing to my putting it out of my power to delay, and so perhaps to lose, my first and only inclination; for I shall never meet with a prospect of happiness if this should vanish. You doubtless wonder at the assurance of my style, for really I do myself; but then, if you consider the necessity of it, it will palliate the boldness. For, first, the distance between us is so great, that the speediest answer to a letter terminates an age of days; then the constant visits, in the form fit for a lover, make a mighty noise in an idle, prying neighbourhood; so will cause the uneasiness of an endless *nine days wonder*, as they call it. But

\* See p. 77.

† We no where find the name of Steele's first wife, nor the time of her marriage.

the main matter of all, since Fate I believe has ordained him mine, is the neglect of his business, which his coming in the manner he does must cause. These considerations, with several more when known, though now too tedious to write, will, I hope, lessen the censure this comprehensive letter may at first sight cause.

There is nothing I should more desire than your presence at the giving my hand, with that part of my heart you can spare: but the misfortune of your lameness, if you were here, would deny me that happiness, unless public doings were intended, which is what I abhor; insomuch, if you consent to my changing the name of lover for husband, it shall not be in the power of the town to more than guess there may be such a thing, until your affairs will permit you to come and be a witness to our manner of living and appearing in the world, which God Almighty direct us in the way of, and also  
 \* . . . . . this letter to your dutiful Molly;  
 . . . . . there being no room for  
 long consideration . . . . . under-  
 stood.

---

12. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

[AUG. 17,] 1707.

I COULD not omit writing to you, though on Sunday morning, when I know I interrupt your

\* The original is here torn.

meditation on higher subjects \* ; there is nothing but Heaven itself which I prefer to your love, which shall be the pursuit of my life ; and I hope there will not a day appear to our lives end, wherein there will not appear some instance of an affection, not to be excelled but in the mansions of eternity, to which we may recommend ourselves by our behaviour to each other here.

I am, my lovely charmer, your obedient . . . . . †

---

### 13. A PRAYER BY MR. STEELE.

○ ALMIGHTY Lord God and Saviour, look down with compassion on me, and give me grace to approach the mysterious ordinance of salvation with fear and reverence. O Lord, I love, I adore, I believe in thee. Give me, O Lord, a life suitable to my faith ; and let me not cast away, with a soul conscious of, and adoring, thy unspeakable goodness. But wash out my offences ; and give me the benefit of this cup, in order to a good mortal, and a glorious immortal, life ; through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour ‡ !

\* The sacrament ; see p. 96.

- † The name is here cut out.

‡ This striking instance of our Author's piety was transcribed from the original, in the possession of the late Rev. David Scurlock.

## 14. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM, LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE, 1707.

WITH what language shall I address my lovely fair, to acquaint her with the sentiments of an heart she delights to torture? I have not a minute's quiet out of your sight; and, when I am with you, you use me with so much distance, that I am still in a state of absence heightened with a view of the charms which I am denied to approach. In a word, you must give me either a fan, a mask, or a glove, you have wore, or I cannot live; otherwise you must expect I'll kiss your hand, or, when I next sit by you, steal your handkerchief. You yourself are too great a bounty to be received at once; therefore I must be prepared by degrees, lest the mighty gift distract me with joy. Dear Mrs. Scurlock, I am tired with calling you by that name; therefore say the day in which you will take that of, Madam, your most obedient, most devoted humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

## 15. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM, SMITH-STREET, WESTMINSTER, 1707.

I TAKE up pen and ink to indulge the sensibility of mind I am under, in reflecting upon the agreeable company in which I passed yesterday evening.

The

The day hangs heavily upon me; and the whole business of it is an impertinent guilty dream, in comparison of the happiness of a few moments of real life at your house, which go off in privacy and innocence. Were it possible the concern I have for you were mutual, how tedious would be the moments of each other's absence, how fleeting the hours we should be together! How would my mirth be heightened! how my sorrow banished by the appearance of a smile in that countenance, where are so charmingly painted complacency, good-sense, innocence, honour, and truth! Since this is the figure you bear in my imagination, you cannot blame my desire of having those good qualities my constant companions, and for ever engaged in my interests. My heart overflows with the pleasing prospects which throng into my mind when I think of you. What shall I say? Pr'ythee, Mrs. Scurlock, have pity on, Madam, your most obedient, most faithful servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

16. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM, SMITH-STREET, WESTMINSTER, 1707.

I LAY down last night with your image in my thoughts, and have awaked this morning in the same contemplation. The pleasing transport with which I am delighted, has a sweetness in it, attended with a train of ten thousand soft desires, anxieties,



anxieties, and cares. The day arises on my hopes with new brightness; youth, beauty, and innocence, are the charming objects that steal me from myself, and give me joys above the reach of ambition, pride, or glory. Believe me, fair-one, to throw myself at your feet, is giving myself the highest bliss I know on earth. Oh, hasten ye minutes! bring on the happy morning wherein to be ever her's will make me look down on thrones!

Dear Molly, I am passionately, faithfully thine,

RICH. STEELE.

---

17. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

AUG. 22, 1707\*.

**I**F my vigilance, and ten thousand wishes for your welfare and repose, could have any force, you last night slept in security, and had every good angel in your attendance. To have my thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant fear of every accident to which human life is liable, and to send up my hourly prayers to avert them from you; I say, Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender sorrow impertinence. You are

\* This date is in part cut out, and supplied with "Aug. 7, 1671." Over "Madam," at the beginning, is written "Andromache," and "Madam" substituted for "dear Mrs. Scurlock" at the end.

now before my eyes, my eyes that are ready to flow with tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its achings. How art thou, oh my soul, stolen from thyself! how is all thy attention broken! My books are blank paper, and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity: to grant it, would make more for your triumph. To give pain, is the tyranny—to make happy, the true empire of beauty. If you would consider aright, you would find an agreeable change, in dismissing the attendance of a slave, to receive the complaisance of a companion. I bear the former, in hopes of the latter condition. As I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it. Dear Mrs. Scurlock, the life which you bestow on me shall be no more my own. I am your most devoted, most obedient servant,

RICH. STEELE,

---

18. TO MRS. SCURLOCK,

MADAM,

CHELSEA, AUG. 25, 1707.

**I** AM observed, by a friend who is with me, in every gesture and motion I make. I have stole a moment, while he is in next room, to tell the charmer and inspirer of my soul, I am her devoted, obedient servant,

RICH. STEELE.

19. TO

## 19. TO MRS, SCURLOCK.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27, 1707.

MY DEAREST CREATURE,

I BEG the favour of you to let me pass this day in your company. I have contrived my business so, that I have till eight at night, at my own disposal, I can come in a coach; and *Mrs. Warren* being in the way, may let me in without observation. My loved creature, do not deny this request, nor think I am capable of being allowed that liberty without a true sense of your goodness to me in it. Your generous condescension in all your carriage towards me, shall always give you a powerful and lasting influence upon the thoughts and actions of him who hopes to be, Madam, your most obliged and grateful husband,

RICH. STEELE,

## 20. TO MRS, SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

AUG. 29, 1707.

I FEAR it will be an hour later than *usual* that I wait upon you to-night; for I have an appointment which will detain me, and which concerns both you, and, Madam, your most obliged, most obedient humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

21. TO

## 21. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

AUG. 30, 1707.

**I** BEG pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee-house where I am attending about business \*. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me, talking of money; while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love! Love, which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe, that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions; it is the natural effect of that generous passion, to create in the admirer some similitude of the object admired. Thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair-one, to that Heaven which made thee such; and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the Author of love, to bless the rites he has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to His will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please Him and each other. I am for ever your faithful servant,

RICH. STEELE.

\* "He was, when he writ the following letters, as agreeable and pleasant a man as any in England." See p. 99; and Spectator, No CXLII.

## 22. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

DEAR, LOVELY MRS. SCURLOCK,

SATURDAY-NIGHT [AUG. 30, 1707].

I HAVE been in very good company, where your health, under the character of *the woman I loved best*, has been often drunk; so that I may say I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more than I *die for you*.

RICH. STEELE.

## 23. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

SEPT. 1, 1707\*.

IT is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman asked me this morning, "What news from Lisbon †?" and I answered, "She is exquisitely handsome." Another desired to know "when I had been last at Hampton-court ‡?" I replied, "It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight."

\* The date of this letter is altered to "Sept. 25, 1671;" and this remark added, "The two next were written after the day for our marriage was fixed."

† Altered to "Holland."

‡ Altered to "Windsor;" and the reply in the next line is changed to, "She designs to go with me."

Prythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day \*, that my mind may be in some composure. † Oh Love!

A thousand torments dwell about thee,  
Yet who would live, to live without thee?

Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

I am ever yours, RICH. STEELE.

24. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

DEAR CREATURE,

SEPT. 2, 1707, BETWEEN ONE AND TWO.

EVER since seven this morning I have been in company; but have stole a moment, to pour out the fulness of my thoughts, and complain to you of the interruption that impertinent amusement called business has given me, amidst my contemplation on the best of women, and the most agreeable object that ever charmed the heart of man. I am, dearest, loveliest creature, eternally thine,

RICH. STEELE.

\* Altered to "the appointed day."

† These two words and the following couplet are struck out.

## 25. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

DEAR CREATURE,

SEPT. 3, 1707, SEVEN IN THE MORNING\*.

**N**EXT to the influence of Heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning day with pleasure. To pass my evenings in so sweet a conversation, and have the esteem of a woman of your merit, has in it a particularity of happiness no more to be expressed than returned. But I am, my lovely creature, contented to be on the obliged side, and to employ all my days in new endeavours to convince you, and all the world, of the sense I have of your condescension in choosing, Madam, your most faithful, most obedient humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

## 26. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE,  
MADAM, WHITEHALL, SEPT. 3, 1707 †.

**T**HE young lady, your daughter, told me she had a letter from you of 22d instant ‡, wherein you gave her the highest marks of your affection, and

\* Date changed to "Oct. 23, 1671."

† The date of this letter is altered, from Sept. 3, to Sept. 30, 1707.

‡ Read "the 22d of August."

anxiety for her welfare, in relation to me. The main prospect on these occasions is that of fortune; therefore I shall very candidly give you an account of myself as to that particular. My late wife had so extreme a value for me, that she, by fine, conveyed to me her whole estate, situate in Barbadoes, which, with the stock and slaves (proper securities being given for the payment of the rent), is let for eight hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*, at half-yearly payments; that is to say, 425*l.* each first of May, and 425*l.* each first of December. This estate came to her incumbered with a debt of 3000*l.* by legacies and debts of her brother, whose executrix she was, as well as heiress. I must confess, it has not been in my power to lessen the incumbrance, by reason of chargeable sicknesses, and not having at that time any employment of profit. But at present, and ever since May last, I have been appointed by the Secretaries of State to write the Gazette, with a salary of 300*l.* a-year, paying a tax of 45*l.* I am also gentleman-waiter to his Royal Highness the Prince, with a salary of 100*l.* a-year, not subject to taxes.

Thus my whole income is at present	£.	s.	d.
<i>per annum</i>	-	-	-
	1250	0	0
Deduct the interest of 3000 <i>l.</i>	180	0	0
Taxes for my employment	45	0	0
	} 225 0 0		
Remains after these deductions	1025	0	0

This is, Madam, the present state of my affairs; and, though this income is so large, I have not taken any regard to lay up any thing further than just what pays the interest abovementioned. If I may



may be so happy to obtain your favour, so as we may live together with singleness of mind, I shall readily go into such measures as shall be thought most advisable for our mutual interest; and, if it is thought fit, will sell what I have in the Plantations.

Your daughter acquaints me, there is a demand of 1400*l.* upon your estate, the annual income of which is better than 400*l. per ann.* You have now the whole view of both our circumstances before you; and you see there is foundation for our living in an handsome manner, provided we can be of one mind, without which I could not propose to myself any happiness or blessing, were my circumstances ever so plentiful. I am at a present juncture in my affairs, and my friends are in great power; so that it would be highly necessary for us to be in the figure of life which we shall think convenient to appear in, as soon as may be, that I may prosecute my expectations in a busy way while the wind is for me, with just consideration that about a Court it will not always blow one way. Your coming to town is mightily to be wished. I promise myself the pleasures of an industrious and virtuous life, in studying to do things agreeable to you. But I will not enlarge into professions. I assure you, I shall always contend with you who shall lay the greater obligations on the other; and I can form to myself no greater satisfaction than having one day your permission to subscribe myself, Madam, your most obedient son and most humble servant, R. STEELE.

Writing is painful to me.

If you inclose your letters to your daughter, they will come free, "To Richard Steele, Esq. at the Secretary's Office, Whitehall."

## 27. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

DEAR MISS \* MOLLY, SEPT. 4, 1707 †.

I AM loth to interrupt your prayers, or my indispensable business, with a long epistle this morning; therefore forgive me that I only just say,

I am ever yours, RICH. STEELE.

I shall come at night; and make all the dispatch here I can, not to be wanted.

## 28. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

DEAR MADAM, SEPT. 5, 1707.

THE pleasing hope with which my mind is possessed, is too delicate a touch of the soul to be explained; but it is founded on so solid and lasting motives, that I am sure it will actuate the behaviour of my whole life; for I do not entertain my imagination with those transports only which are raised by beauty, but fix it also on the satisfactions which flow from the reverence due to virtue. Thus I am not only allured by your person, but convinced by your life, that you are the most amiable of women. Let us go on, my lovely creature, to make our regards to each other mutual and unchangeable, that,

\* *Miss* seems here used as a term of endearment.

† The date is here altered from Sept. 4, to Sept. 14, 1707.

while the world around us is enchanted with the false satisfactions of vagrant desires, our persons may be shrines to each other, and sacred to conjugal faith, unreserved confidence, and heavenly society. While we live after this manner, Angels will be so far from being our superiors, that they will be our attendants. Every good being guard my fairest; and conduct her to that bosom that pants to receive her, and protect her from all the cares and vicissitudes of life with an eternal tenderness!

I am ever most obligedly yours, RICH. STEELE.

29. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1707.

I AM at a friend's house, where they have given me, as you see, but very ordinary instruments to write with. However, I hope the sincerity of my heart is not to be measured by the dress in which I cloath it. My thoughts hurry upon me, in consideration of the approach of the moment in which those fair lips are to give me in one monosyllable more than all the eloquence in the world can express, when you say *Yes* to the accepting of,

Madam,

Your most obliged, most grateful,

most obedient servant,

RICH. STEELE.

## 30. TO MRS. SCURLOCK\*.

MADAM,

SEPT. 7, 1707.

**I**N obedience to your commands by your daughter, of hearing every post from this town of her health and welfare, I do myself the honour to inform you of it, and humbly desire you would accept of my own duty †.

I hope you have before now received a letter from me, wherein I laid before you at large the state of my affairs ‡; and that, when we come to be acquainted, you will not esteem it a disadvantageous accident that I have the honour of being,

Madam,

Your most obedient son, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

## 31. [TO MRS. STEELE.]

MADAM,

SEPT. 9 §.

**I** HOPE your denying what I urged with so much passion, and which I complained of in too vehement a manner, has not been a grief to my tender companion; for, upon reflection this morning, I

\* To Mrs. Scurlock's mother.

† This probably was the wedding-day.

‡ See Letter XXVI.

§ The date is altered from Sept. 9, to Sept 11. See Letter XXXIII. and *note*.

extremely approve your conduct, and take your behaviour to proceed from an inclination to come to my arms hallowed by your parent's blessing. I comply with your measures in bringing that happiness about, and shall behave myself as if only in the beginning of a sacred love made at the altar. I promise to myself sincere felicity in a woman that can sacrifice all desires to her duty; and I assure you, whatever appearance of care and disturbance you may observe now and then in my countenance, it is not the image of spleen, ill-nature, or dissatisfaction, but a strong propensity to make you the happiest of your sex; which I shall endeavour to do, rather by an industrious ambition to promote your fortune, than by a mere dalliance of your person only, to show a greater regard to the beauty than the wife.

I beg of you to show my letters to no one living; but let us be contented with one another's thoughts upon our words and actions, without the intervention of other people, who cannot judge of so delicate a circumstance as the commerce between man and wife.

I am eternally yours,  
Pray write me a line.

RICH. STEELE,

## 32. [TO MRS. STEELE.]

MADAM,

SEPT. 10, 1707\*.

**B**EING very uneasy when absent from you, I desire you would give me leave to take coach and come to your house; in order to which, pray let Warren be in the way to admit your most obliged humble servant,

R. STEELE.

## 33 †. TO MRS. SCURLOCK ‡.

MADAM,

LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE,  
WHITEHALL, SEPT. 20, 1707.

**B**Y Tuesday's post I took the liberty to write to you on the most important occasion, and have been in ten thousand anxieties ever since that time, for

\* The date of this letter, which is directed "to Mrs. Warren," seems to have been altered from Sept. 10, to Sept. 13.

† Thus directed, To Mrs. Scurlock at her lodgings, Carmarthen, South Wales. See the next *note*.

‡ "It seems to me that the two preceding letters to Mrs. Scurlock's mother (N<sup>o</sup> XXVI. and N<sup>o</sup> XXX.) were not sent according to their real original dates. Perhaps Miss Scurlock, who probably became Mrs. Steele on the 7th of September 1707, prevented these two letters from being dispatched. There appears to have been an intention, on her part, to have kept her marriage private, and to have abstained from her husband's bed, till her mother came from Caermarthen to her London house in Swallow-street. This supposition throws some light on the letter

the reception which that letter is to find. The circumstance is so tender, and my happiness hangs so much upon it, that I could not forbear seconding my first address to you with a second, though, I protest to you, I set pen to paper with as much diffidence as if I had the same passion for yourself as for your daughter. I do not entertain you with an account of my fortune, and those particulars which will naturally be enquired into by a parent, because I doubt not but you have so good an opinion of Mrs. Scurlock's prudence, that you do not believe she would throw herself away. As to your favour to my pretensions, I hope it upon no other foundation, than making it appear to you that, as to your own part in the affair, there is not that man breathing that could come into your alliance, who should, in all the offices of life, and peculiar esteem for yourself, exceed the gratitude of, Madam, your most obedient humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

letter marked XXXI. and is countenanced by similar instances of prudery, mentioned in the course of Steele's correspondence. His first letters to his wife are not directed to her, but to *Mrs. Warren*; witness the two following, dated Sept. 21, and Oct. 6, 1707. Steele, it seems, did by no means relish this way of proceeding. It appears from No. XXXI. that he opposed it warmly; and I suspect that he wrote several letters on the subject, which have not escaped the wreck of time and chance. An attention to the dates of the letters about this time confirms me in this opinion. On the 7th of October 1707, Steele went into open rebellion, and directs his letter to his wife, to *Mrs. Steele*, and persevered in his obstinacy. On the 13th of the same month he begs pardon for every act of rebellion; but then he seems to have carried his points, or persisted nevertheless. See No. XXXVI. *et seq.*" I owe this note to my good friend Dr. Calder.

## 34. [TO MRS. STEELE.]

DEAR CREATURE,

SEPT. 21, 1707.

**Y**OUR letter gave me a great deal of satisfaction. I hasten my business \*, to see you early in the evening. In the mean time, I recommend myself to your prayers and kind thoughts ; and am ever yours,

RICH. STEELE.

## 35. [TO MRS. STEELE.]

DEAR CREATURE,

OCT. 6, 1707.

**I** WRITE to tell you beforehand, that I am not in a very good humour ; but all shall vanish at her sight whom Providence has given me for the banishment of care, and the improvement of delight to your most obliged husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

\* The author of "The Muses Mercury for September 1707," speaking of the New Plays then preparing for the Theatre, says, "As for Comedies, there is no great expectation of any thing of that kind since Mr. Farquhar's death ; the two gentlemen, who would probably always succeed in the comic vein, Mr. Congreve and Captain Steele, having affairs of much greater importance to take up their time and thoughts. In the same month's Mercury is "A Prologue to the University of Oxford by Captain Steele."



## 36. TO MRS. STEELE \*.

MY DEAR,

OCT. 7, 1707.

COUSIN PEN is much in the same condition we left her last night. I am going with great cheerfulness and industry about my business to-day, in order to pass my time hereafter, without interruption, with the most agreeable creature living, which you are to the most obliged man living.

Your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 37. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY LOVED CREATURE,

OCT. 7, 1707.

I WRITE this only to bid you good-night, and assure you of my diligence in the matter I told you of.

You may assure yourself, I value you according to your merit; which is saying that you have my heart, by all the ties of beauty, virtue, good-nature, and friendship. I find, by the progress I have made to-night, that I shall do my business effectually in two days time. Write me word you are in

\* This is the first letter so directed. The former ones are either to *Mrs. Scurlock*, or *Mrs. Warren*, or without any address.

good-humour, which will be the highest pleasure to your obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

I shall want some linen from your house to-morrow.

---

38. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY DEAR WIFE,

OCT. 8, 1707.

**Y**OU were not, I am sure, awake so soon as I was for you, and desired the blessing of God upon you. After that first duty, my next is, to let you know I am in health this morning, which I know you are solicitous for. I believe it would not be amiss if, some time this afternoon, you took a coach or chair, and went to see an house next door to Lady Bulkley's, towards St. James's-street, which is to be let. I have a solid reason for quickening my diligence in all affairs of the world; which is, that you are my partaker in them, and will make me labour more than any incitation of ambition or wealth could do. After I have implored the help of Providence, I will have no motive to my actions but the love of the best creature living, to whom I am an obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 39. A PRAYER \*.

OH, Almighty Lord God, who hast been pleased, out of thy righteous mercy and careful providence, to place us two in the state of marriage, according to thy own institution and guidance of the first mortals; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may live in that state with mutual love, and endeavour to accommodate ourselves to each other's just desires and satisfactions; that we may be a mutual help in all the vicissitudes of life through which Thou hast designed us to pass, in such manner as we may contribute to each other's virtue in this world, and salvation in that which is to come. Protect us, oh Lord most mighty; bless us, oh merciful Father; and redeem us, oh holy Saviour. Guard our paths from error, and keep our eyes from introducing wandering desires; but grant such peace and tranquillity of mind, and such a steady course of virtue and piety, that we may be at thy altar never-failing communicants; and, by a worthy receipt of the elements representing thy meritorious passion, we may through that be partakers of eternal life; which permit us to beseech of Thee in the words which thou hast taught us:

“ Our Father,” &c.

\* This and the subsequent instance of our Author's piety, written soon after his marriage to his second wife, are offered to the reader without one word by way of comment.

## 40. ANOTHER PRAYER.

**ALMIGHTY GOD**, who, of thy infinite goodness and mercy didst create, and dost preserve all things both in Heaven and earth; look down with an eye of mercy on us, whom thy good providence has ordained to live together in holy matrimony. Grant, oh God, that no allurements, passion, jealousy, plenty, or want, may so far transport us, as to make us forget a sacred vow, made to each other, and before thee. Let us, oh Lord, with a lively, chearful, and habitual sense of such our obligation, check the first motives to anger and distress; and cherish all, and omit none the least instances of tenderness and good-will: so shall we enjoy and pass through this human transient life, in a daily preparation for one that is celestial and eternal; not regarding posterity so as to forget eternity; yet believing it is not displeasing in thy sight, that in our way to a certain and unchangeable being, we neglect not a provision for such, as thou may'st make us instruments to introduce into one that is various and uncertain. This, and whatever else thy omnipresent wisdom sees necessary for us, with relation to ourselves and the whole race of mankind, we beseech thee, oh Father of all things, bestow upon us. All which we beg in the name, and through the mediation of Jesus Christ, who hath taught us, in a perfect, and an unblameable manner to approach thee, saying,

“Our Father,” &c.

## 41. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR MADAM,

OCT. 8, 1707.

I COULD not forbear letting you know, that I have received letters this moment from Barbados, which will facilitate my business; so natural is it that all things must grow better by your condescending to be partner to your most obliged husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

## 42. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR MADAM,

MONDAY MORNING, OCT. 13, 1707.

THIS comes to beg your pardon for *every act of rebellion* I have ever committed against you, and to subscribe myself in an error for being impatient of your kind concern in interesting yourself with so much affection in all which relates to me. I do not question but your prudence will be a lasting honour and advantage to me in all the occurrences of my life; the chief happiness in it is, that I have the honour of being, your most obliged husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

## 43. MRS. STEELE TO HER HUSBAND.

**I**T is but an addition to our uneasiness to be at variance with each other. I beg your pardon if I have offended you. God forgive you for adding to the sorrow of an heavy heart, that is above all sorrow but for your sake.

---

## 44. MRS. STEELE TO HER HUSBAND.

**AH!** Dick Steele, that I were sure  
Your love, like mine, would still endure;  
That time, nor absence, which destroys  
The cares of lovers, and their joys,  
May never rob me of that part  
Which you have given of your heart:  
Others unenvy'd may possess  
Whatever they think happiness.  
Grant this, O God, my great request;  
In his dear arms may I for ever rest!

## 45. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

HONOURED MOTHER,

OCT. 14, 1707.

I AM very sorry to find, by Mr. Scurlock's letter, that you keep your bed; which makes me almost in despair of seeing you so soon as I promised myself.

I have taken an house in Berry-street, St. James's, and beg your leave to remove your goods thither; where I hope we shall live all together in the strictest love and friendship. Whatever better prospects your daughter might well have given herself, from her great merit and good qualities; I shall take care to have it said, that she could not have married more advantageously with regard to her mother, who shall always find me her most obedient son, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

Your daughter gives her duty to you.

## 46. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAREST BEING ON EARTH,

OCT. 16, 1707.

PARDON me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night which extremely concern your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

47. TO

## 47. TO MRS. STEELE, WITH SPEED.

MY DEAR,

OCT. 22, 1707.

**P**RAY send word where your landlord of the house in Swallow street lives, that my friend Col. Borr may treat with him for the house.

Your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 48. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

MY DEAR,

EIGHT O'CLOCK, FOUNTAIN

TAVERN, OCT. 22, 1707.

**I** BEG of you not to be uneasy; for I have done a great deal of business to-day very successfully, and wait an hour or two about my Gazette.

Your obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 49. TO MRS. STEELE.

CHARING-CROSS, ALMOST THREE IN  
MY DEAR, THE AFTERNOON, OCT. 28, 1707.

**I** HAVE been detained all this morning soliciting some business between the Treasury and our Office;

\* At Mrs. Scurlock's, last house, right-hand, in Swallow-street.



and my boy slipping out of the way, I have not had any one to send that you might not stay dinner. Mr. Addison does not remove till to-morrow; therefore I cannot think of moving my goods out of his lodgings. I am come to a tavern alone to eat a steak, after which I shall return to the Office, whether I desire you would send Will. I am, with the most tender affection, your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Send by Will the receipt.

---

50. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE,

HONOURED MADAM,

OCT. 28, 1707.

I WAS very glad to find last post that my wife had a letter, which informed her of the amendment of your health. She tells me there is, at the same time, a message sent her, that my hand is required for the payment of some money in the country. I accordingly inclose such a direction; and, in any thing that it may be necessary to have my concurrence, you have it without reserve; for I sincerely rely upon your prudence and goodness, both in acting for me, and in favour to me. If you think it convenient that I do this in a more formal way, be pleased to command, Madam, your most obedient son, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

## 51. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

HONOURED MADAM,

NOV. 4, 1707.

I AM sorry your indisposition continues, and keeps you in the country; I have myself been under a very severe illness for some days, but am now almost recovered. This is my wife's birth-day\*, and I am come down-stairs to celebrate it with as much good-humour as my present health will permit. Your health is not omitted in our chearful moments, and your company will extremely improve them. I am, Madam, your most obedient son, and most humble servant, RICH. STEELE.

Your daughter has been very ill till this day. She gives her duty.

## 52. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

HONOURED MADAM,

NOV. 13, 1707.

I AM very glad to hear, by uncle Scurlock's last letters, that you have taken-in your horses in order to your journey. Since my last to you, I have had an affliction, which was perfectly new to me; a fit of the gout. I am a little awkward at my crutches, and have been not so patient as longer experience of this sort of evil usually makes us. Our new house

\* See Letter I. note 1.

will be ready for our goods next week; and, as soon as it is so, we will remove to it. I am out of pain, though I cannot stir; in the mean while your daughter is dancing at the other end of the room. She gives her duty to you.

I am extremely obliged to my uncle Scurlock for his kind present, which will be in town to-morrow night.

I am, Madam, your most obedient son, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

53. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE,  
HONOURED MADAM, NOV. 20, 1707.

**M**Y wife shewed me a letter of the 15th from Mrs. Pugh, wherein there are the general complaints under which every body at present is sighing, whose concerns are wholly in land. Cheerful and ingenuous tempers may agree so well, and concert their affairs in such a manner, as to make all things easy. I extremely long to see you; and hope to be on my legs to receive you, when I first do myself the honour of kneeling to you, and telling how much I am, Madam, your most obedient son, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

My absolute Governess gives her duty to you.

## 54. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR RULER,

DEC. 8, 1707.

**I** CANNOT wait upon you to-day to Hampton-Court. I have the West-Indian business on my hands\*, and find very much to be done before Thursday's post. I shall dine at our table at Court, where the bearer knows how to come to me with any orders for your obedient husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

My duty to my mother.

## 55. TO MRS. STEELE †.

MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE,

DEC. 22, 1707.

**I** WRITE to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\* The plantation in Barbados, left to Steele by his first wife.

† " At her house, 3d door from Germain-street, left hand in Berry-street.

## 56. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEVIL TAVERN, TEMPLE-BAR,

DEAR PRUE, I follow you JAN. 3, 1707-8.

I HAVE partly succeeded in my business to-day, and inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband, RICH. STEELE.

Send me word you have received this.

## 57. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, 11 AT NIGHT, JAN. 5, 1707-8.

I WAS going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr. Griffith, who has kept me ever since meeting me as he came from Mr. Lambert's. I will come within a pint of wine. RICH. STEELE.

We drink your health, and Mr. Griffith is your servant.

## 58. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE, JAN. 14, 1707-8.

**M**R. Edgecomb, Ned Ash, and Mr. Lumley, have desired me to sit an hour with them at the George in Pall-Mall, for which I desire your patience till twelve o'clock, and that you will go to bed. I am ever thine, RICH. STEELE.

---

## 59. TO MRS. STEELE \*.

DEAR PRUE, GRAY'S-INN, FEB. 3, 1708.

**I**F the man who has my shoemaker's bill calls, let him be answered, that I shall call on him as I come home. I stay here in order to get Tonson † to discount a bill for me, and shall dine with him for that end. He is expected at home every minute. Your most humble, obedient husband, R. STEELE.

---

## 60. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE, FEB. 11, 1707-8.

**H**AVING your absolute commands to make an end to-day, I stay to dine with Mr. Tryon in order

\* "Third door, right-hand, Berry-street."

† The bookseller, who then lived in Gray's-Inn.

thereunto \*. I will be at home early, and desire you would make much of yourself, which is the greatest favour you can do your affectionate husband, and dutiful servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

61. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR, DEAR PRUE,

APR. 9, 1708.

I HAVE sent Dawson thirty pounds, and will not rest till I have enough to discharge her. In the mean time I thought fit to let you know this, that you may see I cannot forbear making you acquainted with any thing that concerns us, without your asking. Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

---

62. TO MRS. STEELE †.

TENNIS-COURT COFFEE-HOUSE,

DEAR WIFE,

MAY 5, 1708.

I HOPE I have done this day what will be pleasing to you; in the mean time shall lie this night at a barber's, one Leg, over-against the Devil tavern at Charing-cross. I shall be able to confront the

\* This refers to the business of the plantation in Barbados.

† "At her house, the last house but two on the left-hand, Berry-street, St. James's."

fools who wish me uneasy, and shall have the satisfaction to see thee chearful and at ease.

If the printer's boy be at home, send him hither; and let Mrs. Todd send by the boy my night-gown, slippers, and clean-linen. You shall hear from me early in the morning.

RICH. STEELE.

63. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MAY 10, 1708.

**I** DINE at the Gentleman-usher's table at St. James's. I have done a great deal of business this morning. Pray send Richard to me as soon as he has dined. Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

64. TO MRS. STEELE.

LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE,

DEAR PRUE,

MAY 19, 1708, 11 O'CLOCK.

**I** DESIRE of you to get the coach and yourself ready as soon as you can conveniently, and call for me here, from whence we will go and spend some time together in the fresh air in free conference. Let my best periwig be put in the coach-box, and my new shoes, for it is a comfort to be well-dressed  
in



in agreeable company. You are vital life to your obliged, affectionate husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

65. TO MRS. STEELE.

ST. JAMES'S, GENTLEMAN-USHER'S TABLE,

MY DEAR PRUE,                      MAY 24, 1708.

**I** CANNOT dine at home, but am in haste to speak with one about business of moment. Dear Prue, be chearful, for I am in pursuit of what will be good news to you. I am, your most affectionate, obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Think of going with me in the afternoon.

---

66. TO MRS. STEELE.

LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE,

DEAR PRUE,                      MAY 24, 1708.

**I** BEG the favour of you to put my night-gown, slippers, a clean shirt, and cravat, into the coach-box, and make my apology to my mother for staying out to-night. We shall be back to-morrow evening. To-morrow shall be spent in free conference between you and me at Mrs. Bradshaw's. Give strict orders to Mrs. Watts about her care and attendance

attendance on my mother. I am taking pains in removing into my new office.

I am your most obedient husband, R. STEELE.

I love the country most mightily, indeed I do; so you say, so I think.

Who are you?

I am true.

67. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 1, [1708.]

**I** SHALL be at the office exactly at seven, in hopes of seeing the beautifullest object that can present itself to my eyes—your fair self. Pray be well dressed.

Your obedient servant, and affectionate husband,

RICH. STEELE.

We shall stay in town.

68. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 5, 1708.

**W**HAT you would have me do I know not. All that my fortune will compass you shall always enjoy; and have nobody near you that you do not like, except I am myself disapproved by you for being devotedly your obedient husband, RICH. STEELE.

I shall not come home till night.

## 69. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 7, 1708.

**I** INCLOSE to you a guinea for your pocket. I dine with Lord Halifax.

I wish I knew how to court you into good-humour; for two or three quarrels more will dispatch me quite. If you have any love for me, believe I am always pursuing our mutual good. Pray consider that all my little fortune is to [be] settled this month, and that I have inadvertently made myself liable to impatient people, who take all advantages. If you have [not] patience, I shall transact my business rashly, and lose a very great sum to quicken the time of your being rid of all people you do not like.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 70. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 11, 1708.

**I** CANNOT dine with you to-day; but shall, I hope, be able to wait upon you at five o'clock, or a little after.

Your most obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 71. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, ST. JAMES'S, JUNE 29, 6 O'CLOCK.

**M**Y Lord Sunderland has ordered me to wait here at Council, therefore cannot tell when I shall be released; as soon as I am, I will come home.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 72. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE, AUG. 11, 1708.

**I** HAVE ordered Richard to take your directions, whether you will have the chariot with two or four horses to set you and your friend down at your house at Hampton-Court\*. Watts is gone over the water, and says she has your commands to follow in the stage-coach. I shall make it the business of my life to make you easy and happy. Consult your cool thoughts, and you will know that it is the glory of a woman to be her husband's friend and companion, and not his sovereign director.

I am, with truth, sincerity, and tenderness, ever your faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Pray let the gardener put the place in order.

\* This house is not mentioned in any of the former Letters; but see p. 142. Steele seems to have taken possession of it some time between June 11, and Aug. 11, 1708.

## 73. TO MRS. STEELE.

MADAM,

AUG. 12, 1708.

I HAVE your letter, wherein you let me know, that the little dispute we have had is far from being a trouble to you; nevertheless, I assure you, any disturbance between us is the greatest affliction to me imaginable. You talk of the judgement of the world; I shall never govern my actions by it, but by the rules of morality and right reason. I love you better than the light of my eyes, or the life-blood in my heart; but, when I have let you know that, you are also to understand, that neither my sight shall be so far enchanted, or my affection so much master of me, as to make me forget our common interest. To attend my business as I ought, and improve my fortune, it is necessary that my time and my will should be under no direction but my own. Pray give my most humble service to Mrs. Binns. I write all this, rather to explain my own thoughts to you than answer your letter distinctly. I inclose it to you, that, upon second thoughts, you may see the disrespectful manner in which you treat your affectionate, faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 74. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

MADAM,

AUG. 13, 1708.

I HOPE this will find you in good health, as I am at this present writing, thanks be to God for it.

I have not only rebelled against you, but all the rest of my governors, from yourself, whom I acknowledge to have the right of partnership, to the lowest person who had to do with me. I have a very just sense of your merit; and think, when I have put you into the proper methods which you ought to follow, I shall be the happiest man living in being your most affectionate husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

## 75. TO MRS. STEELE.

4 IN THE AFTERNOON.

DEAR PRUE,

AUG. 13, 1708.

I SEND you some tea, which I doubt not but you will find is very good. I am your very affectionate husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

This is my second letter to-day.

\* Directed "To Mrs. Steele, at her house in the Wick, near Hampton Court." Steele was still at this house when he dedicated the fourth volume of the *Tatler* to Lord Halifax from *the Hovel at Hampton-wick*. See the Letters dated Aug. 28, 1708, April 7, 1711.

## 76. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, MONDAY MORNING, AUG. 16, 1708.

I HOPE you have composed your mind, and are convinced that the methods I have taken were absolutely necessary for our mutual good. I do assure you, there is not that thing on earth, except my honour, and that dignity which every man who lives in the world must preserve to himself, which I am not ready to sacrifice to your will and inclination.

I dined yesterday with my Lord Halifax, where the *beauties in the garden* were drunk to. I have settled a great deal of business within these few days, of all which I will give you an account when we meet. I am with the most sincere affection,  
your obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

I sent you some tea on Friday last. My most humble service to Mrs. Binns.

---

---

77. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

AUG. 18, 1708.

I HAVE your letter; and all the great severity you complain of is, that you have a husband who loves you better than his life, who has a great deal of troublesome business, out of the [fatigue] of which

which he removes the dearest thing alive. Yours  
faithfully, in spite of yourself; RICH. STEELE.

---

78. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

AUG. 20, 1708.

YOURS by penny-post came to my hands but just now. You extremely mistake me, in believing me capable of any cruelty or unkindness to you. I scorn that any man living should have more honour and regard to his wife than myself. You speak with heat to me; but I will not answer you in that style, but make it my utmost aim to make you easy and happy, to which you \* nothing but doing me the justice to believe me, with all the attention imaginable,

Your faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

I have paid Mr. Addison the whole *thousand pound* †; and have settled every man's payment except one, which I hope to perfect to-morrow. Desmaiseaux ‡ is gone to the Bath for his health.

\* So the Original.

† See the Letter to Lord Halifax, April 7, 1711.

‡ Peter Desmaiseaux, secretary of the Royal Society of London, was the son of a French Protestant minister, and born at Auvergne in 1666. He retired early, probably as a refugee, into England; and died there in 1745. He had intimate connexions with St. Evremond and Bayle. He gave a handsome edition of the works of the former, in 3 vols. 4to, with a life of the author prefixed: and he drew up the life of the latter, which was printed before the edition of his "Dictionary" in 1730, and separately at the Hague, 1732, 2 vols. 12mo. He published also,



I inclose a guinea and a half, and will send more to-morrow or Monday, if I do not come myself.

I am Mrs. Binns' servant.

---

79. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, AUG. 21, 1708.

I HOPE this will find you in good health, as I am at this present writing. I design when I come down to let Kerwin ride your little horse to Hampton-Court, where I think to leave him at grass; for he costs *five shillings* a-week in town.

There is no manner of news in town: and I send this with out any other business than to repeat to you that I am your affectionate faithful husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

80. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, AUG. 23, 1708.

I HAVE your letter, and will take care to do as you desire in every particular of it. I hope in the mean

also, the same year, the "Miscellaneous Works of Bayle," in 4 volumes, folio. He was the editor of other things; and whatever he published, he always accompanied with remarks, full of literary anecdotes. He was very exact and curious in his accounts; but somewhat prolix and tedious, by running out into too much detail and minute discussions.

time, the cook's husband may go of errands till the servant comes down.

I am your affectionate and faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

My most humble service to Mrs. Binns.

81. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

AUG. 28, 1708.

**T**HE afternoon coach shall bring you ten pounds. Your letter shews you are passionately in love with me. But we must take our portion of life as it runs, without repining; and I consider that good-nature, added to that beautiful form God has given you, would make an happiness too great for human life.

Your most obliged husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

82. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

DEAR PRUE,

AUG. 28, 1708.

**I** SEND you with this ten pounds; and should come to see you, as ungodly as you are, but that a mail is every moment expected, as you may gather

\* "At her house in Hampton-wick, with ten pounds. Carriage paid, 1s."

from reading the last Gazette, which I inclose; and am, dear, dear Prue, sincerely,

Your fond husband, RICH. STEELE.

---

83. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

AUG. 30, 1708.

I SENT ten pounds by the afternoon coach of Saturday, and hope you received it safe. The manner in which you write to me might perhaps to another look like neglect and want of love; but I will not understand it so, but take it to be only the uneasiness of a doating fondness, which cannot bear my absence without disdain.

I hope we shall never be so long asunder more; for it is not in your power to make me otherwise than your affectionate, faithful, and tender husband,

RICH. STEELE.

---

84. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

WHITEHALL, SEPT. 4, 1708.

YOU will receive by Watts some wine. I had not the good fortune to see her, because I lay last night at Addison's, and she was in haste for fear of

losing her tide to-day, therefore could not stay till I came to the Office out of the City.

I did not receive your letter, writ on Sunday till Wednesday night. You may think what you please; but I know you have the best husband in the world in your most affectionate, faithful, humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

85. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

SEPT. 8, 1708.

2, AFTERNOON, SANDY-END.

**H**AVING reached London about eleven, dispatched what was further necessary after what papers Mr. Addison had before sent to the press, I am just now arrived here to dinner. You desire me to make submissions in my epistles, which I think is not to be insisted upon; but, if acknowledgements will satisfy you, I cannot but own to you, what you too well know, that you have a power almost sovereign over your most enamoured husband, and humble servant, RICH. STEELE.

Mr. Addison is your humble servant.

## 86. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

7 IN THE MORNING, SEPT. 9, 1708.

I AM going this morning to visit Mr. Sartré\* at his country-house, to which place Mr. Addison conveys me in a coach and four.

Mr. Clay †, who is now at Thistleworth, will not be in town till to-morrow; and I want to consult him in some dispatches I am making for the West-Indies.

I am Mrs. Binns's humble servant; and your most affectionate, obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

My service to Ally.

\* James Sartré, M. A. formerly a minister at Montpellier, and prebendary of Westminster, from May 17, 1688, till his death, Sept. 5, 1713. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, Oct. 25, 1710, says, "I dined to-day with Mr. Addison and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Mons. Sartré, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and gardens; yet I thought it was a sort of monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of wit, very like him. I was not fond of her." This lady was afterwards married to Daniel Combs, esq.

† Afterwards one of Steele's literary coadjutors. See the Tatler, No 83, and notes.

## 87. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

SEPT. 13, 1708.

**I** WRITE to you in obedience to what you ordered me; but there are not words to express the tenderness I have for you. *Love* is too harsh a word for it; but, if you knew how my heart akes when you speak an unkind word to me, and springs with joy when you smile upon me, I am sure you would place your glory rather in preserving my happiness like a good wife, than tormenting me like a peevish beauty. Good Prue, write me word you shall be overjoyed at my return to you; and pity the awkward figure I make when I pretend to resist you, by complying always with the reasonable demands of your enamoured husband,

RICH. STEELE,

P. S. I am Mrs. Binns's servant.

## 88. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

SEPT. 14, 1708.

**I** FEAR I shall not be so happy as to see you till Thursday, having some business which keeps me in town. I shall to-day visit my mother, in order to discourse about proper methods for paying off, or laying the debt on your estate into one hand. I hope God will bless my sincere endeavours, so as that

that we may live without the cares of this life, with a cheerful prospect of a better. It is in no one's power but Prue's to make me constant in such a regular course. Therefore will not doubt but you will be very good-humoured, and be a constant feast to your affectionate husband, RICH. STEELE.

My obedient service to Mrs. Binns,

---

29. TO MRS. STEELE

DEAR PRUE,

5 IN THE EVENING, SEPT. 19, 1708.

**I** SEND you seven-pennyworth of walnuts at five a penny; which is the greatest proof I can give you at present of my being, with my whole heart,

Yours,

RICH. STEELE.

The little horse comes back with the boy, who returns with him for me on Wednesday evening; in the mean time, I believe, it will be well that he runs in the Park.

I am Mrs. Binns's servant.

Since I writ this, I came to the place where the boy was ordered with the horses; and, not finding him, sent this bearer, lest you should be in fears, the boy not returning.

P. S. There are but 29 walnuts.

## 90. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

SEPT. 20, 1708.

IF a servant I sent last night got to Hampton-court, you received 29 walnuts and a letter from me. I inclose the Gazette; and am, with all my soul,

Your passionate-lover, and faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Since I writ the above, I have found half an hundred more of walnuts, which I send herewith.

My service to Binns,

## 91. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR, DEAR PRUE,

SEPT. 21, 1708.

YOUR pretty letter, with so much good-nature and kindness, which I received yesterday, is a perfect pleasure to me. I am at present very much out of humour upon another account, Tryon having put off the payment of my 800*l.* which I ought to have received yesterday, till further time. But I hope, when Mr. Clay comes to town to-morrow, he will see me justified.

I am, with the tenderest affection,

Ever yours,

RICH. STEELE.



## 92. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, SANDY-END, SEPT. 22, 1708.

**A**FTER being very busy all this day, I am come hither to dinner with Mr. Addison and Mr. Clay, who are your servants; and I take this time from eating, while others are busy at it at the table.

Yours, yours, ever, ever, RICH. STEELE.

## 93. TO MRS. STEELE.

MONDAY, 7 AT NIGHT,

DEAR PRUE,

SEPT. 27, 1708.

**Y**OU see that you are obeyed in every thing, and that I write over-night for the day following. I shall now in earnest, by Mr. Clay's good conduct, manage my business with that method as shall make me easy. The news, I am told, you had last night, of the taking of Lille, does not prove true; but I hope we shall have it soon. I shall send by to-morrow's coach.

I am, dear Prue, a little in drink, but at all times your faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 94. TO MRS. STEELE.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,  
BETWEEN 6 AND 7 AT NIGHT,

DEAR PRUE, SEPT. 28, 1708.

**I** THOUGHT it better to inclose this thus, than to direct so small a sum to you. I have but half as much left in my pocket; but shall be much richer on Thursday morning.

My dear wife, it is not to be imagined by you the tender akings my heart is frequently touched with when I think of you.

Mr. Clay has shown himself a man of address in settling my affairs, in spite of the tricks and artifices of those I have to deal with.

I recommend thee, my heart's desire, to the good God who made thee that amiable creature thou art, to keep thee safe and happy. My service to your companion Binns.

I am your devoted, affectionate husband,  
and humble servant, RICH. STEELE.

## 95. TO MRS. STEELE.

HALF-HOUR AFTER TEN,

DEAR PRUE, SEPT. 28, 1708.

**I**T being three hours since I writ to you, I send this to assure you I am now going very soberly to bed, and that you shall be the last thing in my thoughts.

thoughts to-night, as well as the first to-morrow morning. I am, with the utmost fondness,

Your faithful husband, RICH. STEELE.

96. TO MRS. STEELE.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE,  
DEAR PRUE, 8 IN THE MORNING, OCT. 2, 1708.

**MR. GERVASE** \* going this morning to Hampton-court, I desire him to throw this over our wall. I have much difficulty to accomplish every thing necessary to be done here, which makes me fear I cannot come till Tuesday noon. If it pleases God that I can be so happy as to live cheerfully with thee, and in thy favour, it is the utmost of good can arrive to, dear Prue, eternally thine,

RICH. STEELE.

97. TO MRS. STEELE †.

BERRY-STREET, 7 AT NIGHT,  
DEAR WIFE, OCT. 5, 1708.

**I SEND** this to beg pardon for not coming to-night; but I have some good glimpse in my affairs;

\* Mr. Jervas, probably, the famous painter.

† "At Mrs. Hardresse's house, in Kensington-square."

and, if I do not fail to-morrow, we shall be out of difficulties hereafter. I come into waiting on the Prince \* to-morrow; and am, my dear Prue,

Yours, with the utmost kindness and duty,

RICH. STEELE.

I hope to see you before twelve to-morrow.

98. TO MRS. STEELE.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, NEAR TEN

DEAR PRUE, AT NIGHT, OCT. 5, 1708.

I GOT to town about six, found all things well, and have just dispatched the proof † for to-morrow. I wish you a good-night; and shall always keep myself in a capacity of taking the oaths that I am, with the strictest fidelity and love, your enamoured husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

99. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

OCT. 7, 1708.

I SEND, directed to Watts, a bottle of tent. You must not expect me to-night; but I will write by the penny-post.

I am yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

\* He was gentleman-usher to the Prince of Denmark. See p. 64.

† Of the Gazette.

## 100. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

THURSDAY, OCT. 7, 1708.

I FEAR I shall not be able to come out of town till Saturday morning. I am, my dear creature, thine for ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 101. TO JOSEPH KEALLY, ESQ. DUBLIN.

SIR,

OCT. 7, 1708.

I THANK you for the kind part you take in my affairs, and understand I am to wish you joy upon the happiness of being an husband, which is at least a snug, if not a rapturous, condition. Harry\* lives still a knight-errant; by what means it is impossible to tell you. But I now and then meet him, and give him the proper compliment, that I am glad to see him alive. The paragraph you mention, was very much censured in the town; but I acted so as to answer it where I am accountable. As to the rest, I take my employment in its very nature to be what is the object of censure, since so many interests are concerned in the matters that I am to relate twice a week: but I am armed *cap-à-pée* with old sentences; among which I prefer that of Horace with 300*l. per annum* † salary—

\* Harry Keally.

† This was the salary attached to his office of Gazetteer.

“ Populus me sibilat ; at mihi plaudo

Ipse domi ; simul ac nummos contemplor,” &c.

The taste for Plays is expired. We are all for Operas, performed by eunuchs every way impotent to please. Lord Manchester is returning from Venice with a singer of great expectation. My way of life should make me capable of entertaining with much politics ; but I am not a bit wiser than you knew me.

Yours, &c.

RICH. STEELE.

102. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

OCT. 8, 1708.

**T**HIS brings you a quarter of a pound of bohea, and as much of green tea, both which I hope you will find good. To-morrow morning your favourite Mr. Addison and I shall set out for Hampton-court ; he to meet some great men there ; I to see you, who am but what you make me,

Yours with the utmost fondness, RICH. STEELE.

103. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

OCT. 8, 1708.

**I** WRITE according to order ; and hope, before the receipt of this, you will have had the tea which

I sent

I sent by the morning-coach. I shall be at Hampton-court, God willing, before twelve to-morrow.

Your faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

---

104. TO MRS. STEELE.

HYDE-PARK CORNER,

8 IN THE MORNING,

DEAR PRUE,

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13, 1708.

THE bearer is one I propose to be our footman. He is, as you see, very queer, and fit for, what I often heard you call it, *a thorough servant*; besides which, he speaks the Welsh tongue fluently. I believe he will be a proper fellow enough; for he lived a great while with one Dr. Price, an acquaintance of mine, at Richmond. I hope he will be approved by you; if he is, the livery shall be fitted for his shape against the time that he and I can attend the chariot to bring Mrs. Binns and you to town, which shall be done with all suitable ceremony. In the mean time, I am busy about the main chance. I have ordered him to be here again this evening, except you direct otherwise.

I hope I shall see you to-morrow.

I am, with every dictate of my affections, and every pulse of my heart, dear Prue, sincerely yours,

RICH. STEELE.

## 105. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1708.

**I** INTENDED to have certainly gone to Hampton-court to-day; but the West-Indian post going on Saturday, and Mr. Clay having leisure but this day, I am forced to prepare my letters for his perusal before night. I am in haste, as you see by this scribble.

I am your faithful, and most affectionate husband,

RICH. STEELE.

I shall observe what you desire about James, and every thing else.

## 106. TO MRS. STEELE.

BERRY-STREET, 7 AT NIGHT.

DEAR PRUE,

OCT. 14, 1708.

**I** WRIT to you before, this day, by the coach; and send this to tell you that Mr. Clay has been here since that, and I find I must stay in town this whole week to attend my business, or leave some things undone, which it is as bad to do as to neglect the whole. You may be sure, if I find I may be six or seven hours employed where I please, it shall be at Hampton-court.

Pray keep yourself warm, be cheerful; and believe me, dear creature, sincerely thine,

RICH. STEELE.

107. TO



## 107. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

OCT. 16, 1708.

**I** SHOULD have rid down to Hampton-court this evening, but that I am to be with my mother about a mortgage to be made for paying off the bonds which stand out, that we may be easy on all hands. We must write this night to Mr. Thomas, for the title, &c.

The Queen comes next week to Hampton-court, and stays a fortnight. I am, with my whole heart,  
your faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 108. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

OCT. 20, 1708.

**I** HAD yours last night, with an inclosed to my mother, which I do not design to deliver. You accuse me of unkindness for I cannot imagine what. If you want for any thing, it is that you will not supply yourself with it; for I very regularly send you wherewithal.

My Lord Chamberlain is expected this night in town, from whom I hope for an order for a very handsome apartment in Whitehall. As soon as I receive it, I will immediately remove into it, where I hope you will be pleased. I am sure it is the

utmost of my ambition to make you so. I am your faithful and affectionate husband, RICH. STEELE.

My mother has altered her mind about the mortgage.

I think to come down to-morrow night, to give you an account of every thing; in the mean time, send by your countryman two guineas.

109. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

OCT. 25, 1708.

**I**F you do not hear of me before three to-morrow afternoon, believe I am too fuddled to take care to observe your orders; but, however, know me to be your most faithful, affectionate husband and servant,

RICH. STEELE.

110. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

7 IN THE MORNING,

OCT. 26, 1708.

**I** DESIRE you would put yourself in a readiness to come away on Thursday, on which day the coach shall come, and, if I can, attended by me. Mr. Harrison, a gentleman-usher of the privy-chamber, is dead; the employment is 200*l.* a year salary, and

100*l.*

100*l.* perquisites: it is a place for life, and I am putting in for it this morning with all the force I have. I shall send down inclosed money by to-morrow morning's post, directed to Watts.

You cannot imagine the difficulties I am put to; but I can go through any thing, provided I have the happiness of being esteemed by you as

Your affectionate husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

I am very sick with too much wine last night.

---

111. TO MRS. STEELE.

KENSINGTON, 3, AFTERNOON,

DEAR WIFE,

OCT. 28, 1708.

I CAME hither according to my [duty], to attend the Prince my master\*, by whose dead body I sit while I am writing this. He departed this life half-an-hour after one. I am ordered to wait here, and believe I shall not be relieved till to-morrow morning. As soon as I can get to town, I

\* His Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark, her British Majesty's consort, died at the time here mentioned, at Kensington, of an asthma. He was born at Copenhagen in April 1653; married the Princess Anne in July 1683; and was an illustrious instance of conjugal affection among the great. On the 11th of November his corpse was brought from Kensington to Westminster; and, having lain in state in the Painted Chamber till the 13th of that month, was privately interred in the Abbey.

will dispatch the coach for you. I am, my dear wife, your obliged husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

112. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE, KENSINGTON, OCT. 29, 1708.

**I** INCLOSE all the cash I can well spare, which is four guineas. I writ you word by the penny-post last night, that I was detained here to sit up with the Prince's body\*, and must do so every third night till he is interred. I am still kept bare of money by the men I have to deal with; but, as soon as I can get to town, I will send away the coach for you. Please to come to Mrs. Hardresse's house in the square at Kensington; where it will be convenient for you to be, till all things are ready for our greater ease in town. More I cannot say till we meet.

I am, with the sincerest affection, your obliged husband, and humble servant, RICH. STEELE. :

Send the bearer back with an account how you do.

My service to Mrs. Binns.

\* See p. 163.—After the death of the Prince, the Queen bestowed annuities on all his attendants. Of this bounty Steele's portion was 100*l.* a year, which he some time after gave up.

113. TO MRS. STEELE.

ALMOST 9 AT NIGHT,  
DEAR PRUE, OCT. 29, 1708.

**I** BEG the favour of you to take care to wrap yourself up very warm for your journey to-morrow. The coachman has his orders; and I have agreed with him to bring you to Kensington-square, and carry Mrs. Binns home, in hopes she will dispense with your waiting upon her, and returning afterwards to your lodgings.

I shall take care to have your lodgings fit for your reception; and will never omit any thing in my power to make your hours agreeable.

Your affectionate husband, RICH. STEELE.

114. TO MRS. STEELE \*

BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN,

MY DEAR WIFE, NOV. 10, 1708.

**I** WRITE this to do my duty in complying with your desire of hearing from me this night. I am heartily tired, and go on with hope and perseverance. There is nothing troubles me so much, as the consideration that the most amiable and most deserving of her sex is obliged to suffer all the un-

\* "At Mrs. Hardresse's, in Kensington-square."

easiness that I do. But, my dear life, be of good comfort; and continue to be the only happiness of, dear Prue, your faithful husband, RICH. STEELE.

You know I must come to-morrow evening to Kensington; but you shall hear from me before.

---

115. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE, HOUSE OF LORDS, NOV. 12, 1708.

**I** SEND this, to desire you would think of coming to-morrow to town. There is a room at my mother's, where you may be for a few days. I am to be here till after the funeral. You shall have this bearer to wait on you to town to-morrow, with necessaries for your change of abode.

I am, my dear creature, your most enamoured husband, RICH. STEELE.

---

116. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

NOV. 13, 1708.

**I** SEND you all the money I have, which I hope will bring you to town. Since you have an inclination to see the funeral, I have spoken for a place at the housekeeper's of the House of Lords to place you in, till I can get a more convenient one, for seeing

ing the procession; and I take it that it will be best to be in the Abbey itself, for which end you must come soon. I am ordered to stay here, or should come for you.

Yours, with all my soul,

RICH. STEELE.

The fleet is come in.

117. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, GARTER TAVERN, NOV. 16, 1708.

I AM sorry I cannot come to sit an hour with you to-night, being detained by business with Mr. Huggins\*, which you know of. I have to-day been with Mr. Tryon, who does not now deny his having effects, but pretends to complain of hard usage in sueing him. Within a day or two I doubt not but we shall have our money, which will be the introduction to that life we both pant after with so much earnestness.

Your obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\* An attorney, probably, employed at this time by Mrs. Van-deput, to recover from Steele some arrears of rent for his house in Berry-street, of which she appears to have been the landlady, and the *insufferable brute* in p. 179.—Steele mentions, p. 170, his going in quest of this Mr. Huggins in Westminster-hall.

## 118. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

DEAR WIFE,

NOV. 17, 1708.

**H**OW can you add to my cares, by making so unjust complaints against me as in yours of last night? I take all the pains imaginable to bring you home to ease and satisfaction; and made a great step in it yesternight, which I could not had I spent my time elsewhere than where I did.

My dear, be chearful, and expect a good account of things this evening from, dear wife,

Your most affectionate and most obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE,

## 119. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE,

NOV. 18, 1708.

**I** AM going this morning into the City, to make my demand of the money long due to me. I shall hasten thence to you; and am, with the tenderest love, ever yours,

RICH. STEELE.

\* "At Mrs. Scurlock's lodgings, last house left-hand in Bromley-street, Holborn."



## 120. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE,

NOV. 26, 1708.

I AM, by applying to my Adversary\*, prepared for ending my present calamity; but was denied by my Friend †.

I am, dear creature, your constant, faithful lover, and obliged husband,

I am making it my business to find out Mr. Huggins, in order to withdraw his officers

RICH. STEELE.

## 121. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE,

NOV. 28, 1708.

TAKE confidence in that Being who has promised protection to all the good and virtuous when afflicted. *Mr. Glover* † accommodates me with the money, which is to clear this present sorrow, this evening. I will come to Mrs. Binns's exactly at eight.

I am your most affectionate husband,

and obedient servant,

RICH. STEELE.

\* His landlady possibly; see p. 167.

† Addison seems to be the friend who refused to bail Steele on this distressful occasion—or at least avoided being seen by him.

‡ Query, Who was "honest Glover?" See p. 170.

## 122. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE,

NOV. 30, 1708.

**B**E of good cheer; for I find friendship among the lowest, when disappointed by the highest. I have called at Mr. Elderton's \*, to keep things at a stand till I come to him at ten o'clock.

Dear creature, be cheerful. God be your comfort and your protection. While that is so, and you are safe, nothing can disturb

RICH. STEELE.

## 123. TO MRS. STEELE †.

DEAR WIFE,

10 O'CLOCK, NOV. 30, 1708.

**T**HIS is to acquaint you, that honest Glover ‡ has effectually served me. I am now in search of Mr. Huggins, in Westminster-hall. Elderton, without my knowledge, has also removed the other storm to some distance, so that we prepare in time to weather.

Be of good cheer; God will bless me, and make me a better provider hereafter for my wife and dear child §.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

\* Steele's attorney.

† "At her house in Berry-street."

‡ See p. 169.

§ She was then pregnant with Elizabeth, her first child.

## 124. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

MY DEAR WIFE,

DEC. 6, 1708.

I WILL not defer telling you that there is a thing in agitation that will make me happy at once. Your rival, Addison †, will be removed; and, if I can succeed him in his office, it will answer all purposes. This will be determined before to-morrow at noon. I cannot see Mr. Glover till six o'clock. I am your faithful, loving husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Keep this to yourself. I will come to you as soon as I have dined.

## 125. TO MRS. STEELE.

HALF-HOUR AFTER 5 O'CLOCK,

DEAR PRUE,

DEC. 14, 1708.

MR. ADDISON is just now gone to Lord Wharton; and I wait his return, to know my own next steps.

My heart is as much disturbed as yours can be on the same occasion; but this seasonable hope breaking in upon me will, I hope, cure all, and

\* "At Mrs. Scurlock's lodgings, Bromley-street, Holborn."

† Mr. Addison (at that time under-secretary of state, an office to which he had been appointed in 1706 under sir Charles Hedges, and retained under lord Sunderland) was then on the eve of being appointed Secretary to Lord Wharton, the new Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. See the next Letter.

refresh our spirits. I wish you would come directly to the *garret*; where you can, from time to time, hear from me what passes this evening.

I send this moment to my mother; and am

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

---

126. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

DEC. 18, 1708.

**MR. ADDISON** has engaged me about extraordinary business all this day. I hope I have engaged him to take Desmaiseaux\*.

I am obliged to go to supper where he treats to-night, to help him in doing the honours to his friends. Yours tenderly,

RICH. STEELE.

---

127. TO MRS. STEELE †.

DEAR PRUE,

COCKPIT, DEC. 22, 1708.

**I DESIRE** you to take a coach, and come to this lodgings. I am obliged to wait hereabouts. James will find me at Mr. Delafaye's ‡ house in Downing-street, or at the Coffee-house.

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

\* See Letter LXXVIII. p. 144.

† At her house in Berry-street.

‡ Charles Delafaye, esq. one of the clerks in the secretary of state's office, and afterwards himself under-secretary of state.

128. TO MR. KEALLY.

SIR,

JAN. 20, 1708-9.

I HAVE communicated your friendly design to the Secretary\*, relating to his being chosen a member. He gives you his hearty thanks; and desired me to tell you he believed that matter already provided for †.

Since he had the honour to be named himself for this post in Ireland, a brother of his has been chosen, by the Directors of the East India Company, Governor of Fort St. George, in the room of Mr. Pitt ‡.

I had hopes of succeeding him in this office; but things are ordered otherwise in favour of the North Britons, one of whom is to come into that

\* Mr. Addison, then Secretary to Lord Wharton; see p. 171. Archbishop King, in a letter to Dr. Swift, Feb. 10, 1708-9, says, "I am wonderfully pleased at the good character you give Mr. Addison. If he be the man that you represent him to be (and I have confidence in your judgment), he will be able to serve his Lord effectually, and procure himself love and respect here. I cannot say it will be in my power to do him any service; but my good wishes and endeavours shall not be wanting."

† The salary of Keeper of the Records in Ireland was augmented, and the place given to Addison.

‡ "On the 20th of December, 1709, the Directors of the East-India Company chose Mr. Gulston Addison, an eminent Merchant, residing at Fort St. George, Governor and President of that place, in the room of Thomas Pitt, esq. who, it is said, has obtained leave to come home." Postman, Jan. 1, 1709-10. Mr. Gulston Addison, who was born in August 1673, died at Fort St. George in the office of Governor and President.

employment

employment very suddenly. In the mean time, something additional will be given to, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

129. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

MY DEAR WIFE,

JAN. 31, 1708-9.

I AM with young Mr. Tonson at the Griffin tavern, where I shall dine on a scrap, and afterwards go to Mr. Longueville †, to appoint the meeting of Tryon to-morrow, to make a final end.

I shall come home before eight o'clock; and am, dear creature, eternally yours,

RICH. STEELE.

130. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

FEB. 5, 1708-9.

I WAS coming home; but am indispensably obliged to dine at Tonson's, where, after dinner, some papers ‡ are to be read, whereof, among others, I am to be a judge. I have the money for you and the other occasions.

This absence I hope you will excuse in your affectionate, faithful,

DICK STEELE.

\* "At her house in Berry-street."

† Of whom I wish I was able to have given some account.

‡ Query, What were these? He began the Tatler on the 12th of April following.

## 131. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY DEAR WIFE,

MARCH 2, 1708-9.

**I** INCLOSE a guinea, lest you should want. I am resolved to do something effectually to-day with Tryon; therefore do not expect me at dinner.

My life is bound up in you. I will be at home before six.

RICH. STEELE.

## 132. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MARCH 11, 1708-9.

**I** INCLOSE five guineas, but cannot come home to dinner. Dear little woman, take care of thyself, and eat and drink cheerfully.

RICH. STEELE.

## 133. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

DEAR PRUE,

MARCH 21, 1708-9.

**I** SEND you this by the boy I have a mind to take, if you like him. Things go pretty well. I shall dine at Court. If there are any letters, let the

\* "At her house in Berry-street."

boy

boy bring them to me thither, at the Gentleman-usher's table. Yours unreservedly and faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

---

134. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

DEAR PRUE,

MARCH 23, 1708-9.

**H**AVING some doubt about Tilden, I dine at Court, and will look into all things between this and six o'clock. The bearer is a boy well recommended, whose father has been with me, and whom I approve (as I do all other things) as you like him.

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

---

135. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

APRIL 19, 1709.

**I** HAVE been with Tryon; he owns some effects, which will be of assistance to me†. I call Heaven to witness, I value nothing but as you are partaker of it. Do not cast yourself down; but depend upon it that I shall bring you home what will make things have a chearful aspect, and will do that may contribute to your satisfaction; which is all the ambition of, yours eternally,

RICH. STEELE.

\* "At her house in Berry-street."

† In his Barbados business; of which hereafter.



## 136. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAREST CREATURE,

APRIL 23, 1709.

**T**HIS matter must be deferred till some hour in the evening, or to some other day, for I cannot have money till after Chapel.

I am,

Your faithful, tender husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 137. TO MRS. STEELE \*.

DEAR WIFE,

MAY 5, 1709.

**I** DESIRE you would pluck up a good spirit if possible, and come in a chair, the boy with you, who shall find me at the Coffee-house under Scotland-yard gate, from whence we will go see a convenient place.

Do not be dejected, if you value the life and happiness of your faithful,

RICH. STEELE.

I inclose ten shillings.

\* "At her house in Berry-street."

RICH. STEELE.

138. TO

## 138. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MAY 5, 1709.

**I** DESIRE you would go to the assignation between us in Westminster. Mr. Montague\* has desired me to go with him to the Park; after I come from thence, I will come to you with good news.

Yours ever, ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 139. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE,

MAY 5, 1709.

**I** CANNOT express to you the real sorrow the inequality of my behaviour gives me, when I reflect that I am in passion before the best of women. Dear Prue, forgive me: I will neglect nothing which may contribute to our ease together; and you shall always find me

Your affectionate, faithful, and tender husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\* Wortley Montague, Esq. of whom hereafter.

## 140. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE,

MAY 5, 1709.

THERE is no doubt but we shall be easy and happy in a few days. My dear life, nothing troubles me sorely, but the affront that *insufferable brute*\* has put upon you, which I shall find ways to make her repent. I am, my dear creature, entirely yours,

RICH. STEELE.

You shall hear from me in the morning.

## 141. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MAY 7, 1709.

I HAVE been with Mr. Compton, and have his order to be at the Office, with a request to keep it very secret that he does me this favour, for fear of his being importuned on the same account by others of the family †. I am your most affectionate and tender husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\* This seems to have been the landlady of the house in Berry-street; to which place the first of the letters of this day's date is addressed. He took the house in October 1708. See p. 167.

† This wants an explanation; which I confess myself not able at present to give. Other circumstances may perhaps clear it up; either by shewing who *Mr. Compton* was, what was his *office*, what *the favour*, or what is meant by *the family*. Meantime, let the Curious form their own conjectures.

## 142. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MAY 7, 1709.

**I** AM just drinking a pint of wine, and will come home forthwith. I am with Mr. Elliott, settling things. Yours ever, ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 143. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

12 O'CLOCK, MAY 28, 1709.

**I** HAVE received money, but cannot come home till about four o'clock, having appointed Mr. Mills here at Moore's chambers at two o'clock.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 144. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 9, 1709.

**I** PUT myself to the pain of absence from you at dinner, by waiting to speak with Salkeild; therefore I hope you will forgive me for what I am punished in committing.

Dear Prue, I am unreservedly and faithfully yours,

RICH. STEELE.

145. TO

## 145. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, SAVOY, NUTT'S \*, JULY 19, 1709.

I SEND this, to let you know that I am come hither, and am obliged to dispatch the main of the business † of this place to-night. As soon as I have done, I will come to my dearest companion:

I am wholly yours, RICH. STEELE.

## 146. TO MRS. STEELE ‡.

DEAR PRUE, FROM MR. NUTT'S, JULY 25, 1709.

I HAVE finished the Gazette at the office; and am here ending the other business §, in order to have the evening with my wife and mistress Prue.

Here is next door a fellow that makes old wigs new; therefore pray send both mine in the bed-chamber, by this boy, to

Your loving, devoted, obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\* The well-known printer of the original Tatler.

† See Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 44 and 45.

‡ "At Mr. Sewell's, in King-street, near Whitehall Coffee-house."

§ See Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 46. *Aurengzebe*.

## 147. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

DEAR PRUE,

JULY 28, 1709.

I INCLOSE two guineas, and will come home exactly at seven.

Yours tenderly,

RICH. STEELE.

## 148. TO MRS. MANLEY †.

MADAM,

[SEPT. 6, 1709.]

I HAVE received a letter from you, wherein you tax me, as if I were *Bickerstaff*, with falling upon you as author of "Atalantis," and the person who

\* "At Mr. Sewell's, King-street."

† This letter, which is printed here from Steele's autograph, has no date; but in the imperfect copy of it published by Mrs. Manley, in her "Memoirs of Europe towards the Close of the Eighth Century," dedicated to Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. it is dated Sept. 6, 1709. Mrs. Manley affirms that she transcribed the letter *verbatim*; but it appears, from comparing her transcript with the original, that she thought proper to omit the two paragraphs relative to what had happened between Steele and her, and his refusal of a certain sum of money which she had asked in loan; and also to change the emphatical word "kindnesses" to "services." A note on the *Tatler*, N<sup>o</sup> 65, to which the curious reader is referred, throws much light on this letter. See *Tatler*, N<sup>o</sup> 63. It is at present sufficient to mention, that her friend Dr. Swift was the real author of the *two most mighty Tatlers* to which Mrs. Manley refers in her furious dedication of the book above mentioned. Steele disavowed them with great truth; and with admirable magnanimity concealed

who honoured me with a character in that celebrated piece. What has happened formerly between us can be of no use to either to repeat. I solemnly assure you, you wrong me in this, as much as you know you do in all else you have been pleased to say of me. I had not money when you did me the favour to ask a loan of a trifling sum of me. I had the greatest sense imaginable of the kind notice you gave me when I was going on to my ruin \*; and am so far from retaining an inclination to revenge the inhumanity with which you have treated me, that I give myself a satisfaction in that you have canceled with injuries a friendship †, which I should never have been able to return.

This will convince you how little I am an ingrate; for I believe you will allow, no one that is so mean as to be forgetful of kindnesses, ever fails in returning injuries. As for the verses you quote of mine ‡, they are still my opinion; and your sex, as well as your quality of a gentlewoman (a justice you would not do my birth and education), shall always preserve you against the pen of your provoked most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

the real writer to the last, though beyond measure provoked to the discovery of these and some other obnoxious papers, productions of the same pen.

\* A good turn is given to this circumstance by Mrs. Manley, in her letters in the year 1717.

† It is but justice to add, that Steele was afterwards reconciled to Mrs. Manley, who made him a handsome apology in 1717, in a letter which may be seen in a future page.

‡ The verses of Steele here alluded to, according to Mrs. Manley's account of them, are as follows:

“Against a woman's wit 'tis full as low,  
“Your malice as your bravery to shew.”

## 149. TO MRS. STEELE \*.

DEAR PRUE,

SEPT. 25, 1709.

**I** SEND this, to put thy tenderness at rest; and acquaint you, that Mr. Margate had been so friendly as to take effectual care before he saw me.

I am yours eternally,

RICH. STEELE.

## 150. TO MRS. STEELE †.

KING'S-HEAD, PALL-MALL,

DEAR PRUE,

OCT. 4, 1709.

**I** HAVE done every thing effectually which I went about. Mr. Hopkins is coming to me hither, where we shall stay till a little after ten.

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

## 151. TO DR. SWIFT.

LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE,

DEAR SIR,

OCT. 8, 1709.

**MR.** Secretary Addison went this morning out of town, and left behind him an agreeable command

\* "At her lodging, over against the King's-head, in Downing-street."

† "Last door but two, left-hand, Berry-street."



for me, *viz.* to forward the inclosed, which Lord Halifax sent him for you. I assure you, no man could say more in praise of another than he did in your behalf at that noble Lord's table on Wednesday last. I doubt not but you will find by the inclosed the effect it had upon him. No opportunity is omitted among powerful men, to upbraid them for your stay in Ireland. The company that day at dinner were, lord Edward Russel, lord Essex, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Addison, and myself.

I have heard such things said of that same Bishop of Clogher \* with you, that I have often said he must be entered *ad eundem* in our House of Lords.

Mr. Philips † dined with me yesterday; he is still a shepherd, and walks very lonely through this unthinking crowd in London. I wonder you do not write sometimes to me.

The Town is in great expectation from *Bickerstaff*: what passed at the election for his first table ‡ being to be published this day sevensnight. I have not seen Ben Tooke § a great while, but long to

\* Dr. St. George Ashe, formerly a fellow of Trinity college, Dublin (where he was tutor to Swift); afterward bishop of Clogher 1697. In 1710-11 he preserved his seat at the Council board by the interest of Swift. He was translated to Derry in 1716-17; in which year he married his friend Dean Swift to Mrs. Johnson, the ceremony being performed in a garden. He died in 1718. Both the Bishop and his brother the Rev. Dillon Ashe were celebrated Punsters; and in that character occur frequently in Swift's Works.—In the Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 230, written by Swift, the Bishop is alluded to; see the edition of 1806, vol. IV. p. 296.

† Ambrose Philips, the author of "The Distressed Mother," a tragedy, and some pastorals, &c.

‡ See Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 81, and *notes*.

§ Swift's bookseller; who died May 21, 1724.

usher you and yours into the world. Not that there can be any thing added by me to your fame, but to walk bare-headed before you. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,  
RICH. STEELE.

---

152. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE,

NOV. 20, 1709.

I HAVE been in great pain of body and mind since I came out. You are extremely cruel to a generous nature, which has a tenderness for you that renders your least *dis-humour* insupportably afflicting. After short starts of passion, not to be inclined to reconciliation, is what is against all rules of Christianity and justice. When I come home, I beg to be kindly received, or this will have as ill an effect upon my fortune, as on my mind and body.

RICH. STEELE.

---

153. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

DEAR WIFE,

FEB. 15, 1709-10.

I BELIEVE I am the first that ever rejoiced at the flight of one he loved. After I was done writ-

\* "At Mrs. Binns's lodgings in Silver-street, near Golden-square."

ing \*, I went up to visit my sick wife, and found she was herself gone a-visiting. I wish you had given me the pleasure of knowing you were so well, it would have given what I was writing \* a more lively turn. I am your affectionate, tender, observant, and indulgent husband, RICH. STEELE.

---

154. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

APRIL 7, 1710.

I INCLOSE to you a receipt for the saucepan and spoon, and a note of 23*l.* of Lewis's, which will make up the 50*l.* I promised for your ensuing occasion †.

I know no happiness in this life in any degree comparable to the pleasure I have in your person and society. I only beg of you to add to your other charms, a fearfulness to see a man that loves you in pain and uneasiness, to make me as happy as it is possible to be in this life. Rising a little in a morning, and being disposed to a chearfulness ‡ . . . . . would not be amiss. I am your most affectionate husband, and obedient servant, RICH. STEELE.

There are papers in the parlour-window, dated from Hamburgh and other places, which I want §.

\* This was the Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 134.

† Mrs. Steele was then pregnant with her son Richard.

‡ A few words are here cut out.

§ See the Gazette of Saturday, April 8, 1710.

## 155. MR. ADDISON TO MR. KEALLY.

SIR,

LONDON, APRIL 13, 1710.

**W**E are here in a great puzzle of politics. *Little Ben* \* winks, speaks half sentences, and grows more mysterious than ever. Dick Steele is entirely yours. Lord Halifax, after having talked of you in a very friendly manner, desired me to give you his humble service when I writ to you †.

---



---

 156. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MAY 3, 1710.

**I** SHALL stay at Tonson's till towards four o'clock; for, having made up this day my account with Nutt †, I am doing the same here, being resolved to understand my affairs, and communicate them to you for your ease and convenience from this hour forward.

Yours eternally,

RICH. STEELE.

\* Mr. Hoadly; afterwards the celebrated Bishop.

† Mr. Addison writes to Dr. Swift, from *Dublin*, June 3, and July 23, 1710.—The *North Briton*, who succeeded him in Lord Sunderland's office, as under-secretary of state, (p. 173) was Robert Pringle, esq.

‡ Printer of the *Tatler*.

157. ISAACO BICKERSTAFF, ARMIGERO,  
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ CENSORI, S.

9 CAL. JUNII [JUNE 23], 1710.

**MORIÆ** Encomium Thomæ Moro, cui nil erat magis alienum quàm *Mori* nomen, Erasmus inscripsit: nec ergo quis miretur has *Obscurorum Virorum* Epistolas Viro *Clarissimo*, hos Morologos Moriâ ipsâ stultiores Tibi mitti, Isaace gravissime; qui unus, inter tot nugivendos potiùs quàm scriptores ubique nunc temporis ad nauseam obvios, nosti non ineptire: qui scis *ex fumo* (ut ait Flaccus) *dare lucem*; in gracili materiâ sterilique argumento copiosè juxtà atque sapienter disserere, inter ludicra serius, inter jocos philosophus; qui ridiculum acri, dulci utile miscendo, junctis ingenii simul et argumentorum viribus, Britannos potes tam feliciter à vitiis deterrere, ad virtutem hortari.

Patere, Cato Britannice, ex obsoletis seculi superioris ruderibus altàque quam superstitio intulerat ignorantia, istud Arcadicum hominum specioso Theologorum Magistrorumve nomine insolenter gloriantium pecus accersi; et æternâ licèt nocte dignos, à tenebris tamen ad lucem, à mortuis ad vivos provocari, tibi que pro tribunali sisti; ut post nostrì seculi ineptias, et ineptos, illas explosas, hos sepultos, non etiam desint, quas explodas, quos sepelias:

\* On the subject of this letter to Steele, which was prefixed to "Epistolarum Obscurorum Virorum, ad Dm. Ortuinum Gratium, Volumina II." see the Notes on the Tatler, ed. 1806, vol. IV. pp. 55, 95.

eum nempe volo Magnæ Britanniae Censorem, qui non solùm in præsentem sed et præteritas ætates ultrò citròque jus censoriæ authoritatis exerceat.

Nolim autem mihi id vitio verti, quòd Theologos hic in medium protraham, et deridendos propinam. Cum enim Theologia omnium Disciplinarum Regina ab ipso Numine jus in se derivaverit, procul absit, ut illius cultores despiciatui habeam, ut potiùs ex omni non modò Republicâ, sed ex finibus humanæ naturæ exterminandos arbitrer, quotquot Theologiam aut ejus Ministros divino illo jure ac dignitate spoliare contendunt. Si aliter sentirem, næ tuum patrociniùm defugissem, Vir integerrime; cui curæ fuit, ut morum bonorum ac pietatis jura sarta ac tecta ab omni piaculo conservares. At verò credo me culpam minimè commeruisse, si eos insecter, qui majori ignorantia an malitia freti in Theologiam involant; qui venerabili Theologiæ gradu, et optimis beneficiis tumidi, novis, et hactenus inauditis opinionibus, Reipublicæ statum convellunt; qui eò quòd Theologorum titulo magis quàm meritis ornentur, ideò tantum sibi arrogant, ut omnem abjiciant ac relinquunt obedientiam, ne modò rationi pareant, cui ipsâ naturæ lege subiecti sunt; qui pro Magistrali suâ dignitate in cunctos inferiores ferulam vibrant; quique longo quantumvis *togæ* symmate ferocientes *pallium* tamen brevius indui debuerunt; quo minùs incautos fallant.

Hujusmodi Theologos tanto quod per summum decus usurpaverunt nomine exui, et loco moveri dignos in conspectum adduxi, lepidissime Morum Castigator, ut ab omnibus publicitus exhibentur. Hanc ineptiarum farraginem duxi nunquam com-

modiùs

modiùs extrudi posse, quàm cum Natio in risum prona, morionibus et nugis magis impensè delectetur. Nationis equidem patientiam nequeo non obiter suspicere, et mecum stomachari, quæ libellos istos quotidie impune libertate plusquam vernili vagantes, affaniis puris putis refertos, legere sustineat; ferátque illud *Observatorum, Revisorum*, et cæterorum scurrarum vulgus, vocibus nonnisi *Barbaris* efferendum. Ætas profectò Censore dignissima, qui hanc effrænem scribendi licentiam virgâ notet, et reprimat; istosque nugatores, nisi inter vivos \* morari ulteriùs desinant, ad Vespillones damnet! Age, Vir insignissime; prodeat tandem tamdiu desideratus tuarum lucubrationum liber, facundo illo silentii, quod in ipsis tam disertè expressisti, præconio celebrandus. Ex illis discant Lectores scriptorésque, illi quid legi, hi quid scribi potissimum cum fructu non minori quàm voluptate deceat. Interea dum illas expectamus, præludant hæ *obscurorum Epistolæ* †, quarum elaborata barbaries, et solœcismi, legentem in cachinnos solvant, et quicquid ridiculi vanæque levitatis in pec-

\* Suetonius, in Vitâ Neronis Claudii, cap. 33.

† “The purpose of the work,” says Steele, Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 197, “is signified in the dedication, in very elegant language, and fine raillery. It seems this is a collection of letters which some profound blockheads, who lived before our times, have written in honour of each other, and for their mutual information in each other’s absurdities. They are mostly of the German Nation, whence, from time to time, inundations of writers have flowed, more pernicious to the learned world, than the swarms of Goths and Vandals to the publick.”—What would Steele or Addison have said of Kotzebue, and other modern Germans?

tore residet, adeo exhauriant, ut ad tuas postea Lucubrationes perlegendas, animus defæcator, et à nugis expurgator accedat: quippe medici solent corpus ægrum medicamentis purgare, quò meliùs ad victum salubriorem sumendum preparetur. Denique obscuri isti homunciones, quibus nil quicquam vixit insulsius, longo pòst tempore jam tandem resipiscunt; famam, quam olim non potuerunt, conantur nunc aucupari; à coætaneis suis audiri vix meruerunt, nunc in spem et lectores et emptores sibi conciliandi veniunt: vivi pro mortuis meritò habebantur; mortui verò nunc vivere et inclarescere incipient, ubi primùm eorum Epistolæ nomine tuo insignitæ præfulgebunt.

Vale, Vir eruditissime; nostrisque moribus diu ac feliciter consule.

---

158. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JULY 3, 1710.

**I** SHALL not dine with you; but will be with you before five, in order to take the air with you.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.



## 159. \* TO MR. MAYNWARING †.

SIR,

JULY 22, 1710.

THE state of conversation and business in this town having been long perplexed with pretenders in both kinds; in order to open men's eyes against such abuses, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking to publish a Paper, which should observe upon the manners of the pleasurable, as well as the busy part of mankind. To make this generally read, it seemed the most proper method to form it by way of a Letter of Intelligence, consisting of such parts as might gratify the curiosity of persons of all conditions, and of each sex. But a work of this nature requiring time to grow into the notice of the world, it happened very luckily, that, a little before I had resolved upon this design, a gentleman had written Predictions, and two or three other

\* Prefixed to the first volume of "The Tatler" in 8vo.

† Arthur Maynwarding, esq. "His works set the character of his genius above the reach of the criticism of others, and he was himself allowed universally to be the best critic of his times." *Biogr. Brit. art. Hughes.* "His learning was without pedantry; his wit without affectation; his judgment without malice; his friendship without interest; his zeal without violence; in a word, he was the best subject, the best friend, the best relation, the best master, the best critic, and the best political writer in Great Britain." *Egerton, Memoirs of Mrs. Oldfield.* He died in 1712, aged 44; and left his estate to be equally divided between his sister, his son, and his son's mother. It amounted to little more than 3000*l.* His "Life and Posthumous Works" were published by Mr. Oldmixon, 1715, 8vo; whence a full account of him has been inserted in the "Biographical Dictionary."

pieces in my name, which rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and, by an inimitable spirit and humour, raised it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at\*.

By this good fortune the name of *Isaac Bickerstaff* † gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit; and the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common Journals of News brought in a multitude of other readers. I could not, I confess, long keep up the opinion of the town, that these Lucubrations were written by the same hand with the first works which were published under my name ‡; but, before I lost the partition of that Author's fame, I had already found the advantage of his authority, to which I owe the sudden acceptance which my labours met with in the world.

The general purpose of this Paper is, to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour. No man has a better judgment for the discovery, or a nobler spirit for the contempt of all imposture, than yourself; which qualities render you the most proper patron for the Author

\* Dr. Swift. See the Dean's "Works," ed. 1808, vol. III. p. 217, and Steele's Original Preface to the *Tatler*.

† "Although the *Tatler* joined an odd surname to no very common Christian one, there was a man found in this large town, who owned both the names. Swift's "Works, vol. III. p. 218.

‡ "During the prevalence of parties and prejudices, he that would be believed by every body, should be known to nobody; lest, instead of listening to the good advice of the censor, the censured should endeavour, by retorting on *his* frailties, to extenuate or justify *their own*."

of these Essays. In the general, the design, however executed, has met with so great success, that there is hardly a name now eminent among us for power, wit, beauty, valour, or wisdom, which is not subscribed \* for the encouragement of these volumes. This is, indeed, an honour, for which it is impossible to express a suitable gratitude; and there is nothing could be an addition to the pleasure I take in it, but the reflection, that it gives me the most conspicuous occasion I can ever have, of subscribing myself, Sir, your most obliged, most obedient, and most humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

---

160. MR. ADDISON TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, DUBLIN CASTLE, JULY 23, 1710.

**A**BOUT two days ago I received the inclosed, that is sealed up; and yesterday that of my friend Steele, which, requiring a speedy answer, I have sent you express. In the mean time I have let him know, that you are out of town, and that he may expect your answer by the next post. I fancy he had my lord Halifax's authority for writing. I hope this will bring you to town. For your amusement by the way, I have sent you some of this day's news; to which I must add, that Doctors

\* See the list of Subscribers prefixed to the first volume of the Tatler in 8vo.

Bisse \* and Robinson † are likely to be the Bishops of Bristol and St. David's: that our politicians are startled at the breaking off the Negotiations, and fall of stocks; insomuch that it is thought they will not venture at dissolving the Parliament in such a crisis.

I am ever, dear Sir, yours entirely,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. Steele desires me to seal yours before I deliver it: but this you will excuse in one who wishes you as well as he, or any body living can do.

## 161. TO MRS. STEELE.

HALF-HOUR AFTER 8,  
JULY 29, 1710.

DEAR WIFE,

**I** STAY in town to-night very much against my inclination, having business of consequence with Mr. Montague †, who goes out of town to-morrow in order to take a voyage.

I am yours entirely,

RICH. STEELE.

\* Philip, first made bishop of St. David's, and then of Hereford.

† John: he was consecrated bishop of Bristol, November 19, 1710, and translated to the see of London in March 1713-14.

† To settle the Dedication to the second volume of the Tatler; see p. 197.

162. \* TO EDWARD WORTLEY  
MONTAGUE, ESQ. †

SIR,

JULY 30, 1710.

WHEN I send you this volume, I am rather to make you a request than a Dedication. I must desire, that if you think fit to throw away any moments on it, you would not do it after reading those excellent pieces

\* Prefixed to the second volume of "The Tatler."

† Second son of the Hon. Lady Wortley Montague, and grandson of Edward Montague, the first earl of Sandwich. He was chosen a member of parliament for Huntingdon in the 4th year of Queen Anne; and in all other parliaments but two to the end of her reign. On the accession of George I. he was constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury: and being sent Ambassador-extraordinary to the Grand Signior, he set out for Vienna, Jan. 27, 1716, and proposed to be at Peterwaradin in eight days; and, having finished his negotiations, he, with his lady, arrived at Leghorn, Aug. 22, 1718, in the Preston man of war, from Constantinople. He sailed the next day for Toulon; and, travelling through France, arrived in England, and waited on his Majesty at Hampton-court, Oct. 4 following, and was graciously received. In the first parliament called by King George I. he was chosen for the city of Westminster, and afterwards served for Huntingdon, and was a member for the city of Peterborough when he died, it is said, very suddenly, Jan. 22, 1761, aged 80 years, without being able to alter his will, as he intended, in favour of his son, an extraordinary and ingenious man, author of the "Reflections on the Rise and Fall of ancient Republicks," &c. of whom see several new and interesting particulars in the Notes on the Tatler, ed. 1806, vol. II. p. iv. Mr. Montague married the Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter to his Grace Evelyn Duke of Kingston, an uncommonly fine woman, of very superior understanding, authoress of a little volume of excellent Poems, and some volumes

with which you are usually conversant. The images which you will meet with here will be very faint, after the perusal of the Greeks and Romans, who are your ordinary companions. I must confess, I am obliged to you for the taste of many of their excellencies, which I had not observed until you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are some things in these papers which I know you pardon; and it is no small pleasure to have one's labours suffered by the judgment of a man, who so well understands the true charms of eloquence and poesy. But I direct this address to you, not that I think I can entertain you with my writings, but to thank you for the new delight I have, from your conversation, in those of other men.

May you enjoy a long continuance of the true relish of the happiness Heaven has bestowed upon you! I know not how to say a more affectionate thing to you, than to wish that you may be always what you are; and that you may ever think, as I know you now do, that you have a much larger fortune than you want.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

of curious Letters; and by her (who died August 21, 1762), he had issue the abovementioned only son Edward-Wortley Montague, who was representative in three parliaments for Bossiney in Cornwall; and a daughter Mary, married to John Stuart, the late Earl of Bute, Aug. 24, 1736.

## 163. MR. ADDISON TO MR. KEALLY.

SIR,

AUG. 5, 1710.

THE Bank have represented that they must shut up upon the first issuing out of new writs; and Sir Francis Child, with the rest of the moneyed citizens on the Tories' side, have declared to the duke of Shrewsbury, that they shall be ruined if so great a blow be given to the public credit as would inevitably follow upon a Dissolution. We hear from all parts of England that the people daily recover their senses, and that the tide begins to turn so strongly, that it is hoped the next Parliament will be of the same stamp with this in case of a Dissolution.

J. ADDISON.

## 164. TO MRS. STEELE \*.

COCKPIT, SECRETARY'S-OFFICE,

MY DEAR,

8 O'CLOCK, AUG. 8, 1710.

WHEN I was going out of town, I heard my Lord Treasurer † had this day resigned his staff, and was to [be succeeded] by my lord Halifax. The resignation I find confirmed here; but others

\* "At Mrs. Bradshaw's, at Sandy-end."

† Lord Godolphin. The office was put into commission Aug. 10, and earl Powlet at the head.

are said to succeed him. I stay in town to-night to see a friend, who will be able to give me proper lights into the present affairs.

Good night, dear Prue, and sleep pleased, for all will do well; for God will bless us.

Your faithful, affectionate husband,

RICH. STEELE.

165. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

BERRY-STREET, HALF-HOUR AFTER 6,

DEAR PRUE, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9, 1710.

**T**HOU art such a foolish tender thing, that there is no living with thee.

I have broke my rest last night, because I knew you would be such a fool as not to sleep. Pray come home by this morning's coach, if you are impatient: but, if you are not here before noon, I will come down to you in the evening; but I must make visits this morning, to hear what is doing.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

\* "At Mrs. Bradshaw's house, at Sandy-end, over-against the Bull Alehouse in Fulham-road."



## 166. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

COCKPIT, AUG. 9, 1710.

I CANNOT possibly come, expecting orders here, which I must overlook, and having not half done my other business at the Savoy\*.

Dear creature, come in the morning coach; and, if I can, I will return with you in the evening. Pray wrap yourself very warm.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 167. TO MRS. STEELE.

BULL-HEAD †, CLARE-MARKET,

DEAR PRUE,

AUG. 24, 1710.

I BEG of you to meet your Brother *Whig* Martyn † and myself here. Ask for me.

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

\* At Mr. Nutt's. See Tatler, No 209.

† See p. 202.

‡ Richard Martyn, esq. one of Steele's colleagues, was a Commissioner of the Stamp-office.

## 168. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

AUG. 29, 1710.

I AM doing my business, and cannot come home to dinner; but stay to come home more chearfully.

Yours,

RICH. STEELE.

## 169. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY DEAR PRUE,

VERE-STREET \*,

AUG. 30, 1710.

IF you can be so good as to forgive all that is past, you shall [not] hereafter know any suffering from indiscretion or negligence. I have taken care of the matter mentioned in the letter you opened yesterday. Pray let me know how *Lugger* does. I am waiting here for a third person, to go and receive money. Martyn sent an excuse yesterday that he was sick, and promises to come at ten to-day; but I shall not wait or depend on that, though I dare say he would do all he could.

Your affectionate and tender husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Pray send linen, for I am to meet the parties before nine.

\* From this and the two preceding letters, it seems as if Steele was *locked-up* at the *Bull-head* in *Vere-street*.

## 170. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY DEAR,

AUG. 31, 1710.

I HAVE sent a message by Cave a little way off. As soon as he returns, I will come home. I have almost done one paper\*.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 171. (A FRAGMENT †.)

..... Mrs. Prichard just now tells me, we have crowned Charles King of Spain at Madrid, and all Spain submits to him. She gives her service to you. Give mine to all friends. I shall be glad to hear what part Mrs. Oakley has in what my aunt Oakley has left her brother who is dead.

Moll Pugh gives you her service. She knows not how she has disobliged, that you do so *Madam* her. She is very busy with the still, and many other matters.

For the teeth, take half-a-pint of claret, a penny-worth of myrrh, and mastick in powder, one top of rosemary, half a nutmeg cut. Boil them all together; then put in a small bit of alum.

\* See Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 219, Sept. 2, 1710.

† This small fragment, in the hand-writing of Mrs. Steele, is undated; but was probably written in October 1710.

## 172. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

OCT. 2, 1710.

AS soon as you have dined, if you please, come to Nutt's, where I am gone for haste sake to dispatch my paper \*; and I will go from thence with you to see *Dick* † at Lambeth.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 173. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

OCT. 12, 1710.

I DESIRE you to go to dinner. Be chearful and beautiful, and I will come to you to your mother's between six and seven this evening.

Faithfully yours,

RICH. STEELE.

## 174. TO MR. KEALLY.

SIR,

APRIL 2, 1711.

THE bearer hereof, Mr. John Bateman, is the nearest of blood to my uncle Gascoigne ‡; to whose

\* See *Tatler*, No 232.

† Their first-born son, named *Richard*, who died in his infancy.

‡ It appears then that the maiden name of Sir Richard Steele's mother was Gascoigne; and probably his father married this lady in Ireland; when he went over with the Duke of Ormond, as the property of her family seems to have been there.

bounty

bounty I owe a liberal education. He has a demand upon my Lord Longford, as administrator to my said uncle, together with some other debts which lie out in Ireland. I earnestly recommend his affairs to your favour and patronage; and desire you would stand by him, and appear for him, in order to his obtaining speedy justice. He is of himself an helpless; and your goodness herein will be the highest obligation to, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

175. TO WILLIAM LORD COWPER,

BARON OF WINGHAM\*.

MY LORD,

[1711].

AFTER having long celebrated the superior graces and excellencies among men, in an imaginary cha-

\* William Cowper, esq. soon after being called to the bar, was appointed one of King William's Counsel; he succeeded Sir Nathan Wrighte, as Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Oct. 11, 1705; was created Baron Cowper of Wingham, Nov. 9, 1706; and appointed Lord Chancellor, May 4, 1707; which post he held till Sept. 25, 1710. On the accession of King George, he was appointed again Lord Chancellor, Sept. 21, 1714; and, on resigning the great seal, was created Earl Cowper, and Viscount Fordwich, March 18, 1717-18. He generously declined accepting New-year's-gifts from the Counsellors at law, which had been long given to his predecessors; and, what is still more to his honour, foresaw and opposed the destructive measures of the  
South-

racter \*, I do myself the honour to shew my veneration for transcendent merit under my own name, in this address to your Lordship. The just application of those high accomplishments of which you are master, has been an advantage to all your fellow-subjects; and it is from the common obligation you have laid upon all the world, that I, though a private man, can pretend to be affected with, or take the liberty to acknowledge, your great talents and public virtues.

It gives a pleasing prospect to your friends, that is to say, to the friends of your Country, that you have passed through the highest offices, at an age when others usually do but form to themselves the hopes of them. They may expect to see you in the House of Lords as many years as you were ascending to it. It is our common good, that your admirable eloquence can now no longer be employed, but in the expression of your own sentiments and judgment. The skilful Pleader is now for ever changed into the just Judge; which latter character your Lordship exerts with so prevailing an impartiality, that you win the approbation even of those who dissent from you; and you always obtain favour, because you are never moved by it.

South-sea bubble in 1720. He died Oct. 10, 1723. It is recorded, and ought always to be mentioned to the honour of Lord Cowper, that when he was Chancellor, though in friendship with the Duke of Marlborough, and of the same political principles, he nobly refused, and persisted in his refusal, to put the broad seal of his office to a tremendous commission for making his Grace *Generalissimo* for life.

\* This was prefixed to the third volume of "The Tatler."

This gives you a certain dignity peculiar to your present situation \*; and makes the equity, even of a Lord High Chancellor, appear but a degree towards the magnanimity of a Peer of Great-Britain.

Forgive me, my Lord, when I cannot conceal from you, that I shall never hereafter behold you, but I shall behold you, as lately, defending the brave and the unfortunate †.

When we attend to your Lordship engaged in a discourse, we cannot but reflect upon the many requisites which the vain-glorious speakers of Antiquity have demanded in a man who is to excel in oratory; I say, my Lord, when we reflect upon the precepts by viewing the example, though there is no excellence proposed by those rhetoricians wanting, the whole art seems to be resolved into that one motive of speaking, sincerity in the intention. The graceful manner, the apt gesture, and the assumed concern, are impotent helps to persuasion, in comparison of the honest countenance of him who utters what he really means. From whence it is, that all the beauties which others attain with labour, are in your Lordship but the natural effects of the heart that dictates.

It is this noble simplicity which makes you surpass mankind in the faculties wherein mankind are distinguished from other creatures, reason and speech.

If these gifts were communicated to all men in proportion to the truth and ardour of their hearts, I

\* He had not long before resigned the office of Lord Chancellor.

† The *brave* means the Duke of Marlborough. But who was the *unfortunate*?

should speak of you with the same force as you express yourself on any other subject. But I resist my present impulse, as agreeable as it is to me; though indeed, had I any pretensions to a fame of this kind, I should, above all other themes, attempt a panegyric upon my Lord Cowper: for the only sure way to a reputation for eloquence, in an age wherein that perfect Orator lives, is to choose an argument, upon which he himself must of necessity be silent. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most devoted, most obedient, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE\*.

176. TO LORD HALIFAX †.

FROM THE HOVEL AT HAMPTON-WICK,  
MY LORD, APRIL 7, 1711 †.

WHEN I first resolved upon doing myself this honour, I could not but indulge a certain vanity in

\* "When Steele's patent, as Governor of the Theatre-royal, passed the Great Seal, Lord Chancellor Cowper, in compliment to Sir Richard, would receive no fee." Life of C. Cibber, 1756, vol. II. p. 47.

† Prefixed to the fourth volume of "The Tatler."

‡ Steele built, and inhabited for a few years, an elegant house adjoining to the side of the Palace, which he called by this name. Not long after the date of this letter, being embarrassed by his *vanity of profusion, or his imprudence of generosity*, he borrowed 1000*l.* of Addison on this house and its furniture, giving bond and judgment for the re-payment of the money at the end of twelve months. On the forfeiture of the bond, Addison's



dating from this little covert, where I have frequently had the honour of your Lordship's company, and received from you very many obligations.

The elegant solitude of this place, and the greatest pleasures of it, I owe to its being so near those beautiful manors wherein you sometimes reside. It is not retiring from the world, but enjoying its most valuable blessings, when a man is permitted to share in your Lordship's conversations in the country. All the bright images which the Wits of past ages have left behind them in their writings, the noble plans which the greatest Statesmen have laid down for administration of affairs, are equally the familiar objects of your knowledge. But what is peculiar to your Lordship above all the illustrious personages that have appeared in any age, is, that

Addison's attorney proceeded to execution, "the house and furniture were sold, the surplus Addison remitted to Steele, with a genteel letter, stating the friendly reason of this extraordinary procedure, *viz.* to awaken him, if possible, from a lethargy that must end in his inevitable ruin." Steele received the letter with his wonted composure and gaiety, met his friend as usual, and the friendship subsisted to the end of Addison's life, *with a few little bickerings* [says Dr. Birch] *on æconomical occasions.* Addison, it seems, dealt at this time with his friend, as he did afterwards with his favourite Sir Roger de Coverley, whom he deliberately killed, through fear that somebody might murder him. But this is not the place to enter farther into the particulars, or the discussion of this story, &c. It is only necessary to say here, that it makes part of a letter to Mr. Garrick, from a man of reputed veracity, who professes that he had his relation first from the celebrated actor Mr. Wilks, and afterwards a full confirmation of it from Steele's own lips, who, it is said, always considered this step as meant by his friend "to do him service." Victor's "Original Letters, &c." 1776, vol I. p. 328 and 329. See Letter LXXII. p. 140, and Letter LXXVIII. p. 144.

wit and learning have from your example fallen into a new æra \*. Your patronage has produced those

Letter LXXIV. p. 142, is addressed "To Mrs. Steele, at her house in *The Wick*, near Hampton Court." Steele was still at this house "April 7, 1711;" when he addressed the present letter to Lord Halifax "from the Hovel at Hampton Wick." This adds some degree of credibility to the relation given by Victor; and makes it probable, that when Steele says, in one of these letters (p. 144), that he had paid Addison his 1000*l.* he might mean that he had given him a bond and judgment on that house and its furniture, as his security for the payment of it, it may be in a twelvemonth; and possibly Addison might wait for three or four years before he entered up his execution.

\* "Of him," says Dr. Johnson, "who from a poet became a patron of poets, it will be readily believed that the works would not miss of celebration. Addison began to praise him early, and was followed or accompanied by other poets; perhaps by almost all except Swift and Pope, who forbore to flatter him in his life, and after his death spoke of him, Swift with slight censure, and Pope, in the character of Bufo, with acrimonious contempt. He was, as Pope says, *fed with dedications*; for Tickell affirms, that no dedicator was unrewarded. Many a blandishment was practised upon Halifax, which he would never have known had he had no other attractions than those of his poetry, of which a short time has withered the beauties. It would now be esteemed no honour, by a contributor to the monthly bundles of verses, to be told that, in strains either familiar or solemn, he sings like Montague." Dr. Johnson's *Lives of English Poets*," vol. II. p. 298, &c. ed. 8vo, 1781.

The character of Halifax, however, is not to be estimated by his verses only. His Lordship's great good-nature and moderation, his distinguished eminence and usefulness as a statesman, his signal proficiency in literature and taste, his general patronage of men of wit and letters, and his marked attention to science, which is a plant that cannot thrive, even in the apt soil of England, without watering, deservedly entitled him to the praises of scholars; which are not always given with nice judgment, or in due proportion; and, in a way not dishonourable to the givers or the receivers, account sufficiently for what Dr.

Johnson

arts, which before shunned the commerce of the world, into the service of life; and it is to you we owe, that the man of wit has turned himself to be a man of business. The false delicacy of men of genius, and the objections which others were apt to insinuate against their abilities for entering into affairs, have equally vanished: and experience has shewn, that men of letters are not only qualified with a greater capacity, but also a greater integrity in the dispatch of business\*. Your own studies

Johnson calls "the blandishments that were practised upon Halifax." Mr. Stepney, himself no bad poet, bequeathed "to Prior 50 pounds, and to Lord Halifax a golden cup and 100 tomes of his library." This nobleman, to his great honour, was, to the end of his life, peculiarly kind and serviceable to Steele, who was of congenial political principles, and lived long with him in habits of familiarity and friendship. If the accomplishments of Lord Halifax had even been fewer, and his merit less than the generality of his contemporary writers lead us to believe, our author's account of him claims particular regard and credit. Steele, who knew him well, had a penetrating understanding, and an independent spirit. His pen was always ready at the service of his friends and his party; but it was always guided by a strict regard to truth, and a nice sense of honour; and though gratitude, or friendship, might induce him to lavish, nothing could have swayed him to prostitute, praise. These considerations are surely sufficient to exempt what is said here, and in Letter 190 from the imputation of intentional flattery, and to furnish, so far as Steele's testimony goes, a strong presumption, if not a decisive proof, in favour of Lord Halifax. To the last mentioned letter, and the note upon it, the reader is referred for a more particular account of this amiable and respectable nobleman. See also Theobald's account of him, soon after his Lordship's death, which was caused by an inflammation in his lungs, May 19, 1715. "Censor," vol. I. N<sup>o</sup> 28, pp. 197, 198; &c.

\* Apparently an intended compliment to several of Steele's friends, and particularly to Addison, who, though he never re-

have been diverted from being the highest ornament, to the highest use to mankind; and the capacities which would have rendered you the greatest Poet of your age, have, to the advantage of Great Britain, been employed in pursuits which have made you the most able and unbiassed Patriot. A vigorous imagination, an extensive apprehension, and a ready judgment have distinguished you in all the illustrious parts of administration, in a reign attended with such difficulties, that the same talents, without the same quickness in the possession of them, would have been incapable of conquering. The natural success of such abilities has advanced you to a seat in that illustrious House \*, where you were received by a crowd of your relations.

Great as you are in your honours, and personal qualities, I know you will forgive an humble neighbour the vanity of pretending to a place in your friendship, and subscribing himself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,  
and most devoted servant,

RICH. STEELE.

mitted the fees of his office, never would accept of any more than was stated and customary. A remarkable instance of this *integrity* was, his refusal of a bank note of 300*l.* and afterwards of a diamond ring of the same value, from a Major Dunbar, ascertained by an original letter of Addison himself, for which the publick were originally indebted to the publications of Edmond Curll.

\* He was made a peer in 1700.

## 177. TO MR. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

[APRIL] 1711.

MR. CLAYTON and I desire you, as soon as you can conveniently, to alter this poem \* for musick, preserving as many of Dryden's words and verses as you can. It is to be performed by a voice well skilled in recitative; but you understand all these matters much better than

Your affectionate humble servant, RICH. STEELE.

## 178. FROM MR. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

[APRIL 1711.]

SINCE you have asked my opinion about the musick, I take it for granted you would have me

\* "Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music, an Ode for St. Cecilia's Day." Agreeably to this request, Mr. Hughes made several alterations in that admired ode; which are pointed out by Mr. Malone, in his Life of Dryden, vol. I. p. 303. But what his opinion was of the musick both of that and of "Sappho's Ode by Philips," will appear from the following letter. The honour of doing justice to Dryden, as well as to Milton, was reserved for Handel, who composed "Alexander's Feast" in 1736.—"It is to be regretted," says Dr. Warton, in his 'Essay on Pope,' "that Mr. Handel has not set to musick Pope's 'Ode' as well as Dryden's." But should it not be observed, that that excellent Poet, as well as judge of music, Mr. Hughes, was the first who altered "Alexander's Feast" for music? DUNCOMBE.

give it you ; and therefore I will shew how faithfully I intend always to obey you, in doing it with a freedom, which I would be loth to use to one for whom I had less friendship, and in whose candour and integrity I did not think myself safe.

I shall therefore, without taking any hints from others, just give you some few observations which have occurred to me, as well as I could judge upon the first hearing.

That which seems to me to strike most are the prelude-bases, some of which are very well fancied ; but I am afraid they are in themselves too long, especially when repeated ; for prelude-bases are only to begin the subject of the air, and do not shew any composition (which consists in the union of parts) ; so that, if they are not artfully worked afterwards with the voice-part, they are no proof of skill, but only of invention.

The symphonies in many places seem to me perplexed, and not made to pursue any subject or point.

The last air of Sappho begins too chearfully for the sense of the words. As well as I can guess, without seeing the score, it is in D sharp, from which it varies (in another movement of time) into B flat 3d, and so ends, without returning to the same key either flat or sharp. This being one continued air (though in two movements of time), let some master be asked, " Whether it is allowable (I am sure it is not usual) to begin an air in one key sharp, and end it in a different key flat ? " For though the passage is natural, the closing so is, I believe, always disallowed.

The overture of Alexander ought to be great and noble; instead of which, I find only a hurry of the instruments, not proper (in my poor opinion) and without any design, or fugue, and, I am afraid, perplexed and irregular in the composition, as far as I have any ideas or experience. Enquire this of better judgments.

The duet of Bacchus is chearful, and has a good effect; but that beginning "Cupid, Phœbus," &c. I cannot think shews any art, and is, in effect, no more than a single air. Nothing shews both genius and learning more than this sort of composition, the chief beauty of which consists in giving each voice different points, and making those points work together, and interchange regularly and surprisingly, or one point following itself in both the voices, in a kind of canon, as it is called. These artfulnesses, when well executed, give infinite delight to the ear: but that which I have mentioned is not formed after those designs; but where the voices join, they move exactly together in plain counterpoint, which shews little more than a single air.

I think the words in general naturally enough expressed, and, in some places, pathetically: but, because you seem to think this the whole mystery of setting, I take this opportunity to assure you, that it is as possible to express words naturally and pathetically in very faulty composition, as it is to hit a likeness in a bad picture. If the musick in score, without the words, does not prove itself by the rules of composition, which relates to the harmony and motion of different notes at the same time,

time; the notes in the singing parts will not suffice, though they express the words ever so naturally. This is properly the art of composition, in which there is room to shew admirable skill, abstracted from the words; and in which the rules for the union of sounds are a kind of syntaxis, from which no one is allowed to err. I do not apply this last particular to any thing, but only to give you a general idea of what is composition. Yet, upon the whole, as far as I am able to judge, the musick of Sappho and Alexander, though in some places agreeable, will not please masters.

Having thus given you my thoughts freely and impartially (in which perhaps I may be mistaken) I will trust your good sense for the use that may be made of this; and I beg it may not prejudice me with Mr. Clayton or yourself, and that you will not let him know of this, but only inform yourself farther from others, on the hints here given.

I should not, you may be sure, give you or myself this trouble, but that I do not know how far it may concern your interest to be rightly informed, which is the only regard I have in shewing you this way how much I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.



## 179. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 2, 1711.

I CANNOT come home to dinner. I dine with Tonson, at an ordinary near the Temple, with Mr. Addison and another gentleman. A gentleman met me to-day, and acquainted me that John had been with him to be hired; so that you will be rid of him, and I will pay him when I come home.

I would have you go out and divert yourself, and believe I love you better than life.

Yours,

RICH. STEELE.

I write from Mr. Edward Lawrence's, whose sister would be glad of your company.

## 180. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 14, 1711.

I AM obliged to go with Mr. Glanville to Sir Harry Furnasse's\*, and cannot be home till nine at night. Thank God, all will now be done.

Your most obedient husband, RICH. STEELE.

I will come to Berry-street at nine.

\* This was Sir *Harry Furnese*, the rich Alderman; of whom Swift says, in "The Examiner," N<sup>o</sup> 40, "I know a citizen, who adds or alters a letter in his name with every plumb he acquires; he now wants only the change of a vowel to be allied to a sovereign prince in Italy; and that, perhaps, he may contrive to be done by a slip of the graver on his tomb-stone." He died Nov. 30, 1712.

## 181. TO MRS. STEELE \*.

MADAM,

JUNE 20, 1711.

**I** HEARTILY beg your pardon for my omission to write yesterday. It was no failure of my tender regard for you ; but, having been very much perplexed in my thoughts on the subject of my last, made me determine to suspend speaking of it until I came myself. But, my lovely creature, know it is not in the power of age, or misfortune, or any other accident which hangs over human life, to take from me the pleasing esteem I have for you, or the memory of the bright figure you appeared in, when you gave your hand and heart, to, Madam,

Your most grateful husband

and obedient servant,

RICH. STEELE,

## 182. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 21, 1711.

**I** AM going about your commands ; and will send word, or come home to dinner.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

\* This Letter, with the omission only of the name, was printed *verbatim* in the Spectator, N<sup>o</sup> CXLII.—He had then been married nearly *four*, not *forty* years.

## 183. TO MRS. STEELE \*.

JUNE 22, 1711.

PRAY, on the receipt of this, go to Nine-Elms; and I will follow you within an hour.

Yours,

RICH. STEELE.

## 184. TO MR. POPE.

SIR,

JULY 26, 1711.

I WROTE to you the other day, and hope you have received my letter. This is for the same end, to know whether you are at leisure to help Mr. Clayton †, that is, *me*, to some words for musick against winter.

\* "Last door left-hand, Bromley-street," the lodgings of Mrs. Scurlock; "or Berry-street," their own lodgings.

† Thomas Clayton was one of the royal band of musicians in the time of king William and queen Mary. He set to music the first opera, properly so called, ever exhibited on the English stage, "Arsinoë, Queen of Cyprus," performed at Drury-lane, Jan. 16, 1704-5, the pit and boxes being open only to subscribers. Though formed in the Italian mould, it was written in English. "It is scarcely to be credited," says Dr. Burney, "that in the course of the first year, this miserable performance, which neither deserved the name of a *drama* by its poetry, nor an *opera* by its musick, should sustain twenty-four representations; and the second year eleven." Clayton likewise set Addison's opera of Rosamond, which first appeared March 4, 1706-7; but the musick was so extremely bad, that, notwithstanding Addison's

Your answer to me at Will's will be a great favour to, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,  
 RICH. STEELE.

---

185\*. TO LORD \_\_\_\_\_.

MY LORD,

I HAVE for some time, according to the duty of my station †, taken very particular notice of what reception the Gazettes and other papers have among the readers of those weekly histories, in order to raise the value of the paper written by authority, and lessen the esteem of the rest among the gene-

dison's high reputation, Rosamond, after three representations, was dismissed from the scene." Malone's Life of Dryden, vol. I. p. 302.

In the Spectator, N<sup>o</sup> 258, Dec. 26, 1711, is a letter, signed, "Thomas Clayton, Nicolino Haym, and Charles Dieupart," announcing the plan of their intended concerts in York-buildings, and the terms of the subscription.

\* This letter is without date; nor does it appear certainly to what Lord it was addressed, though most probably it was written to Lord Halifax.

† The station Steele speaks of was what he elsewhere calls that of "the lowest Minister of State, the office of Gazetteer; where he worked faithfully according to order, without ever erring against the rule observed by all Ministries, to keep that paper very innocent and very insipid. It is believed," he adds, "it was to the reproaches he heard every Gazette-day against the writer of it, that he owed the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what people say, which he does not deserve." Apology, p. 97.

rality

rality of the people; which I am almost confident to effect, if I may presume upon the following assistances\* : . . . . .

---

186. TO MR. KEALLY.

SIR,

JULY 26, 1711.

**H**APPENING to be now at Mr. Addison's lodgings, and talking of you (which we often do with great affection), I recollected that I had not yet thanked you for your great kindness to Mr. Bateman. The poor man acknowledges he should have made nothing of his journey without your assistance; for which you will ever have the blessings of his numerous family. You have laid an infinite obligation upon me in it.

My most humble service to Mr. Thomas Vesey, who, I am sorry to hear, mistakes me,

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

RICH. STEELE.

\* Here the letter breaks off abruptly.

## 187. TO THE SPECTATOR.

AUG. 2, 1711.

I WENT this evening to visit a friend, with a design to rally him, upon a story I had heard of his intending to steal a marriage without the privity of us his intimate friends and acquaintance \*. I came

\* This extract from the Spectator, N<sup>o</sup> CXXXIII. is selected to do justice to the memory of a friend of Steele, whose kindness he acknowledges in several passages of the preceding letters (see pp. 149, 152, 153, &c.). On good authority it may be now told, that the character here so affectionately drawn, is that of Stephen Clay, esq. This gentleman was the son and heir of Edmund Clay, a haberdasher in London: was admitted of the honourable Society of the Inner Temple, Nov. 16, 1693; and called to the Bar, Nov. 24, 1700.

Great pains have been taken to recover some account of this ingenious Lawyer; but they have not been attended with much success. The two following short poems may probably incline the reader to sympathize in the regret that this enquiry has not been more fruitful of discoveries:

The MAID'S COMPLAINT; a SONG, by STEPHEN CLAY, Esq.

Custom, alas! does partial prove,

Nor gives us even measure;

A pain to maids it is to love,

But 'tis to men a pleasure.

They freely can their thoughts explain,

But ours must burn within;

We have got eyes and tongues in vain,

And truth from us is sin.

Men to new joys and conquests fly,

And yet no hazards run;

Poor we are left if we deny,

And if we yield, undone.

Then

into his apartment with that intimacy which I have done for very many years, and walked directly into his bed-chamber, where I found my friend in the agonies of death. What could I do? The innocent mirth in my thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least knowledge of my sorrow, or any pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my soliloquy, as I stood by his mother, dumb with the weight of grief for a son who was her honour, and

Then equal laws let Custom find,  
Nor thus the sex oppress;  
More freedom give to womankind,  
Or give to mankind less.

SONG, in Imitation of an Ode of HORACE to BARINE.

By STEPHEN CLAY, Esq.

Oh! that I could one blemish find,  
To moderate my pain!  
On that alone I'd fix my mind,  
And you shall charm in vain.

I ran thy face and body o'er,  
But thou art lovely there;  
Thy speech, thy mind, I did explore,  
Thou'rt lovely every where.

Through all mankind you spread desires,  
Old age no freedom knows;  
And as each youth to man aspires,  
Your empire larger grows.

But all that's female you must shun,  
Their envy soothes your pride,  
You rob the mother of her son,  
And of her spouse the bride.

See Roscommon's Miscellaneous Works, 1709, 8vo, Part VIII.

her

her comfort, and never till that hour, since his birth, had been an occasion of a moment's sorrow to her.

“ How surprising is this change! from the possession of vigorous life and strength, to be reduced in a few hours to this fatal extremity! Those lips, which look so pale and livid, within these few days gave delight to all who heard their utterance! It was the business, the purpose of his being, next to obeying Him (to whom he is going), to please and instruct, and that for no other end but to please and instruct. Kindness was the motive of his actions; and, with all the capacity requisite for making a figure in a contentious world, moderation, good-nature, affability, temperance, and chastity, were the arts of his excellent life. There as he lies in helpless agony, no wise man, who knew him so well as I, but would resign all the world can bestow, to be so near the end of such a life. Why does my heart so little obey my reason as to lament thee, thou excellent man!—Heaven receive him, or restore him!—Thy beloved mother, thy obliged friends, thy helpless servants, stand around thee without distinction. How much wouldst thou, hadst thou thy senses, say to each of us!

“ But now that good heart bursts, and he is at rest! With that breath expired a soul who never indulged a passion unfit for the place he is gone to! Where are now thy plans of justice, of truth, of honour? of what use the volumes thou hast collated, the arguments thou hast invented, the examples thou hast followed? Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest, and the good, if the  
reward



reward of their labours were only to be expected from man. No, my friend, thy intended pleadings, thy intended good offices to thy friends, thy intended services to thy country, are already performed (as to thy concern in them) in His sight before whom the past, present, and future, appear at one view. While others with thy talents were tormented with ambition, with vain glory, with envy, with emulation, how well didst thou turn thy mind to its own improvement in things out of the power of fortune, in probity, in integrity, in the practice and study of justice! How silent thy passage! how private thy journey! how glorious thy end! *Many have I known more famous, some more knowing, not one so innocent.*"

---

## 188. TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

JAN. 1, 1711-12.

IT was with the utmost consternation I, this day, heard your Grace had received a dismissal from all your employments \*: and lest you should, out of

\* "On the 30th of December, the Queen declared in Council, that her Majesty being acquainted, that an information against the Duke of Marlborough was laid before the House of Commons by the Commissioners of the public accounts; her Majesty thought fit to dismiss him from all employments, that that matter might take an impartial examination. And the next day her Majesty sent his Grace a letter, written with her own hand, signifying her royal pleasure to resume all the employments she had intrusted him with." *Life of Queen Anne, p. 415.*

the softness which is inseparable from natures truly heroic, believe this a diminution of your glory, I take the liberty to express to you, as well as I can, the sense which mankind has of your merit.

That great genius with which God has endowed you, was raised by Him, to give the first notion that the Enemy was to be conquered: till you were placed at the head of armies, the Confederates seemed contented to shew France that she could not overcome Europe; but it entered not into the heart of man, that the rest of Europe could conquer France. When I have said this, my Lord, there arise in my soul so many instances of your having been the ministering angel in the cause of Liberty, that my heart flags, as if it expected the lash of Slavery, when the sword is taken out of his hand who defended me and all men from it. Believe me, immortal Sir, you have a slighter loss in this change of your condition than any other man in England. Your actions have exalted you to be the chief of your species; and a continued chain of successes, resulting from wise counsels, have denominated you the first of mankind in the age which was blessed with your birth. Enjoy what it is not in the power of Fate itself to take from you, the memory of your past actions. Past actions make up present glory. It is in the power of mortals to be thankless to you for doing them; but it is not in their power to take from you that you have done them. It is in the power of man to make your services ineffectual in consequences to your country; but it is not in their power to make them inglorious to yourself. Be not therefore you concerned; but let.

let us lament, who may suffer by your removal. Your glory is augmented by comparison of your merit to the reward it meets with: but the honour of your country ———

It is as impossible to do you dishonour, as to recall yesterday; your character is indelible in the book of Fame: and though, after a few turbulent years, it will be said of us, the rest of mankind, "they were;" it will be to the end of time said, "Marlborough is." My Lord, you are possessed of all the English glory of the whole age in which you live; and all who shall be transmitted to posterity, must pass down only memorable, as they have exerted themselves in concert with you, or against you, with endless honour as your friends, or infamy as your enemies. The brightest circumstance that can be related of the Queen herself will be, it was she for whom Marlborough conquered. Since it is thus, my Lord, if even the glorious Edifice which your Country decreed should be erected to perpetuate your memory stand unfinished, let it stand so a monument of the instability of human affairs. Your glory is not changed because the rest of mankind are changeable. It is not your fault that other Generals have received a greater reward for escaping your valour, than you have for making them fly before it.

Had it pleased God that we had lost you by your mortality, the greatest man next to you would have had the mitigation of his inferior desert, that the same age could not produce such another; but how will he do to avert the eyes of all mankind, upon all exigencies, from looking towards you yet living?

My noble Lord, be convinced that you cannot be disgraced; that your stand in human life is immutable; that your glory is as impassive as the fame of him who died a thousand years ago. Whence is it that we thus love you, that we thus honour you? It is from the very qualities which lay you open to the assaults of your enemies. That sweet complacency, that admirable spirit, which is so tempered for the arts of common life, makes us lose our wonder in love. Is that amiable man, with that easy gesture, that gentle, beseeching mien, the man terrible in battle, the scourge of Tyrants! My Lord Marlborough, do not think there are not men who can see your several accomplishments, your excellencies, that expose you to the possibility of being ill-treated. We understand you too well not to see, and to thank you, that you come home, as if you had never heard the acclamations of the Universe; that your modesty and resignation have made your transcendent, your heroic, your god-like virtue, capable of being blended in society with other men. And, my Lord, do you think we can let that virtue be dangerous to you, which only makes your other qualities not dangerous to us? Accept, O familiar, O amiable, O glorious man, the thanks of every generous, every honest man, in Great-Britain. Go on in your easy mien of life; be contented we see you, we admire you, we love you the more. While you are what you cannot cease to be, that mild virtue is your armour; the shameless ruffian that should attempt to sully it, would find his force against it as detestable as the strength of a ravisher in the violation of chastity, the testimonies of a  
perjured

perjured man confronting truth, or clamour drowning the voice of innocence. I am, my Lord,

Your grateful fellow-subject, and faithful friend,

SCOTO-BRITANNUS \*.

189. TO LORD SOMERS †.

MY LORD,

[1711-12.]

I SHOULD not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged merit ‡.

None but a person of a finished character can be the proper patron of a work, which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you is offering a kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to shun applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only particular in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

\* Should it be said, this is a name which Steele was not likely to have adopted; let it be remembered, that he published the letter as his own in his "Political Writings."

† This distinguished Lawyer was born at Worcester in 1652; and was first taken notice of at the trial of the Seven Bishops, for whom he was one of the counsel. See p. 230.

‡ This was prefixed to the first volume of "The Spectator."

While

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable distinctions; you are not to expect that the publick will so far comply with your inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of merit in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice\*.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and importuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the service of your Sovereign the arts and policies of antient Greece and Rome; as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the Church owed to you, in the most dangerous day † it ever

\* Mr. Walpole has done them ample justice, in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors."

† This *most dangerous day* was June 29, 1688, the very day on which the Seven Bishops, who had been committed to the Tower by that wicked chancellor, Jefferys, for modestly petitioning King James II. to excuse them from reading his declaration of his *dispensing power* in matters of religion, were tried in Westminster-hall, and acquitted, to the universal joy of the nation.

saw, that of the arraignment of its Prelates; and how far the civil power, in the late and present reign, has been indebted to your counsels and wisdom.

But to enumerate the great advantages, which the publick has received from your administration, would be a more proper work for an history, than for an address of this nature\*.

Your Lordship appears as great in your private life, as in the most important offices which you have borne. I would, therefore, rather choose to speak of the pleasure you afford all who are admitted into your conversation, of your elegant taste

nation. In this famous trial, our Author's patron, then only Mr. Somers, was one of the learned counsel for the Bishops; and, for his noble defence of those prelates, who were then generally styled the *seven golden candlesticks*, he was, by King William, made Solicitor-general, May 7, 1689; then Attorney-general, May 2, 1692, and knighted; and Lord Keeper, 1693. April 21, 1697, he was created Lord Somers, Baron of Evesham, and made Lord Chancellor of England; from which post he was removed in 1700, and in 1701 impeached by the Commons, but acquitted on his trial by the Lords. He then retired to his studies, and was chosen President of the Royal Society. In 1706, he projected the Union. In 1708, Queen Anne made him Lord President of the Privy Council; but, on the change of her ministry in 1710, he was also displaced. Towards the latter end of the Queen's reign he grew very infirm; which probably was the reason why he had no other post than a seat at the council-table at the accession of King George I. He died of an apoplectic fit, April 26, 1716, after having for some time unfortunately survived the powers of his understanding.

\* This letter of Steele gives a lively sketch of his character; but surely no man's was ever better depicted by a pen than this nobleman's is by Mr. Addison in that admirable paper, intituled, "The Freeholder," published on the 4th of May (the day of his Lordship's interment), to which the curious are referred. His writings are too well known to need enumeration.

in all the polite parts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the surprising influence which is peculiar to you in making every one who converses with your Lordship prefer you to himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own talents. But, if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your Lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other character of distinction. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted, most obedient,  
humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR,

---

## 190. TO CHARLES LORD HALIFAX\*.

MY LORD,

**SIMILITUDE** of manners and studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to affec-

\* In a note on a former epistle to this nobleman, p. 211, this further account of him was promised.

Mr. Charles Montague, grandson to an earl of Manchester, was taken much notice of at Cambridge, for his "City and Country Mouse," a satire on Mr. Dryden. Being brought to Court at the Revolution, he was constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, March 2, 1691-2; Chancellor of the Exchequer, in May 1694. The coin being exceedingly debased and diminished, he formed the design of calling-in the money, and re-coining it, in 1695; which was effected in two years: to supply the immediate want of cash, he projected the issuing of Exchequer bills. For this service, he had the thanks of the House of Commons in 1697. He was next year appointed First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury; and, resigning that

post



tion and esteem; but the passionate veneration I have for your Lordship, I think, flows from an admiration of qualities in you, of which, in the whole course of these papers \*, I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a stranger upon earth, and can pretend to no other than being a looker-on, you are conspicuous in the busy and polite world, both in the world of men, and that of letters. While I am silent and unobserved in public meetings, you are admired by all that approach you as the life and genius of the conversation. What an happy conjunction of different talents meets in him whose whole discourse is at once animated by the strength and force of reason, and adorned with all the graces and embellishments of wit! When learning irradiates common life, it is then in its highest use and perfection; and it is to such as your Lordship, that the sciences owe the esteem which they have with the active part of mankind †. Knowledge of books, in recluse men, is like

post in June 1700, obtained a grant of the office of Auditor of the Receipt of the Exchequer; and the same year, Dec. 13, was created Baron Halifax. On the accession of King George I. he was a member of the regency; was appointed First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, Oct. 5, 1714; created Viscount Sunbury and Earl of Halifax, Oct. 15; and died May 15, 1715.

\* This Letter was originally prefixed to the second volume of "The Spectator."

† "Addison has celebrated this Lord in his Account of the greatest English Poets. Steele has drawn his character in the second volume of the Spectator, and in the fourth of the Tatler; but Pope, in the portrait of Bufo, in the Épistle to Arbuthnot, has returned the ridicule which his Lordship, in conjunction with Prior, had heaped on Dryden's Hind and Panther." Walpole's Catalogue, vol. II. p. 116.

that

that sort of lantern which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own; but, in the possession of a man of business, it is as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to shew those who are bewildered, the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare. A generous concern for your country, and a passion for every thing which is truly great and noble, are what actuate all your life and actions; and I hope you will forgive me that I have an ambition this book may be placed in the library of so good a judge of what is valuable; in that library where the choice is such, that it will not be a disparagement to be the meanest author in it.

Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this occasion of telling all the world how ardently I love and honour you; and that I am, with the utmost gratitude for all your favours, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged, most obedient, and most humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

---

191. TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR,

JAN. 20, 1711-12.

**I** HAVE received your very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon your belief that I have much affection and friendship for you, I receive with great pleasure. That which acknow-

ledges

ledges the honour done to your "Essay \*," I have no pretence to; it was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with, which is the best return I can make to you for your favour to, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

192. TO MRS. STEELE.

FROM MR. ASHURST'S †,

DEAR PRUE,

JAN. 21, 1711-12.

I STAY dinner here; but shall come home as soon as I have dined.

In the mean time I desire you would order Michael to carry the inclosed to Mr. Gibbs's ‡ lodgings, and bid him afterwards be in the way to wait for me.

Your obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\* This relates to the Spectator, N<sup>o</sup> CCLIII. which was written by Addison, and pays a handsome compliment to Pope's "Essay on Criticism." Pope's Messiah was first published in the Spectator, after being submitted to the perusal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticisms. See Johnson's Life of Pope, ed 1789, p. 21.

† This was at the house of his friend sir William Ashurst, who was elected alderman of Billingsgate-ward, 1688; sheriff 1692; and lord-mayor 1694. He was appointed a commissioner of Excise in November 1714; and died, after a long indisposition, Jan. 12, 1719-20. He was at that time Father of the City, President of the Artillery Company, and Governor of the Corporation for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

‡ A butcher. See the next Letter.

## 193. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JAN. 22, 1711-12.

**G**IVE me till ten o'clock to-morrow without dunning for your payments; for *Diggie* insists upon paying butcher Gibbs, and settling two or three things, before my domestick comes,

Yours,

RICH. STEELE.

## 194. TO MR. POPE.

SIR,

JUNE 1, 1712.

**I** AM at a solitude \*, an house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died †. This circumstance set me a-thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit ‡ exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breathed his last in this room,

“ Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,  
Which can with a resistless charm impart  
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart; ”

\* It is to be feared there were too many pecuniary reasons for this temporary solitude.

† About eight or nine years before the date of this letter.

‡ Pope said of Steele, that though he led a careless and vicious life, yet he had, nevertheless, a love and reverence of virtue. It is said George I. sent 500 guineas to Steele for the dedication of his *Conscious Lovers*. Dennis wrote against this comedy, and called Steele a two-penny author, alluding to the price of his *Tatler*. WARTON.

Raise

Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire  
 Between declining virtue and desire,  
 'Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,  
 In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day."

This was an happy talent to a man of the town ;  
 but, I dare say, without presuming to make un-  
 charitable conjectures on the author's present con-  
 dition, he would rather have had it said of him that  
 he prayed,

" Oh thou my voice inspire,  
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !"

I have turned to every verse and chapter, and  
 think you have preserved the sublime heavenly  
 spirit throughout the whole, especially at—" Hark  
 a glad voice"—and—" The lamb with wolves shall  
 graze."

There is but one line \* which I think below the  
 original :

" He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes."

You have expressed it with a good and pious, but  
 not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet,  
 " The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all  
 faces." If you agree with me in this, alter it by  
 way of paraphrase or otherwise, that, when it  
 comes into a volume, it may be amended.

Your poem is already better than the Pollio.

I am yours, &c. RICH. STEELE.

\* In consequence of this objection, this line was altered  
 thus ;

From every eye he wipes off every tear.

I own I cannot forbear thinking that this repetition of the word  
*every* is a quaint and pretty modernism, unsuited to the subject.

WARTON.

195. FROM

## 195. FROM MR. POPE.

SIR,

JUNE 18, 1712.

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in and are qualified for. Methinks the Moralists and Philosophers \* have generally run too much into extremes, in commending entirely either solitude, or public life. In the former, men for the most part grow useless by too much rest; and in the latter, are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters, lying still, putrify, and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed, who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely vallies and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude; such, I mean, as have more to hide than to shew. As for my own part, I am one of those of whom Seneca says, "tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est." Some men, like some pic-

\* There are too many common-place sentences and reflections in this Letter; and an air of solemn declamation, unsuited to a familiar epistle. The same may be said of the next letter but two. WARTON.

tures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and, exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure, and a louder noise; but, after all, they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground\*. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast, but, if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it.

I am your, &c.

A. POPE.

\* The foregoing similitudes Mr. Pope had put into verse some years before, and inserted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on "Mixed Life." We find them in the versification very distinct from the rest of that poem. See his Posthumous Works, 8vo. pp. 3 and 4.

## 196. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 28, 1712.

I CANNOT come home till the evening. All is safe and well. My disappointment has produced a good, of which you will be glad; to wit, a certainty of keeping my office \*, for resigning so great a prospect. I am, dear thing,

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 197. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JULY 15, 1712.

I THANK you for your kind billet. The nurse shall have money this week. I saw your son *Dick*; but he is a peevish chit. You cannot conceive how pleased I am that I shall have the prettiest house † to receive the prettiest woman, who is the darling of

RICH. STEELE.

\* He was then a commissioner in the Stamp-office.

† A house in Bloomsbury-square. See Letters 202, 203.



## 198. FROM MR. POPE.

JULY 15, 1712.

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views; and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

“The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light thro' chinks that Time has made.”

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of Philosophers and Divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our out-works. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream, that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but

at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me: it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, "What care I for the house? I am only a lodger!" I fancy it is the best time to die, when one is in the best humour; and so excessive weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course: people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. "The memory of man," as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom, "passeth away, as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day." There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter

chapter

chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul \*," &c.

I am your, &c.

A. POPE.

---

199. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR CREATURE,

JULY 24, 1712.

**ALL** you desire shall be done. I beg of you to compose yourself; for nothing else can [make] happy one that doats on you so much, that he cannot hide it, though he heartily wishes he could.

Yours unchangeably,

RICH. STEELE.

\* Part of this letter has been beautifully versified by West, the friend of Gray, and added to his elegant imitation of Tibullus, "Vos tenet—." The whole letter indeed is laboured, and more properly poetical, than like a letter written to an acquaintance. BOWLES.

## 200. TO MR. LINTOTT\*.

MR. LINTOTT,

AUG. 4, 1712.

MR. ADDISON desired me to tell you, that he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis, in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's Account †. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings ‡, he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of. But when the papers above mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

\* This letter, written at the request of Mr. Addison, was transmitted by Mr. Lintott to Mr. Dennis, who printed it in "Remarks upon several Passages in the Preliminaries to the Dunciad, 1729."

† Of the frenzy of Mr. John Dennis; a Narrative written by Mr. Pope. See his letter to Mr. Addison, of July 20, 1713.

‡ Remarks upon Cato.

## 201. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

AUG. 21, 1712.

I BEG pardon that I am to dine with Mr. Montague\*.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 202. TO MRS. STEELE †.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 2, 1712.

MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE,

I HAVE sent my man to town, to carry a letter of excuse to Mr. Berenger, about going out of town with him. I hope this will find you and your family [well]; and I will be with you, God willing, to-morrow dinner.

Your affectionate, faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\* Lady Mary Wortley Montague was intimate with Mrs. Steele; and, in one of her letters to her Husband, says, I wish you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your Wife.

† "At her house in Bloomsbury-square."

## 203. TO MRS. STEELE.

HAMPTON-COURT, THURSDAY NOON,

DEAREST WIFE,

SEPT. 17, 1712.

**T**HE finest women in nature should not detain me an hour from you; but you must sometimes suffer the rivalship of the wisest men.

Lords Halifax and Somers leave this place after dinner; and I go to Watford, to speak with the Solicitor-general \*, and from thence come directly to Bloomsbury-square.

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

## 204. FROM MR. POPE.

NOV. 7, 1712.

**I** WAS the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy of that Prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul, at the point of its departure; in which sense I naturally took the

\* Sir Robert Raymond; afterwards, in regular succession, Attorney-general, a Serjeant at Law, Chief-justice of the King's Bench, and a Commissioner of the Great Seal.

verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them—

“ Animula vagula, blandula,  
 Hospes comesque corporis,  
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca?  
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
 Nec (ut soles) dabis joca?”

“ Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it! whither art thou flying? to what unknown scene? all trembling, fearful, and pensive! what now is become of thy former wit and humour? thou shalt jest and be gay no more.”

I confess, I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this: it is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and, if we consider the Emperor was a Heathen, that doubt concerning the future fate of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets \* of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the rest,

\* These sort of epithets are carried to a great degree of affectation by the modern Latin Poets of Italy, in their many imitations of the *Hendeca-syllabi* of Catullus; even by such charming writers as Naugerius, Cotta, and Flaminus, and many others. Nothing can be more unlike Catullus than these luscious, florid, and meretricious ornaments; whose style is remarkable for purity, simplicity, and a certain austerity that is peculiarly charming. Mr. Wilkes has done honour to the English press, and to his own exquisite taste and judgment in  
 polite

appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment or concern; such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-syllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.

If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleased to insert it in the *Spectator* \*; if not, to suppress it.

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM; translated.

Ah, fleeting spirit! wandering fire,  
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,  
Must thou no more this frame inspire?  
No more a pleasing, chearful guest?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!  
To what dark, undiscover'd shore?  
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,  
And wit and humour are no more!

polite literature, in giving us, a few years ago, the best and most elegant edition of Catullus extant. London, 4to. 1788. He has since given us as elegant an edition of Theophrastus, 1790, which, from his wit and humour, and knowledge of life and characters, it were to be wished he had enriched with notes and illustrations. To the taste and erudition of Mr. Wilkes I was indebted for many remarks in my edition of his favourite writer. WARTON.

† See *Spectator*, N° DXXXII. Nov. 10, 1712.



## 205. TO MR. POPE.

NOV. 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your "Temple of Fame" twice; and cannot find any thing amiss, of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand, thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it tomorrow: after his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design \*, which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am your, &c.

RICH. STEELE.

## 206. FROM MR. POPE.

NOV. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have shewn to the poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so † trivial but † they deserve to be mended. But, since you say you see nothing that may be called a fault, can you but think it so,

\* This was "The Guardian," in which Pope assisted.

† It is observed by Bp. Lowth, that these are improperly used here as corresponding conjunctions.

that

that I have confined the attendance of guardian spirits to Heaven's favourites only \*? I could point you to several: but it is my business to be informed of those faults I do not know; and as for those I do, not to talk of them, but to correct them. You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit, nor expect; but, I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties: I mean, if Mr. Addison † and yourself should like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take; for I was really so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these two years ‡, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am sure, all yours do §. I wish I had but as much

\* This is not now to be found in the "Temple of Fame," which is the poem here spoken of.

† It appears from this passage how solicitous at the time Pope was of Addison's name and recommendation. BOWLES.

‡ Hence it appears this poem was written before the author was twenty-two years old, an early time of life for so much learning and so much observation as it exhibits.

§ In a subsequent letter to Mr. Addison, Pope says, "As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so it is a pleasure so me that you have guessed so right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken air that I have some hand in those papers, because I writ so very few, as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the  
weak

capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle (a sign I have not much capacity).

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleased to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service; of every one's esteem he must be assured already.

I am your, &c.

A. POPE.

weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me that I writ with Steele, though upon never so indifferent subjects. This, I know, you will laugh at, as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators, and persons of sour dispositions, will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess, I scorn narrow souls of all parties; and, if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I will hardly do it in any other. I cannot imagine whence it comes to pass that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately: yet almost every body told me of it. As to his taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it any more than into the rest of his politicks; though it is said, he will take into these papers also several subjects of the politer kind, as before: but, I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected Whig to some of the violent; but (as old Dryden said before me) it is not the violent I design to please."

## 207. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

NOV. 18, 1712.

**I** AM come from a Committee, where I have [been] chairman, and drunk too much. I have the head-ache; and should be glad you would come to me in good-humour, which would always banish any uneasiness of temper from, dear Prue,

Your fond fool of a husband,      RICH. STEELE.

## 208. FROM MR. POPE.

NOV. 29, 1712.

**I** AM sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses \* as mine: had I imagined you would

\* In the Spectator above referred to, p. 248, Steele says, "I claim to myself the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a person of the greatest abilities, who would not have let them appeared by any other means; to have animated a few young gentlemen into worthy pursuits, who will be a glory to our age; and at all times, and by all possible means in my power, undermined the interests of Ignorance, Vice, and Folly, and attempted to substitute in their stead Learning, Piety, and Good-sense. It is from this honest heart, that I find myself honoured as a gentleman-usher to the Arts and Sciences. Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope have, it seems, this idea of me. The former has written me an excellent paper of verses, in praise, forsooth, of myself; and the other inclosed for my perusal an admirable poem, which, I hope, will shortly see the light."

use my name, I should have expressed my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrusted. But I think the supposition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable ("that he might fear no sort of deity, good or bad"), since, in the third verse, he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going. As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have owned my opinion to be, that the expressions are not so; but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, used as marks of tenderness and concern.

*Anima* is no more than "my soul;" *animula* has the force of "my dear soul." To say *virgo bella*, is not half so endearing as *virguncula bellula*; and had Augustus only called Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a "pleasant fellow:" it was the *homunciolum* that expressed the love and tenderness that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I should myself be much better pleased, if I were told you called me "your little friend," than if you complimented me with the title of "a great genius," or "an eminent hand," as Jacob \* does all his authors.

I am your, &c.

A. POPE.

\* Jacob Tonson; in allusion to his well-known Collection of Miscellaneous Poems.

## 209. TO MR. POPE.

DEC. 4, 1712.

**T**HIS is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a chearful dying spirit; that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's "*animula vagula*," put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige

Your, &amp;c.

RICH. STEELE.

## 210. FROM MR. POPE.

DEC. . . . 1712.

**I** DO not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning: yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration\*, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!

Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:

\* It has been suggested, that some part of what is here ascribed to inspiration, and said to have come warm from Pope's brain, dropt originally from the pen of Flatman.

Trembling,

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,  
 Sister Spirit, come away!

What is this absorbs me quite,  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?

Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes; it disappears!

Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring!

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O Grave! where is thy victory?

O Death! where is thy sting?

---

211. TO HENRY BOYLE, ESQ\*.

SIR,

[1712.]

AS the professed design of this work is to entertain its readers in general, without giving offence to any particular person, it would be difficult to find

\* Youngest son of Charles Lord Clifford. He was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer to King William in March 1701; was much esteemed by that Prince; and continued in that post till Feb. 12, 1707-8, when he was made one of the principal Secretaries of State, in which station he remained till Sept. 20, 1710. On the accession of George I. Mr. Boyle was created

Lord

out so proper a patron for it as yourself, there being none whose merit is more universally acknowledged by all parties, and who has made himself more friends, and fewer enemies. Your great abilities, and unquestioned integrity, in those high employments which you have passed through, would not have been able to have raised you this general approbation, had they not been accompanied with that moderation in high fortune, and that affability of manners, which are so conspicuous through all parts of your life. Your aversion to any ostentatious arts of setting to show those great services which you have done the publick, has not likewise a little contributed to that universal acknowledgement which is paid you by your country.

The consideration of this part of your character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on those extraordinary talents, which have given you so great a figure in the British Senate, as well as in that elegance and politeness which appear in your more retired conversation. I should be unpardonable if, after what I have said, I should longer detain you with an address of this nature \*: I cannot, however, conclude it without acknowledging those great obligations which you have laid upon, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

Lord Carleton, and soon after made President of the Council. He died unmarried, March 14, 1724-5. To the kindness of Mr. Boyle, and the friendship of Lord Halifax, Mr. Addison was indebted for his first introduction to Lord Godolphin. See Budgell, p. 153.

\* This was prefixed to the third volume of "The Spectator."



## 212. TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH\*.

MY LORD,

[1712.]

AS it is natural to have a fondness for what has cost us much time and attention to produce, I hope

\* John Churchill, eldest son of Sir Winstan Churchill, of Wooton-Basset, in the county of Wilts, was born June 24, 1650. The Duke of York obtained for him an ensigncy in the Guards so early as 1656; and a company of grenadiers, under the Duke of Monmouth, in 1672, at the siege of Maëstricht. On his return, he was appointed a lieutenant-colonel, a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and master of the robes to the Duke of York. Attending the Duke into Scotland, he had a regiment of Dragoons; and was created Baron of Aymouth in that kingdom, Dec. 1, 1682. King James, on his accession, appointed him gentleman of the bed-chamber, captain of a troop of his Life-guard; and created him Baron Churchill of Sandridge, May 14, 1685. At the Revolution, he was continued gentleman of the bed-chamber; sworn of the privy-council, Feb. 6, 1688-9; created Earl of Marlborough, April 9, 1689; the same year was commander of the English forces in Flanders, and in 1690 had the same employment in Ireland. He was, notwithstanding, dismissed from the King's service, and even committed to the Tower on suspicion of a plot. On the death of Queen Mary, he was re-called to the privy-council; and appointed, June 19, 1698, governor to the Duke of Gloucester, with this extraordinary compliment from the King, "My Lord, make him but what you are, and my nephew will be all I wish to see him." He was three times one of the lords justices in the King's absence; and, in 1701, commander in chief of the English forces in Holland, and ambassador extraordinary to the States General. King William having warmly recommended him to the Princess Anne, he was, about a week after her Majesty's accession, elected Knight of the Garter; and, soon after, appointed captain-general of all the forces, and ambassador to The States. In 1702, he commanded the army in Flanders; and, at his return,

your Grace will forgive my endeavour to preserve this work from oblivion, by affixing to it your memorable name\*.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious passages of your life, which are celebrated by the whole age, and have been the subject of the most sublime pens; but, if I could convey you to posterity in your private character, and describe the stature, the behaviour, and aspect, of the Duke of Marlborough, I question not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot indeed without offence to yourself observe, that you excel the rest of mankind in the least, as well as the greatest endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces

was created, Dec. 22, Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough. In 1704, in consequence of the memorable victory at Hocksted, he was appointed a Prince of the Empire; and had Mildenheim assigned for his principality, Nov. 12, 1705. On the 19th of January, 1710-11, finding the Queen's prepossession against his Duchess could not be overcome, he carried a surrender of all her places to her Majesty; and was himself dismissed, Dec. 30, 1711. Upon the Earl of Godolphin's death, resolving to quit this kingdom, he embarked at Dover, Nov. 14, 1712; and the Duchess followed him in February. On the accession of King George I. he returned to London, Aug. 4, 1714; and was again, Sept. 24, appointed captain-general of the land forces, master-general of the ordnance, and colonel of the first regiment of foot-guards. On the 28th of May 1716, he had an apoplectic fit at St. Alban's; and dying at Windsor Lodge, June 16, 1722, in the 72d year of his age, was buried with great solemnity in Westminster-abbey.

\* This was prefixed to the fourth volume of "The Spectator." See a former letter to the Duke, p. 225.

and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left almost unobserved by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising revolutions in your story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment! How pleasing would it be to hear that the same man, who had carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of Liberty, and struck a terror into the armies of France, had, in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first steps towards greatness! And if it were possible to express that easy grandeur, which did at once persuade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to pass under the conduct of so well-governed a spirit, were the blessings of Heaven upon Wisdom and Valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine permission, which we are not to search into.

You have passed that year of life wherein the most able and fortunate Captain, before your time, declared he had lived enough both to Nature and to Glory; and your Grace may make that reflection with much more justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at Empire by an usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of Mildenheim may rejoice in a Sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted success of honourable designs and actions, is not subject to diminution; nor can any attempts prevail against

it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit of Rumour bears to the unlimited extent of Fame.

We may congratulate your Grace, not only upon your high achievements, but likewise upon the happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of Fortune; and when your person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place you in that higher mansion of bliss and immortality which is prepared for good Princes, Law-givers, and Heroes, when HE IN HIS DUE TIME removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, my Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

most devoted, humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

213. TO SIR MILES WHARTON\*.

SIR, FLEET-STREET, MARCH 5, 1712-13.

I HAVE not the happiness to be in the least known to you; but have, with all England, obligations to you for the greatness of mind which you exerted in refusing, not long ago †, to be made a Peer of this realm in an hasty and surreptitious manner: it was not so much as pretended that the

\* See Reflections on a Paper lately printed, intituled, A Letter to Sir Miles Wharton, concerning Occasional Peers; addressed to the Guardian and Examiner, 1713, 8vo.

† In January 1711-12.

dozen of Nobles were then introduced for any other purpose, but to gain a question of the highest importance, no less than a question of Peace and War. Were the point obtained by it never so much conducive to our good, the novelty, if not obviated for the future, cannot but tend to the apparent danger of the Queen and all her subjects. It is from a report that there are another half dozen to be made within a few days, that I am engaged to give you this trouble.

You, Sir, who are adorned with more than title, a superiority to it, from the refusal of it when you thought it inconsistent with honour, are the properest man to be addressed, when I consider the danger of making occasional Lords, and lay before the world this fatal novelty, as it affects the Queen's most excellent Majesty, the House of Peers, and the whole People of England.

Honour is the conscience of doing just and laudable actions, independent of the success of those actions. God is the fountain of this honour, and animates and supports all who are actuated by it; he is an inexhaustible fountain, and cannot be impaired by his creations. But, if it be not prophane to mention, so near after his Omnipotence, any distinctions we give one another here, I would proceed to say, that it is not so with Sovereigns upon earth, whom we phrase "fountains of honour." They, alas! are themselves diminished in proportion to what they grant out of themselves. An unguarded, and lavish hand, in grants of this kind, would very soon make the honour, flowing from a Prince, of no value and consideration to those on whom it is bestowed, and take away any power

power of giving more from the giver. To come immediately to the point; I assert, that the numerous creation of Peers is the greatest wound that can be given to the prerogative. A Peer and his heirs are checks in the Legislature to the Queen and her heirs; that part of the Legislature which is in the Queen, is apparently diminished by so much as she gives out of it, from her own into other families. This is equally destructive with relation to the merit of the persons on whom honour is conferred; if they happen to be men who are barely unblameable, without talents or high qualifications, they do but crowd that illustrious assembly, and, like all other crowds, they are serviceable and hurtful but just as they are inspired by those who have skill to lead them. Thus the Crown is no way sure of their concurrence any farther than by promise of their first vote; and they may ever after turn patriots on the side of the people, to the constant interruption of affairs; for it generally happens, that those who are conscious of an inability to promote business, give themselves a figure, and fancy they are considerable, from the power of retarding it. Thus much as to what regards the Queen's most excellent Majesty.

As to the House of Peers, it is visible to any thing above a natural fool, that the power of each Lord is so much less considerable as it is repeated in other persons: but the great hardship to that great and awful body, whose privileges have so often been a safety and protection to the rights of us below them, I say, the great hardship to these noble Patriots is, that when they are prepared with  
the

the most strict honour and integrity to do their duty in relation to their Prince and Country, all their determinations may be avoided by a set of people brought in the moment before they come to a question. This has been done once, as I am credibly informed, in so frank a way, that there have been above six at a time brought into that place, without any farther preamble than, "This gentleman's name is so; do not call him *Mr.* from this time forward, but *my Lord*, for he is now one of you: sit close there, let the gentleman sit down; I beg pardon, make way for *his Lordship*."

Now when we come to consider the introduction of occasional Lords with regard to the people; what can be more plain, than that it is doing all that is necessary to take from them both liberty and property at once. If there were nothing in being a Lord, but the advantage of being received with more distinction and ceremony, let it be given to any who are delighted with it; they may be well pleased, and we not hurt. But the case is much otherwise; for from the very moment a man has a patent, and is introduced into the House of Peers (though he was the day before notoriously ignorant in our Laws), men appeal to him from the decree of all the Judges. Besides this, the Lords are perpetual Legislators, and have a hand in the repealing as well as making Laws; by which means the whole constitution may be subverted by this one innovation. And it is plain, that the Prince who should place so entire a confidence in his Ministry, as to give Peerage upon their recommendation, would enable them by that power in the Legislature, joined

to the execution of the Regal authority as Ministers, to give that Prince and Nation to the next Potentate who should be powerful enough to receive and maintain so vast a present.

However well disposed men's minds may be, there are some things which are not to be committed to their wills.

The whole constitution is in danger, if this matter is not prevented by some future law; and I think I have in my head a sufficient expedient, that can no way impair the prerogative of the Crown, the power of the Peers, or the liberty of the people; and that is, that a Bill be brought in, to disable any Peer to vote in any case, till three years after the date of his patent.

You see, noble Sir, that, without giving the matter the least aggravation, I have shewn, that if this avenue to the House of Lords is not shut, that House must be blowu up by it as effectually as it might have been by the combustible matter laid under it an age ago by Guido Faux.

He that brings the torch into the room to fire it in the midst of the company, differs from him who undermines it only in point of modesty.

It is amazing that such care should be taken to prohibit an occasional Conformist from being a Constable, and nobody takes it in his head to prevent an occasional Lord from being a Judge, nay, a Legislator. I am very willing that a good and honourable Peace may expiate this step, which was made in the eye of the world without the least deference to a good and gracious Sovereign, to an illustrious Nobility, to a learned and knowing Gentry, to a  
great



great and valiant People: I say, let even this step be forgiven for a good Peace; but let not that Peace receive its sanction from the repetition of it. If men cannot carry on the business of the Nation without such helps, they may as well in plain terms tell us they cannot maintain the constitution, but they will alter it to one which they can. But how is this received with so much indifference? Why, men qualified for power direct mankind by consulting their interest, and managing their affections; but pretenders to administration indulge the passions of the multitude at the expence of their real interest and advantage. It is by this latter method all the anarchical proceedings, which have of late distracted this unhappy Nation, have been tolerated. When the minds of men are prejudiced, wonderful effects may be wrought against common-sense. One weak step, in trying a fool for what he said in a pulpit, with all the pomp that could be used to take down a more dangerous and powerful man than ever England yet has seen, cost the most able Ministry that ever any Prince was honoured with, its being. The judgment of the House of Lords was by this means insulted and evaded, and the anarchical fury ran so high, that Harry Sacheverell swelling, and Jack Huggins laughing, marched through England in a triumph more than military. Many extraordinary things which have happened since, have been brought about upon a maxim no deeper than *pax bello potior*, "peace is better than war." A great many lies, grafted upon this unquestionable truth, could not but produce wonders among all who pay taxes. But arithmetick is so common an art,

art, that the very common people, now their passions are fallen, see their case in one sheet of paper, called; "A View of the Taxes, Funds, and public Revenues of England. Printed for Timothy Child, at the White Hart, at the West-end of St. Paul's\*."

As for myself, what I have here suggested is from a very honest heart; and I have an armour in my integrity against all gainsayers. My comfort is, that the laws of England are still in force; and, though what I have said may be unacceptable, I am sure it is not illegal. While the laws are in being, I am safe; and no man can be safe who outlives them. May I, whenever they expire, die with them!

I wish you the long possession of the honour in which your generous behaviour has placed you in the minds of all true Englishmen; and am, with great respect,

Your most obedient servant,

FRANCIS HICKS †,

\* In a paper called "The Protester," by Mr. Ralph, published in 1753, N<sup>o</sup> 5, this piece is quoted as the production of Mr. Walpole.

† This letter was acknowledged by Steele as his own in 1715.

## 214. TO THE EARL OF WHARTON\*.

MY LORD,

[1712-13.]

THE author of the Spectator, having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of some great person to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your Lordship's patronage upon the same account †. I must confess, my Lord, had not I

\* Thomas Wharton was appointed by King William Comptroller of the Household, Justice in Eyre South of Trent, and Lord-lieutenant of Oxfordshire; created Viscount Winchendon and Earl of Wharton, Dec. 23, 1706; appointed Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Nov. 25, 1708 (when Mr. Addison became his Secretary); Lord Privy-seal, Sept. 24, 1714; and, Dec. 24, Marquis of Wharton and Malmesbury, in England; and Earl of Rathfarnham and Marquis of Catherlough, in Ireland. He died April 12, 1715, in the 76th year of his age. He was succeeded by his son Philip, whom King George I. in 1718, created Duke of Wharton, purely in consideration of the merits of his noble father, as appears from the patent of his creation, which mentions "King William's obligations to Lord Wharton, for his constant and vigorous defence of the public liberty, and the Protestant Religion;" and states, "how vigorously he supported the interest of King George, by the weight of his counsels, the force of his wit, and the firmness of his mind, when his said Majesty's title to the succession to this realm was in danger." An eminent Historian says, "he had as many friends as the constitution, and that only *its* enemies were *his*; that he made no merit of his zeal for his country; and that he expended above 80,000*l.* for its service in elections," &c. There is in the British Museum a transcript, by Dr. Birch, of a most curious letter of Lord Wharton to King William, copied, it is said, from an original, communicated to that indefatigable transcriber by Mr. Astle, which I do not recollect to have seen in print, though it well deserves publication. See MSS. Birch. 4107.

† This was prefixed to the fifth volume of "The Spectator." already

already received great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your Lordship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalized yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution.

It is your Lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your Lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour, that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that even those who would misrepresent your generous designs for the public good, cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged, and most obedient, humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

215. TO

## 215. TO THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND\*.

MY LORD,

[1712-13.]

VERY many favours and civilities (received from you in a private capacity) which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this presumption †; but the justice I, as a Spectator, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuse. Candour and openness of heart, which shine in all your words and actions, exact the highest esteem from all who have the honour to know you; and a winning condescension to all subordinate to you, made business a pleasure to those who executed it under you, at the same time that it heightened her Majesty's favour to all who had the happiness of having it conveyed through your hands. A Secretary of State in the interest of mankind, joined with that of his fellow-subjects, accomplished with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as antient languages, was a happy and proper member of a Ministry, by whose services your

\* Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who succeeded to that title, Sept. 21, 1702, on the death of his father Robert. He was made Secretary of State, Dec. 5, 1706; and dismissed, June 14, 1710. Sept. 1, 1715, he had a pension of 1200*l.* per annum settled on him. April 16, 1717, he was again appointed Secretary of State; March 16, 1717-18, Lord President of the Council; Feb. 6, 1718-19, Groom of the Stole; and died April 19, 1722. He married Lady Anne Churchill, second daughter of John Duke of Marlborough; to whose titles her eldest surviving son, Charles, succeeded in 1733.

† This was prefixed to the sixth volume of "The Spectator."

Sovereign is in so high and flourishing a condition, as makes all other Princes and Potentates powerful or inconsiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies to Great-Britain. The importance of those great events which happened during that administration, in which your Lordship bore so important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time shall endure. I shall not, therefore, attempt to rehearse those illustrious passages; but give this application a more private and particular turn, in desiring your Lordship would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the most polite literature, and perfectly accomplished in the knowledge of books\* and men, which makes it necessary to beseech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the Author of them: who is, with the greatest truth and respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obliged, obedient, and humble  
servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

216. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MARCH 28, 1713.

**I** WILL do every thing you desire your own way.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

\* His Lordship was the founder of a truly valuable library at Althorpe; since most magnificently and splendidly improved by the present Earl Spencer.

## 217. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

APRIL 22, 1713.

I HAVE met with Doggett\*, and we shall fall into a discourse which will turn to account. I shall dine with him at some eating-house.

If you will be exactly at five at Button's †, we will go together to the Park, or elsewhere; and be with you all night, if you condescend to take me out of my truckle-bed.

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

\* Thomas Doggett, an author and an actor, who had, not long before the date of this letter, thrown up in disgust his office of joint-manager of Drury-lane theatre, which he had some time held with Wilks and Cibber. By his frugality he secured a sufficient competence to retire from the hurry of business whilst in the height of his reputation. In political principles, to use the words of Steele, he was "a Whig up to the head and ears;" and so strictly was he attached to the interests of the House of Hanover, that he never let slip any occasion that presented itself of demonstrating his sentiments in that respect. The year after George I. came to the throne, Doggett gave a waterman's coat and silver badge, to be rowed for by six watermen, on the 1st day of August, being the anniversary of the accession; and at his death bequeathed a certain sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated annually, for ever, to the purchase of a like coat and badge, to be rowed for in honour of the day. The ceremony continues to be annually performed; the claimants setting out on a signal given at that time of the tide when the current is strongest against them, and rowing from the Old Swan near London-bridge, to the White Swan at Chelsea.

† A famous coffee-house in Covent Garden, frequented at that time by all the Wits.

## 218. TO MRS. STEELE.

9 IN THE MORNING,

DEAR PRUE,

MAY 5, 1713.

I HAVE sent Will to get a place in the coach for your new maid; and am going out to visit the company I invited to Hampton-court, to know their resolution. Your maid may be always with the children. If the appointment holds, I will send Will also this afternoon with further directions.

I value a person you are fond of too much to ride late in the evening; therefore shall set out myself early in the morning to-morrow.

Your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 219. DR. SWIFT TO MR. ADDISON.

SIR,

MAY 13, 1713.

I WAS told yesterday, by several persons, that Mr. Steele had reflected upon me in his Guardian; which I could hardly believe, until, sending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in several parts of it, insinuated with the utmost malice, that I was Author of the Examiner\*; and

\* In the Guardian, N° LIII. Mr. Steele says, "Though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time *talking to the Examiner*; others, who have raillied



abused me in the grossest manner he could possibly invent, and set his name to what he had written. Now, Sir, if I am not Author of the Examiner, how will Mr. Steele be able to defend himself from the imputation of the highest degree of baseness, ingratitude, and injustice? is he so ignorant of my temper, and of my style? has he never heard that the Author of the Examiner (to whom I am altogether a stranger \*) did, a month or two ago, vindicate me from having any concern in it? should not Mr. Steele have first expostulated with me as a friend? have I deserved this usage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well that my Lord Treasurer † has kept him in his employment upon my intreaty and intercession ‡?

me for the sins of my youth, tell me, it is credibly reported that I have *formerly lain with the Examiner*.—I have carried my point; and it is nothing to me whether the Examiner writes in the character of an *estranged friend*, or an *exasperated mistress*.—By the first of these appellations, Dr. Swift is to be understood; by the latter, Mrs. Manley, authoress of the *Atalantis*; who likewise, in conjunction with Oldisworth, wrote in the Examiner, often under the direction, and with the assistance, of Swift, but oftener without leading-strings.

\* The reader will please to recollect the received opinion, that Dr. Swift never wrote any *Examiners* after June 7, 1711. The curious may see an accurate and satisfactory account of the *Examiner*, and of this circumstance particularly, in the notes on the *Tatler*, N<sup>o</sup> 210.

† Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

‡ “I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele: Steele will certainly lose his *Gazetteer’s* place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties.” Swift, *Journal to Stella*, Sept. 10, 1710.

“I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under-secretary to Lord Dartmouth, two hours, talking politics, and contriving

My Lord Chancellor [Harcourt] and Lord Bolingbroke will be witnesses how I was reproached by my Lord Treasurer, upon the ill returns Mr. Steele made to his Lordship's indulgence, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

to keep Steele in his office of stamp paper: he has lost his place of Gazetteer, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a Tatler some months ago against Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley; and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with any thing I said. So I stopt short in my overture, and we parted very dryly: and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but, if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of *proffered service*? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good-night, &c." Ibid. Oct. 22.

"Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him; and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley, how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him; which Steele accepts with great submission; but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more

## 220. TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR,

MAY 19, 1713.

MR. ADDISON shewed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interposition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have spoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have always treated you with respect: though I believe you an accomplice of the Examiner. In the letter you are angry at, you see I have no reason for being so merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not in direct terms say you are not concerned with him; but make it an argument of your innocence, that the *Examiner* has declared you have nothing to do with him. I believe I could prevail upon the *Guardian* to say there was a mistake in putting my name in his paper; but the English would laugh at us, should we argue in so Irish a manner.

I am heartily glad of your being made Dean of St. Patrick's. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

more about him. I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends Queen's Secretary at Geneva; and I will do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Philips." Ibid. Dec. 16.

One story is good till another is heard. See a very different account of the whole transaction pointed out in a note on the Tatler, N° 228.

221. FROM DR. SWIFT.

SIR,

\* I may probably know better, when they are disposed . . . . The case was thus: I did, with the utmost application, and desiring to lay all my credit upon it, desire Mr. Harley (as he then was called) to shew you mercy †. He said, "he would, and wholly upon my account: that he would appoint you a day to see him: that he would not expect you should quit any friend or principle." Some days after, he told me, "he had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it;" upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could answer; and advised me to more caution another time. I told him, and desired my Lord Chancellor ‡ and Lord Bolingbroke to be witnesses, that I would never speak for or against you as long as I lived; only I would, and that it was still my opinion, you should have mercy till you gave farther provocations. This is the history of what you

\* "It has unluckily happened that two or three lines have been torn by accident from the beginning of this letter; and, by the same accident, two or three lines are missing towards the latter part, which were written on the back part of the paper which was torn off. But what remains of this letter will, I presume, be very satisfactory to the intelligent reader, upon many accounts." For this note, and for the letter itself, we are indebted to the late Deane Swift, esq.

† See above, p. 273.

‡ Lord Harcourt.

think

think fit to call, in the spirit of insulting, "their laughing at me:" and you may do it securely; for, by the most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Christian, to do you the least ill office. Next I desire to know, whether the greatest services ever done by one man to another, may not have the same turn as properly applied to them? And, once more, suppose they did laugh at me, I ask, whether my inclinations to serve you merit to be rewarded by the vilest treatment; whether they succeeded or no? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your sake; which, I think, is going pretty far to serve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your most partial friends, whether you ought not either to have asked, or written to me, or desired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the Examiner? And, if I had shuffled, or answered indirectly, or affirmed, or said, I would not give you satisfaction; you might then have wreaked your revenge with some colour of justice. I have several times assured Mr. Addison, and fifty others, "that I had not the least hand in writing any of those papers; and that I had never exchanged one syllable with the supposed Author in my life, that I can remember, nor even seen him above twice, and that in mixed company, in a place where he came to pay his attendance\*." One thing

\* It is clear that Swift all along alludes to Oldisworth as the Author of the Examiner. Steele, on the contrary, sets out on the supposition that those papers were still the production of Swift and Mrs. Manley.

more I must observe to you, that, a year or two ago, when some printers used to bring me their papers in manuscript, I absolutely forbid them to give any hints against Mr. Addison and you, and some others; and have frequently struck out reflections upon you in particular, and should (I believe) have done it still, if I had not wholly left off troubling myself about those kind of things.

I protest, I never saw any thing more liable to exception, than every part is of the letter you were pleased to write me. You plead, "that I do not, in mine to Mr. Addison, in direct terms, say I am not concerned with the Examiner." And is that an excuse for the most savage injuries in the world a week before? How far you can prevail with the Guardian, I shall not trouble myself to enquire; and am more concerned how you will clear your own honour and conscience than my reputation. I shall hardly lose one friend by what you \* I know not any laugh at me for any absurdity of yours. There are solecisms in morals as well as in languages; and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me, is past my imagination. Be pleased to put these questions to yourself: "If Dr. Swift be entirely innocent of what I accuse him, how shall I be able to make him satisfaction? and how do I know but he may be entirely innocent? If he was laughed at, only because he solicited for me, is that sufficient reason for me to say the vilest things of him in print, un-

\* Here the manuscript is torn. See p. 276.

der my hand, without any provocation? And how do I know but he may be in the right, when he says I was kept in my employment at his interposition? If he never once reflected on me the least in any paper, and hath hindered many others from doing it, how can I justify myself, for endeavouring in mine to ruin his credit as a Christian and a clergyman?"

I am, Sir, Your most obedient humble servant,  
 JON. SWIFT.

222. TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR, BLOOMSBURY, MAY 26, 1713.

I HAVE received yours, and find it is impossible for a man to judge in his own case. For an allusion to you, as one under the imputation of helping the Examiner \*, and owning I was restrained out of

\* When the curious reader has considered what is forcibly alleged in the notes on the Tatler *ut supra*, he will probably be convinced of three things: 1. That Steele's *estranged friend* was really an accomplice of the Examiner, and an actual writer in that paper, long after the time commonly supposed; 2. That Steele was not guilty of that ingratitude to Mr. Harley, of which he has been accused; and, 3. That the disagreement of two such men as Swift and Steele is a melancholy proof of the lengths

respect to you, you tell Addison, under your hand, "you think me the vilest of mankind," and bid him tell me so. I am obliged to you for any kind things said in my behalf to the Treasurer; and assure you, when you were in Ireland, you were the constant subject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vilest of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were: for I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainsaid it, to be made the first man in the Nation. This position, I know, will ever obstruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my desires accordingly. I have resolved to content myself with what I can get by my own industry, and the improvement of a small estate, without being anxious whether I am ever in a Court again or not. I do assure you, I do not speak this calmly, after the ill usage in your letter to Addison, out of terror of your wit, or my Lord Treasurer's power; but pure kindness to the agreeable qualities I once so passionately delighted in, in you.

You know, I know nobody, but one that talked after you, could tell "Addison had bridled me in point of party." This was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

lengths to which party madness will carry even the best of men. —But peace be to the *manes* of them both! The publisher of this volume will be happy if, by any little endeavour of his, the wreath of fame which they have so justly obtained should bloom more brightly.

I know



I know no party; but the truth of the question is what I will support as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.

---

223. FROM DR. SWIFT.

SIR,

MAY 27, 1713.

**T**HE reason I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter, is because I am going in a very few days to Ireiand: and although I intended to return towards winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never see you again.

In your yesterday's letter, you are pleased to take the complaining side, and think it hard I should write to Mr. Addison as I did, only for an allusion. This allusion was only calling a clergyman of some little distinction an infidel; a clergyman, who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavoured at least to serve you; and who, whenever he did write any thing, made it sacred to himself never to fling out the least hint against you.

One thing you are pleased to fix on me, as what you are sure of; that the Examiner had talked after me, when he said, "Mr. Addison had bridled you in point of party." I do not read one in six of those papers, nor ever knew he had such a passage; and I am so ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means: whether, that Mr. Addison kept  
you

you close to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talked or writ to that Author in my life; so that he could not have learned it from me. And, in short, I solemnly affirm, that, with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent as it is possible for a human creature to be. And, whether you believe me or not, I think, with submission, you ought to act as if you believed me, till you have demonstration to the contrary. I have all the Ministry to be my witnesses, that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them; for I think principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons\*. In these last you and I differ; but in the other, I think, we agree: for I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig.

As to the great man † whose defence you undertake; though I do not think so well of him as you do, yet I have been the cause of preventing five hundred hard things being said against him.

I am sensible I have talked too much when myself is the subject: therefore I conclude with sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and am, Sir,  
Your, &c. JON. SWIFT.

You cannot but remember, that, in the only thing I ever published with my name, I took care

\* Steele says, "I thought it was the shortest way to impartiality, to put myself beyond farther hopes or fears, by declaring myself at a time when the dispute is not about persons and parties, but things and causes." Tatler, No 193.

† The Duke of Marlborough.

to celebrate you as much as I could\*, and in as handsome a manner as I could, though it was in a letter to the present Lord Treasurer

224. TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE,

MY LORD,

JUNE 4, 1713.

**I PRESUME** to give your Lordship this trouble, to acquaint you, that having an ambition to serve in the ensuing Parliament, I humbly desire your Lordship will please to accept of my resignation of my office as Commissioner of the Stamp Revenue.

I should have done this sooner, but that I heard the Commission was passing without my name in it †, and I would not be guilty of the arrogance of

\* In his "Proposal for correcting the English Tongue," Swift says, "I would willingly avoid repetition, having about a year ago communicated to the publick much of what I had to offer upon this subject, by the hands of an ingenious gentleman, who for a long time did thrice a week divert or instruct the kingdom by his papers, and is supposed to pursue the same design at present under the title of Spectator. This Author, who hath tried the force and compass of our language with so much success, agrees entirely with me in most of my sentiments relating to it; so do the greatest part of the men of wit and learning, whom I have had the happiness to converse with."

† "We see here," says the author of the Life of Steele in the Biographia Britannica, "that our Author takes notice of the design to dismiss him, which indeed he had reason to have apprehended long before; for he had frequently attacked the

Earl

resigning what I could not hold. But, having heard this since contradicted, I am obliged to give it up, as with great humility I do by this present writing. Give me leave on this occasion to say something as to my late conduct with relation to the late men in power, and to assure you whatever I have done, said, or written, has proceeded from no other motive, but the love of what I think truth. For merely as to my own affairs, I could not wish any man in the Administration rather than yourself, who favour those that become your dependants with a greater liberality of heart than any man I have ever before observed. When I had the honour of a short conversation with you, you were pleased not only to signify to me, that I should remain in this office, but to add, that if I would name to you one of more value, which would be more commodious to me, you would favour me in it. I am going out of any particular dependance on your Lordship; and will tell you with the freedom of an indifferent man, that it is impossible for any man who thinks, and has any public spirit, not to tremble at seeing his country, in its present circumstances, in the hands of so daring a genius as yours. If incidents should arise, that should place your own safety, and what ambitious men call greatness, in a balance against the general good, our all depends upon your choice under such a temptation. You have my hearty and fervent prayers to Heaven,

Earl of Oxford under borrowed names, and particularly in "The Medley," where the pleasant narrative of the ball at Wapping, N<sup>o</sup> XXV. was written by him."

to avert all such dangers from you. I thank your Lordship for the regard and distinction which you have at sundry times shewed me; and wish you, with your country's safety, all happiness and prosperity. Share, my Lord, your good fortune with whom you will; while it lasts, you will want no friends; but, if any adverse day happens to you, and I live to see it, you will find I think myself obliged to be your friend and advocate. This is talking in a strange dialect from a private man to the first of a Nation; but to desire only a little, exalts a man's condition to a level with those who want a great deal. But I beg your Lordship's pardon; and am, with great respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,  
and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

225. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, TONSON'S, JUNE 6, 1713.

I SHALL not come home to dinner; but, if you will call here at six o'clock, we will take the air together.

Yours, more than you can imagine, or I express,

RICH. STEELE.

## 226. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 10, 1713.

I SEND herewith the copy of the settlement, which lay at Froden's; but cannot find my deed among his papers which relates to Barbados. He himself is light-headed.

Your affectionate, obedient,

RICH. STEELE.

## 227. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 20, 1713.

TO keep things in order from that quarter, I am gone to Highgate to dinner; have been pretty successful this morning. Send for *Queer-ones* to keep you company. At night we will talk over all.

Your faithful, affectionate husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Since the above, I have received a message from Mr. Addison, who put off the meeting with Mr. Ashurst, and has engaged me to meet some Whig Lords. In the evening, at six, you shall know where I am.

## 228. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JULY 1, 1713.

IF you please to be in readiness about one o'clock, I will send you word where I shall be, to go with you to Mr. Hoole's\* to see the Entry †.

I have discharged Hugh, and have his receipt.

Your most affectionate, faithful, husband,

RICH. STEELE.

I have given his *black cloaths* ‡; for I will never strip a servant.

## 229. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JULY 1, 1713.

IF you will please to come to Mr. Hoole's, a stationer's, next door to Ludgate church, you will there find your ever obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\* A stationer, in Ludgate-street.

† This was the public entry of the Duke D'Aumont, the French Ambassador, who came on this day in state from Greenwich to the Tower by water, and afterwards paraded, in a style of great splendour, through the City, to Somerset-house; where he was magnificently entertained till the day of his public audience, the 4th of July, when he proceeded to St. James's in the same form as was observed at his entry. A full and curious account of the whole solemnity may be seen in the "Political State" for 1713, vol. VI. p. 34.

‡ The mourning, probably, for his mother.

## 230. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JULY 2, 1713.

**I** WISH you a good journey; take care of yourself, and expect to find me at home to receive you to-morrow evening.

Your most humble servant, RICH. STEELE.

## 231. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JULY 10, 1713.

**T**HIS is only to acquaint you that I have almost finished my vexations; and I shall, from to-morrow, be in a regular and methodical way.

You are my pride, my pleasure, my ambition, and all that is agreeable to

Your affectionate and faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.



232. TO MR. METHUEN \*.

SIR,

[1713.]

IT is with great pleasure I take an opportunity of publishing the gratitude I owe you for the place you allow me in your friendship and familiarity †. I will not acknowledge to you that I have often had you in my thoughts, when I have endeavoured to draw, in some parts of these discourses, the character of a good-natured, honest, and accomplished gentleman. But such representations give my reader an idea of a person blameless only, or only laudable for such perfections as extend no farther than to his own private advantage and reputation.

But when I speak of you, I celebrate one who has had the happiness of possessing also those qualities which make a man useful to society, and of having had opportunities of exerting them in the most conspicuous manner.

\* Afterward Sir Paul Methuen, Knight of the Bath. This very ingenious gentleman, whilst Ambassador at the Court of Portugal, concluded the famous commercial treaty which bears his name; and, in the same capacity at the Court of Savoy, exerted himself nobly as a military hero. On his return, he was successively appointed to several important offices in the State; a Commissioner of the Admiralty, Nov. 8, 1709; of the Treasury, Oct. 13, 1714; Comptroller of the Household, June 4, 1720; Treasurer of the Household, 1725; and a Commissioner for inspecting the Law, Sept. 15, 1732. He represented the borough of Brackley in the several parliaments which met in 1713, 1714, 1722, 1727, and 1734; and died April 11, 1757, aged 86.

† This was prefixed to the seventh volume of "The Spectator."

The great part you had, as British Ambassador, in procuring and cultivating the advantageous commerce between the Courts of England and Portugal, has purchased you the lasting esteem of all who understand the interest of either Nation.

Those personal excellencies which are over-rated by the ordinary world, and too much neglected by wise men, you have applied with the justest skill and judgment. The most graceful address in horsemanship, in the use of the sword, and in dancing, has been employed by you as lower arts; and as they have occasionally served to cover, or introduce the talents of a skilful Minister.

But your abilities have not appeared only in one Nation. When it was your province to act as her Majesty's Minister at the Court of Savoy, at that time incamped, you accompanied that gallant Prince through all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and shared by his side the dangers of that glorious day in which he recovered his capital. As far as it regards personal qualities, you attained, in that one hour, the highest military reputation. The behaviour of our Minister in the action, and the good offices done the vanquished in the name of the Queen of England, gave both the conqueror and the captive the most lively examples of the courage and generosity of the Nation he represented.

Your friends and companions, in your absence, frequently talk these things of you; and you cannot hide from us (by the most discreet silence in any thing which regards yourself) that the frank entertainment we have at your table, your easy condescension in little incidents of mirth and diversion,

sion, and general complacency of manners, are far from being the greatest obligations we have to you. I do assure you, there is not one of your friends has a greater sense of your merit in general, and of the favours you every day do us, than, Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,  
RICH. STEELE.

---

233. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR TYRANT,

JULY 13, 1713.

I HAVE seen Carpenter this morning; and he says it is all one to him—we may keep the woman in the house; so that what you have to do, is only to get linen, &c. bundled up against evening. You shall hear from me again about five o'clock.

I beg of you to govern me as gently as you can, for you have full power over

Your affectionate, constant, obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## 234. TO MRS. STEELE.

JULY 22, 1713.

I WRITE because I hear you give yourself up to lamentation\*. You have, indeed, no cause for it; and I beseech you to repose the confidence in me, which is deserved from you by

Your affectionate and tender husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\* In about six weeks after the date of this letter he was elected member for Stockbridge; on which subject the following squib appeared in the Post-boy of Sept. 5, 1713. "Stock at the Bridge formerly was at an Hundred, is now near 500.—We are informed, that Mr. Nestor, alias Birmingham Iron-side, designs to make a *Guardian* upon the nature and usefulness of bribery, who, instead of a motto, will dedicate it to the Electors of that *Stock*, which is of late risen.—The *Guardian* of Sept. 4, 1713, telling a Story of a War, concludes thus: 'But as it is sometimes usual for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, Ambition had taken in them the garb and habit of Love, by which means they often imposed on Hymen, but putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusion of these *two impostors*.' We hear that R. Steele, and T. Broderick, Esqrs. are chosen at Woodstock."—But, strange to tell, the election of *poor Dick* was followed up by a petition against it on the score of Bribery! See "Journals of the House of Commons," March 3, 1713-14. As Steele was expelled the House on the 17th (see p. 320) on another business, the petition was of course withdrawn, April 17, 1714.

## 235. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE,

JULY 27, 1713.

**I**F you please to call at Button's\*, we will go together to Brompton.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 236. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JULY 30, 1713.

**I**F you have not secured Morgan Davies at dinner, I would dine in Paul's church-yard, in order to go to Tryon after Change.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

I will be at home at five, therefore do not send for me here except Davies is with you.

\* "*Button*, who had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, kept a coffee-house on the South-side of Russel-street, about two doors from Covent-garden, and was under the patronage of Addison. Here it was that the Wits of that time used to assemble. It is said, when Addison had suffered any vexation from the *Countess*, he withdrew the company from *Button's* house." Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*.

## 237. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY DEAR,

[undated.]

**I** DINE abroad to-day. Speak to Kerwin to answer Mrs. Rosnell, the butcher in St. James's-market. I have sent Will to the goldsmith's in Lombard-street, for to discount some bills. I will come home early. Since the death of my poor Mother \*, I find a growing melancholy increase upon me; but hope for every happiness in you.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 238. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

SEPT. 29, 1713.

**I** HAVE settled all things to great satisfaction †; and desire you would stay at home, but send the coach for me to come to you, to take the air, and talk further.

Your, &amp;c.

RICH. STEELE.

\* See the black cloaths, p. 297.

† This seems to allude to his resignation of the place of a Commissioner of the Stamp-office, see his letter of June 4, 1713, p. 283.

## 239. TO THE WORSHIPFUL MR. JOHN SNOW \*, BAILIFF OF STOCKBRIDGE †.

SIR,

[SEPTEMBER, OR OCTOBER, 1713.]

ACCORDING to my promise, when I took my leave of you, I send you all the pamphlets and papers which have been printed since the dissolution of the last Parliament; among these you will find your humble servant no small man, but spoken of more than once in print: you will find I take up whole pages in the *Examiner*, and that there is a little pamphlet written wholly upon me, and directed to me †. As you are the magistrate of the town wherein, of all places in the world, it concerns me most to appear a different man from the person whom these writers represent me, I address my vindication to you, and, at the same time, to the whole Borough §. . . . .

\* This Letter is extracted from "The Importance of Dunkirk considered; in Defence of the Guardian of August the 7th, 1713, in a Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge." For the political part, which is here omitted, the reader is referred to Steele's Political Writings, p. 23, *et seq.*

† In a "Journey to Exeter, 1716," Gay says,

"Of all our race of mayors shall Snow alone

"Be by Sir Richard's dedication known?"

‡ "The Honour and Prerogative of the Queen's Majesty vindicated and defended against the unexampled Insolence of the Author of the *Guardian*: In a Letter from a Country Whig to Mr. Steele."

§ This Epistle was followed, Nov. 2, 1713, by one of the severest productions of Swift, intituled, "The Importance of the Guardian considered, in a second Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge,

What was urged concerning Dunkirk, in the Letter to the Guardian, was apparently and professedly laid before the Ministry, that they might not be unmindful of what the British Nation expect from them. I say again and again, if once men are so intimidated as not to dare to offer their thoughts upon public affairs, without incurring the imputation of offending against the prerogative of their Prince: that Prince, whatever advantage his Ministers might make of his prerogative, would himself soon have no prerogative but that of being deceived. As for my part, I have that sincere and faithful duty to her Majesty, that I will never fear to attempt any thing that I am able for her service, however her favour may be intercepted from me \*

Stockbridge, by a Friend of Mr. Steele;" in which "poor Dick" is unmercifully belaboured by the Colossus of the opposite party.

\* "I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick," (says Mr. Addison, in a letter to Mr. Hughes, October 12, 1713), "and wish that his zeal for the publick may not be ruinous to himself; but he has sent me word, that he is determined to go on; and that any advice I can give him in this particular will have no weight with him." Mr. Addison (as the event shewed) was too true a prophet.—In the eighth number of "The Englishman," Oct. 22, 1713, Mr. Steele inserted a letter, giving notice that "The Crisis" was then ready for the press; and concluding in these words: "The price of this discourse will be but one shilling; and persons who are willing to subscribe for numbers of them, are desired to leave their names and such numbers with Mr. Samuel Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain. I beg the favour of you to insert this in your very next paper; for I shall govern myself in the number I print according to the number of subscriptions." After the subscription had continued open more than two months, "The Englishman," Number 26, Dec. 26, acquainted the public, that, "at the desire of several ladies



The Examiner accuses me of ingratitude, as being actually under salary, when I writ the letter to the Guardian; but he is mistaken in that particular, for I had resigned, not only my office in the Stamp duties \*, but also my pension as servant to his late Royal Highness, which her Majesty hath been graciously pleased to continue to the whole family of that excellent Prince. I divested myself of all that I was so happy to enjoy by her Majesty's goodness and favour, before I would presume to write any thing, which was so apparently an advertisement to those employed in her service.

I have thrown away all expectations of preferment, for the happiness of serving in Parliament, and for the hopes of having a vote in the Legislature in the present great crisis of affairs. As long as I enjoy this station (from which the Examiner takes the liberty to suggest I shall be expelled) I shall follow

ladies of quality, the publication of "The Crisis" is put off till the female world have expressed their zeal for the publick, by a subscription as large as that made among the other sex." The pamphlet at length appeared on the 19th of January, 1713-14.

\* This he had done, June 4, 1713; see p. 283. The "Guardian" complained of, under the signature of "English Tory," was not published till August 7.—Swift on this occasion invidiously says, "1. A new commission was every day expected for the stamp-paper, and he knew his name would be left out; and therefore his resignation would be an appearance of virtue cheaply bought. 2. He dreaded the violence of creditors, against which his employments were no manner of security. 3. Being a person of great sagacity, he hath some foresight of a change, from the usual age of a ministry, which is now almost expired; from the little misunderstandings that have been reported sometimes to happen among the men in power; from the Bill of Commerce being rejected," &c. &c.

no leader or leaders, but act; that is to say, vote, according to the dictates of my conscience, in the public service. . . . .

Mr. Bailiff, as there have been very unjust representations given of me in your town, as that a man of so small fortune as I am must have secret views or supports, which could move him to leave his employments, and lose a crowd of well-wishers, to subject himself, as he must know he has, not only to the disesteem, but also the scorn and hatred of very many, who, before he intermeddled with the publick, had a partiality towards him: I answer, that I indeed have particular views; and, though I may be ridiculous for saying it, I hope I am animated in my conduct by a grace which is as little practised as understood, and that is charity. It is the happiness and comfort of all men, who have a regard to their fellow-creatures, and desire their good-will upon a proper foundation, that every thing which is truly laudable is what every man living may attain. The greatest merit is in having social virtues, such as justice and truth, exalted with benevolence to mankind. Great qualifications are not praises to the possessor but from the application of them; and all that is justly commendable among men is, to love and serve them as much as it is in your power, with a contempt of all advantages to yourself (above the conveniencies of life) but as they tend to the service of the publick. He who has warmed his heart with impressions of this kind, will find glowings of good-will, which will support him in the service of his Country against all the calumny, reproach, and invective, that can be thrown upon him.

him. He is but a poor creature who cannot bear being odious in the service of virtue. Riches and honours can administer to the heart no pleasure, like what an honest man feels when he is contending for the interests of his country, and the civil rights of his fellow-subjects, without which the being of man grows brute, and he can never, under it, give to Heaven that worship which is called a *reasonable sacrifice*; nor support towards his fellow-creatures that worthy disposition, which we call disinterested friendship. The highest pleasure of the human soul consists in this charity; and there is no way of making it so diffusive, as by contending for liberty.

As to laying aside the common views by which the mistaken world are actuated, a man of liberal education can easily surmount those low considerations; and when he considers himself, from the moment he was born into this world, an immortal, though a changeable being, he will form his interests and prospects accordingly, and not make provision for eternity with perishable things. When a man has deeply planted such a sentiment as this for the rule of his conduct, the pursuits of avarice and ambition will become as contemptible as the sports of children; and there can be no honours, no riches, no pleasures laid in his way, which can possibly come in competition with the satisfactions of an enlarged and public spirit.

From this moment, therefore, I shall go on with as much vigour and chearfulness as I am able, to do all that is in my power, without the least partiality to persons or parties, to remove the prejudices

dices

dices which Englishman has against Englishman, and reconcile wounded brethren, so far as to behold each other's actions with an inclination to approve them.

The man who will reduce himself to this temper, will easily perceive how far his affections have been wrought upon and abused, from an opposition to particular men, to sacrifice the interests of his Country itself.

The prostituted pens which are employed in a quite contrary service, will be very ready to entertain a pretender to such reformatations with a recital of his own faults and infirmities; but I am very well prepared for such usage, and give up myself to all nameless authors, to be treated just as their mirth or their malice directs them.

It is the disgrace of Literature, that there are such instruments; and to good government, that they are suffered: but this mischief is gone so far in our age, that the Pamphleteers do not only attack those whom they believe in general disaffected to their own principles, but even such as they believe their friends, provided they do not act with as sincere a prejudice as themselves. Upon the least deviation from an implicit hatred to the opposite party, though in a case which in the nearest concern affects their Country, all their good qualities are turned to ridicule; and every thing, which was before valued in them, is become contemptible.

Thus in one of the papers I send you, a gentleman, who has distinguished himself by a becoming veneration, in the House of Commons, for the assembly, and has ever delivered himself with a regard to his

own dignity, and that of the place he was in, is represented frivolously as a declaimer: and a noble Lord, who is conspicuously adorned with the knowledge of letters, and is eminent for a lively sprightly eloquence, rectified by learning, is declared a companion fit only for pert novices and sophisters. And what is still more monstrous than all, a third man of quality, for the like offence, is told, in this nice age of proportioning rewards to merit and service, that he has as much as he deserves.

But it is to be hoped Englishmen will at last consider, and that the Ministry will see Dunkirk effectually demolished.

It is as frivolous as unjust, to hope to stop our mouths, when we are concerned for so great a point as the business of Dunkirk, by mention of the prerogative, and urging our safety in our good and gracious Queen.

By her great example, religion, piety, and all other public and domestic virtues, are kept in countenance in a very loose and profligate age. All the hours of her precious life, which God long preserve, are divided between the exercises of devotion, and taking minutes of the sublime affairs of her government.

Besides which, her Majesty has manifested herself the most affectionate wife, the most constant friend, the most tender mother; and has filled every duty with a virtue as superior to the rest of the world as is her high condition. But I shall leave what I have to say on this topick, to the time when the consequence of it will be insignificant to me, but which, I hope, will do her honour, that is,  
justice,

justice, when I am no more, and the remains of her sacred person are as common dust as mine.

But, as this bright example is in the person of a Lady, it cannot be supposed that the general sense of a people, the sub-divisions of affection and interest among great men (to be learned only by conversation with them, even in their unguarded leisure), can appear to her but from the information of such as have the happiness and honour to lay them before her. Her Majesty is therefore more particularly necessitated to rely upon the intelligence of her Ministry; and, from that very reason, their fellow-subjects may be the more solicitous for what passes beyond the ordinary rules of government. Thus all which they offer for our security and implicit reliance upon what is transacted by the Court of England, to wit, her Majesty's care and goodness, are arguments for exerting both our zeal and our gratitude; that at any time artful men may not take advantage of the security we have in her virtue, to indulge too much the power of any Foreign Prince whatsoever, especially that of the most warlike Potentate in Europe.

I cannot leave this subject without being still anxious with relation to the disrespect they accuse me of to my Royal Mistress. All that can be wrested to my disadvantage is, that the Queen is concerned when any thing is to be imputed to her servants; but I deny that, and persist in it, that it is no manner of diminution of the wisdom of a Prince, that he is obliged to act by the information of others.

If

If I might make an abrupt digression from great things to small, I should on this occasion mention a little circumstance which happened to the late King William. He had a Frenchman who took care of the gun-dogs, whose business it was also to charge and deliver the piece to the King. This minister forgot to bring out shot into the field; but did not think fit to let so-passionate a man and eager a sportsman as the King know his offence, but gave his Majesty the gun loaded only with powder. When the King missed his aim, this impudent cur stood chattering, admiring, commending the King's skill in shooting, and, holding up his hands, "he had never seen *sa Majesté* miss before in his whole life." This circumstance was no manner of argument to those (who afterwards found out the fellow's iniquity) against the King's reputation for a quick eye, and shooting very finely.

I am, with respect to the Borough and yourself,

Sir,

Your most humble,

and most obedient servant,

RICH. STEELE.

240. TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL  
CADOGAN\*.

SIR,

[1713.]

IN the character of *Guardian*, it behoves me to do honour to such as have deserved well of society, and laid out worthy and manly qualities in the service of the publick †. No man has more eminently distinguished himself this way than Mr. Cadogan. With a contempt of pleasure, rest, and ease, when called to the duties of your glorious profession, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers, and, with a strict eye upon the final purpose of the attempt, have wholly disregarded what should befall yourself in the prosecution of it. Thus has life risen to you

\* William Cadogan, esq. Quarter-master-general in 1701; Colonel of a regiment of horse in 1703; Brigadier-general in 1704; Plenipotentiary to the Spanish Netherlands, and Major-general, in 1706; Lieutenant-general in 1709.—No officer was ever so much relied on by the Duke of Marlborough as General Cadogan. He had the care of marking out almost every camp during the war in the Netherlands and Germany; which he executed so skilfully, that, it was observed, the Duke was never surprized or attacked in his camp during the whole war.—On the accession of King George, Master of the Robes, and Colonel of the second regiment of horse-guards; Knight of the Thistle in 1715; Governor of the Isle of Wight, and Plenipotentiary to Holland, in 1716; created Lord Cadogan, June 21, that year; Baron Oakley, Viscount Caversham, and Earl Cadogan, April 17, 1718. On the death of the Duke of Marlborough in 1722, he was made Master-general of the Ordnance, and Colonel of the first regiment of foot-guards. He died July 17, 1726.

† This was prefixed to the first volume of "The Guardian."



as fast as you resigned it ; and every new hour, for having so frankly lent the preceding moments to the cause of Justice and of Liberty, has come home to you, improved with honour. This happy distinction, which is so very peculiar to you, with the addition of industry, vigilance, patience of labour, thirst and hunger, in common with the meanest soldier, has made your present fortune unenvied : for the publick always reap greater advantage from the example of successful merit, than the deserving man himself can possibly be possessed of. Your Country knows how eminently you excel in the several parts of military skill, whether in assigning the encampment, accommodating the troops, leading to the charge, or pursuing the Enemy ; the retreat being the only part of the profession which has not fallen within the experience of those who learned their warfare under the Duke of Marlborough. But the true and honest purpose of this epistle is, to desire a place in your friendship, without pretending to add any thing to your reputation, who, by your own gallant actions, have acquired that your name through all ages shall be read with honour, where-ever mention shall be made of that illustrious Captain.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

THE GUARDIAN.

TO MR. PULTENEY \*.

SIR, [1713.]

**T**HE greatest honour of human life, is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publishing, by this means, my happiness in being able to name you among my friends †. The conversation of a gentleman that has a refined taste of letters, and a disposition in which those letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncom-

\* William Pulteney, esq. born in 1682, had early a seat in the House of Commons, and distinguished himself in opposition to Queen Anne's last ministry. On the accession of King George, he was appointed Secretary at War, Sept. 27, 1714; and afterward Cofferer of the Household. He was at this time the intimate friend of Sir Robert Walpole; but in 1725, that Minister being suspected of a desire to extend the bounds of Prerogative, Mr. Pulteney entered steadily into Opposition; and at last became so obnoxious to the Crown, that, July 1, 1731, King George II. with his own hand, struck him out of the list of Privy Counsellors, and ordered him to be put out of the list of all commissions of the peace. A proceeding so violent in the Ministry served only to inflame his resentment, and increase his popularity. Sir Robert resigning his employments in 1741, Mr. Pulteney was again sworn of the Privy Council; and created Baron of Heydon, Viscount Pulteney, and Earl of Bath. From that moment his favour with the people was at an end; and the rest of his life was spent in contemning that applause which he no longer could secure. William Viscount Pulteney, his only son, who was a Lord of the Bedchamber, Aid-de-camp to the King, and Colonel of the Royal Volunteers, going over with his regiment in the defence of Portugal, died Feb. 16, 1763; and the Earl dying July 7, 1764, the titles became extinct.

† Prefixed to the second volume of "The Guardian."

mon to be enjoyed in silence. In others, the greatest business of Learning is to weed the soil; in you, it had nothing else to do but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generosity of heart, which are natural to you, wanted nothing from Literature, but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boasted I had some share in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the justice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant and worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous sentiments, which contribute, not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement, but to the honour and service of your country. Zeal for the public good is the characteristick of a man of honour and a gentleman; and must take place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive, is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter, to mankind, in proportion to the misapplied advantages with which Nature and Fortune have blessed him. But you have a soul animated with nobler views; and know that the distinction of wealth and plenteous circumstances is a tax upon an honest mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-subjects.

This generous inclination no man possesses in a warmer degree than yourself; which that Heaven would reward with long possession of that reputation into which you have made so early an entrance, the reputation of a man of sense, a good citizen,

and agreeable companion, a disinterested friend,  
 and an unbiassed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,  
 Sir, your most obliged,  
 and most obedient, humble servant,  
 THE GUARDIAN.

---

242. TO MR. ADDISON\*.

[1713.]

**W**HILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,  
 And Cato with an equal virtue draw,  
 While Envy is itself in wonder lost,  
 And factions strive who shall applaud you most;  
 Forgive the fond ambition of a Friend,  
 Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend,  
 And join th' applause which all the Learn'd bestow  
 On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.  
 To my light scenes † I once inscrib'd your name,  
 And impotently strove to borrow fame;  
 Soon will that die which adds thy name to mine;  
 Let me then live, join'd to a work of thine!

RICH. STEELE.

\* Prefixed to the Tragedy of "Cato."

† "The Tender Husband." See p. 88.

## 243. TO MRS. STEELE.

BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE,

DEAR PRUE,

DEC. 24, 1713.

**I** DINE with Lord Halifax ; and shall be at home half-hour after six.

For thee I die, for thee I languish.

RICH. STEELE.

---

 244. TO THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND\*.

GENTLEMEN,

JAN. 19, 1713-14.

**I**T is with a just deference to your great power and influence in this kingdom, that I lay before you the following comment upon the laws which regard the settlement of the Imperial Crown of Great Britain. My purpose in addressing these matters to you is, to conjure you, as Heaven has blessed you with proper talents and opportunities, to recommend them, in your writings and discourses, to your fellow-subjects.

In the character of pastors and teachers, you have an almost irresistible power over us of your congregations ; and, by the admirable institution of our

\* Prefixed to the celebrated pamphlet called " The Crisis." See pp. 296. 316, 317.

laws, the tenths of our lands, now in your possession, are destined to become the property of such others as shall, by learning and virtue, qualify themselves to succeed you. These circumstances of education and fortune place the minds of the people, from age to age, under your direction. As, therefore, it would be the highest indiscretion in Ministers of State of this kingdom to neglect the care of being acceptable to you in their administration; so it would be the greatest impiety in you, to inflame the people committed to your charge, with apprehensions of danger to you and your constitution, from men innocent of any such designs.

Give *me* leave, who have in all my words and actions, from my youth upwards\*, maintained an inviolable respect to you and your order, to observe to you, that all the dissatisfactions which have been raised in the minds of the people, owe their rise to the cunning of artful men, who have introduced the mention of you and your interest (which are sacred to all good men) to cover and sanctify their own practices upon the affections of the people, for ends very different from the promotion of Religion and Virtue. Give me leave also to take notice, that these suggestions have been favoured by some few unwary men in holy orders, who have made the

\* See his declaration, already cited in p. 80, in respect to "The Christian Hero." He adds, however, that, "finding himself slighted, instead of being encouraged, for his declaration as to Religion, it became incumbent on him to enliven his character; for which reason he wrote 'The Funeral,' in which, though full of incidents that move laughter, Virtue and Vice appear just as they ought to do."

Constitution of their own Country a very little part of their study, and yet made Obedience and Government the frequent subjects of their discourses.

These men, from the pompous ideas of Imperial greatness, and submission to absolute Emperors, which they imbibed in their earlier years, have, from time to time, inadvertently uttered notions of power and obedience abhorrent from the laws of this their native Country.

I will take the further liberty to say, that if the Acts of Parliament mentioned in the following treatise had been from time to time put in a fair and clear light, and been carefully recommended to the perusal of young gentlemen in Colleges, with a preference to all other civil institutions whatsoever; this Kingdom had not been in its present condition: but the constitution would have had, in every member the Universities have sent into the world, ever since the Revolution, an advocate for our rights and liberties.

There is one thing which deserves your most serious consideration. You have bound yourselves, by the strongest engagements that Religion can lay upon men, to support that Succession which is the subject of the following papers; you have tied down your souls by an oath to maintain it as it is settled in the House of Hanover; nay, you have gone much farther than is usual in cases of this nature, as you have personally abjured the Pretender to this Crown, and that expressly, without any equivocations or mental reservations whatsoever, that is, without any possible escapes, by which the subtlety of temporizing casuists might hope to elude the  
force

force of these solemn obligations. You know much better than I do, whether the calling God to witness to the sincerity of our intentions in these cases, whether the swearing upon the holy Evangelists in the most solemn manner, whether the taking of an oath before multitudes of fellow-subjects and fellow-Christians in our public courts of justice, do not lay the greatest obligations that can be laid on the consciences of men. This I am sure of, that if the body of a Clergy, who considerately and voluntarily entered into these engagements, should be made use of as instruments and examples to make the Nation break through them, not only the succession to our Crown, but the very essence of our Religion is in danger. What a triumph would it furnish to those evil men among us who are enemies to your sacred order! what occasion would it administer to Atheists and Unbelievers, to say that Christianity is nothing else but an outward show and pretence among the most knowing of its professors! What could we afterwards object to Jesuits? What would be the scandal brought upon our holy Church, which is at present the glory and bulwark of the Reformation! How would our present Clergy appear in the eyes of their posterity, and even to the successors of their own order, under a government introduced and established by a conduct so directly opposite to all the rules of honour and precepts of Christianity!

As I always speak and think of your holy order with the utmost deference and respect, I do not insist upon this subject to insinuate that there is such a disposition among your venerable body, but to shew



shew how much your own honour and the interest of Religion is concerned, that there should be no cause given for it.

Under colour of a zeal towards you, men may sometimes act, not only with impunity but popularity, what would render them, without that hypocrisy, insufferably odious to their fellow-subjects.

Under this pretence, men may presume to practise such arts for the destruction and dishonour of their Country, as it would be impious to make use of even for its glory and safety: men may do in the highest prosperity, what it would not be excusable to attempt under the lowest necessity!

The laws of our Country, the powers of the Legislature, the faith of Nations, and the honour of God, may be too weak considerations to bear up against the popular, though groundless, cry of the Church. This fatal prepossession may shelter men in raising the French name and Roman Catholic interest in Great Britain, and consequently in all Europe.

It behoves you therefore, Gentlemen, to consider, whether the cry of the Church's danger may not at length become a truth; and, as you are men of sense and men of honour, to exert yourselves in undeceiving the multitude, whenever their affectionate concern for you may prove fatal to themselves.

You are surrounded by a learned, wealthy, and knowing Gentry, who can distinguish your merit, and do honour to your characters. They know with what firmness as Englishmen, with what self-denial as Prelates, with what charity as Christians, the Lords the Bishops, Fathers of the Church, have behaved

behaved themselves in the public cause : they know what contumelies the rest of the Clergy have undergone, what discountenance they have laboured under, what prejudice they have suffered in their ministry, who have adhered to the cause of truth : but it is certain that the face of things is now too melancholy to bear any longer false appearances ; and common danger has united men, who not long ago were artfully inflamed against each other, into some regard of their common safety.

When the world is in this temper, those of our pastors, whose exemplary lives, and charitable dispositions, both adorn and advance our holy Religion, will be the objects of our love and admiration ; and those who pursue the gratifications of pride, ambition, and avarice, under the sacred character of Clergymen, will not fail to be our contempt and derision.

Noise and wrath cannot always pass for zeal ; and if we see but little of the public spirit of Englishmen, or the charity of Christians, in others, it is certain we can feel but little of the pleasure of love and gratitude, and but faint emotions of respect and veneration in ourselves.

It will be an action worthy the Ministers of the Church of England, to distinguish themselves for the love of their Country. And as we have a Religion that wants no assistance from artifice, or enlargement of secular power, but is well supported by the wisdom and piety of its Preachers, and its own native truth ; to let mankind see that we have a Clergy who are of the people, obedient to the same laws, and zealous not only of the supremacy and prerogative

tive of our Princes, but of the liberties of their fellow-subjects: this will make us, who are your flock, burn with joy to see, and with zeal to imitate, your lives and actions. It cannot be expected but that there will be, in so great a body, light, superficial, vain, and ambitious men, who, being untouched with the sublime force of the Gospel, will think it their interest to insinuate jealousies between the Clergy and Laity, in hopes to derive from their order a veneration which they know they cannot deserve from their virtue. But while the most worthy, conspicuous, learned, and powerful, of your sacred function, are moved by the noble and generous incentives of doing good to the souls of men, we will not doubt of seeing by your ministry the love of our Country, due regard for our laws and liberties, and resentment for the abuse of truth, revive in the hearts of men. And as there are no instruments under Heaven so capable of this great work, that God would make you such to this divided Nation, is the hearty prayer of,

Gentlemen,

Your most dutiful, and most obedient,

humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

245. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JAN. 20, 1713-14.

I AM gone to Buckley's\*, and from thence am to go and dine at a place where I am to be with the Elector's Envoy. From thence I shall again return to Buckley's. I trust I shall bring home good news. I want clean linen, being very dirty with running about. I have left Mr. Craggs's subscription-books † at his house. I am,

Dear Prue, yours faithfully, RICH. STEELE.

\* Samuel Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain, for whom seven volumes of the original Spectator in folio had been printed. The Spectator being discontinued at the close of the 7th volume, was succeeded by The Guardian; and Pope informs us, that Steele was engaged in articles of penalty to Jacob Tonsen, for all the papers he published under this last name. The same Author says, "the true reason that Steele laid down The Guardian was a quarrel between him and the bookseller above-mentioned;" he adds, "that Steele, by desisting two days, and altering the title of his paper to that of The Englishman, got quit of his obligation." Additions to Pope's Works, 1776, vol. II. p. 84, *et seq.* At the date of this letter, the periodical paper to which Steele gave the title of The Englishman, was in the course of publication; it was printed by Samuel Buckley in Amen-corner, and announced as The Sequel of the Guardian. The title of Spectator was resumed some months after; and the first number of the VIIIth volume, printed by Buckley in Amen-corner, folio, is dated on the 18th of the June following, in 1714.

† Of Steele's celebrated political pamphlet, "The Crisis," which was printed and published by Buckley. On the subject of this subscription, see some severe remarks in Swift's "Public Spirit of the Whigs."

## 246. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, JAN. 26, 1713-14.

I DINE abroad at Lord Halifax's. Mr. Craggs I have written to, not having found him. I find what I desire is transacting, and to be done by a general subscription \*, for divulging the Crisis all over the kingdom. I shall not be at home till nine o'clock, because I am to meet the Sheriff at six.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

\* See before, pp. 296. 309.—Not many days before the date of this letter [Jan. 7, 1713-14,] Swift published a paraphrase of an Ode of Horace, (Book I. Ode VII.) beginning,

“ Dick, thou'rt resolv'd, as I am told,

Some strange *arcana* to unfold,

And, with the help of Buckley's pen,

To vamp the *good old cause* again.

Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)

Must furnish up, and nickname CRISIS,” &c. &c.

• See the whole poem in “Swift's Works,” ed. 1808, vol. XVI. p. 164.

“Richard Steele, Esq. is turned out of the office of Commissioner of the Stamp-office; and Charles Vivian, Esq. succeeds him.” Post-boy, Jan. 9, 1713-14.

## 247. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JAN. 27, 1713-14.

**I** REPEAT, that I will do in all as you have desired, so help me God. RICH. STEELE.

I will be at Tonson's all the evening.

---

## 248. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MARCH 11, 1713-14.

**I** SEND this to let you know, that Lord Halifax would not let me go to the House, but thought it would be better to have the first attack made in my absence. Mr. Foley \* was the gentleman who did me that honour; but they could not bring it to bear so far as to obtain an order for my attending in my place †, or any thing else to my disadvantage than that all pamphlets are to come on Saturday.

Lord Halifax, in the House of Lords, told the Ministry, that he believed, if they would recommend the Crisis to her Majesty's perusal, she would think quite otherwise of the book than they do.

\* The motion which Mr. Auditor Foley particularly leveled at Steele, in a debate on the bill for limiting the number of Officers in the House of Commons, was, "to take into consideration that part of the Queen's Speech which related to the suppressing seditious libels and factious rumours."

† They obtained it, however, on the next day.

I think

I think they have begun very unhappily and ungracefully against me; and doubt not but God will turn their malice to the advantage of the innocent.

Your faithful husband, and humble servant,  
 RICH. STEELE.

249. TO MRS. STEELE.

BOW-STREET,  
 DEAR PRUE, MARCH 12, 1713-14.

I AM going to Mr. Walpole's, to meet some friends. There is nothing can arise to me \* which ought to afflict you; therefore, pray be a Roman lady, and assume a courage equal to your goodness. The Queen is very ill.

Your faithful, very chearful husband,  
 RICH. STEELE.

Do not mention, if you see Harris, the business of the Queen.

\* On this day a regular complaint was made to the House, by Mr. Foley, of three pamphlets by Steele ("The Crisis," and two single numbers of "The Englishman"); as containing "several paragraphs tending to sedition, highly reflecting upon her Majesty, and arraigning her administration and government." Mr. Steele was ordered to attend in his place on the 13th; which he did accordingly, and was then allowed four days for making his defence.

250. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

TEMPLE, 7 O'CLOCK,  
MARCH 18 \*, 1713-14.

I HAVE made my defence †, and am ordered to withdraw. Addison was sent out after me, by my friends, to bid me not be seen till I heard what

\* The original is misdated, March 17.

† He owned, in his place, "that he wrote and published the pamphlets complained of;" and read the paragraphs to the House, "with the same cheerfulness and satisfaction with which he abjured the Pretender." Steele spoke on this occasion with such a temper, modesty, unconcern, easy and manly eloquence, as gave entire satisfaction to all who were not inveterately prepossessed against him. He was strongly supported by Mr. Walpole, General Stanhope, the Lord Finch, the Lord Hinchinbroke, and the Lord Lumley. His principal opponents were Mr. Auditor Foley, Mr. Auditor Harley, Sir W. Wyndham, Sir Edward Northey (the Attorney-general), and other Courtiers. After a long and interesting debate, Steele was expelled the House, by 254 voices against 152. He took ample revenge, however, three days after, on the *Harleys* and the *Foleys*, under the name of the *Crabtrees* and *Brickdusts*, in the eleventh number of "The Lover."—Mr. Pope, in a letter to Congreve, March 19, 1713-14, says, "Yesterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided. I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than you, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party, in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of interest, as yet; whatever may be his prospects in future. This gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-spirit, of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill; but am really amazed that so much of that sour and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good-humour as I think Mr. Steele is possessed of."—In "The Post-Boy,"



will be the censure. If you please to go to Mrs. Keck's, I will send to you thither by a porter an hour or two hence.

Nothing can happen to my condition in private the worse; and I have busied myself enough for the publick. The next is for you and yours

RICH. STEELE.

---

251. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY DEAR LIFE,

MARCH 19, 1713-14.

**I** WILL take immediate care of what you send about. Pray let nothing disquiet you; for God will protect and prosper your innocence and virtue, and, for your sake, dear Prue,

Your faithful husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

Boy," April 27, 1714, is advertised, as just published, "John Dennis the sheltering Poet's Invitation to R. Steele, the excluded Party-Writer and Member, to come and live with him in The Mint. In Imitation of Horace, Ep. V. Lib. I. Price 3d. Fit to be bound up with the Crisis." This is preserved in "Swift's Works," ed. 1808, vol. XVI, p. 168.

## 252. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MARCH 19, 1713-14.

**I** AM in very good-humour, and in no concern but fear of your being uneasy. I will go to the Club to-night; for, as you say, I must press things well now or never.

Your faithful,

DICK STEELE.

## 253. TO MRS. STEELE\*.

DEAR PRUE,

BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE,

MARCH 20, 1713-14.

**I** WILL do all you desire; and, after I have been with Lord Wharton and the rest, in the morning, I will come to Bloomsbury, where the Mayor of Stockbridge dines with

Your most faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\* Indorsed by Mrs. Steele, "The crowd of worthy gentlemen expected."

## 254. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MARCH 24 \*, 1713-14.

ALL I know farther is, that when I was a-bed last night Ashurst called here, and left word he had been about the business, and all would do beyond expectation.

Your reprehended spouse, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

## 255. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

TONSON'S, MARCH 25, 1714.

ALL I hear now is this morning from Ashurst, that 3000*l.* is to be paid in to Mr. Warner for my use; but when, and by what hand, I am still in the dark. I suppose Ashurst will in the afternoon be here, and I am to be in the evening with young Minshull.

I am very impatient to have this matter ended some way or other, that I might be with you and the brats.

God will preserve us, and let us meet with joy.

Your most obedient husband, RICH. STEELE.

\* "The Case of Richard Steele, Esq. with an impartial Account of the Proceedings against him, in a Letter to a Friend," was published on this day.

## 256. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

EASTER SUNDAY,  
MARCH 28, 1714.

I WRITE this to acquaint you that I am going to Dr. West's chapel\*.

I cannot learn any thing of our great business more than that it is a-doing, and my chief creditor seems easy in expectation of his money that way.

I am going this morning to a very solemn work †, and invoke Almighty God to bless you and your little ones; beseeching him to spare me a little life to acquit myself to you and them, whom of all the world I have hitherto least endeavoured to serve. But you, and Betty, and Dick ‡, and Eugene, and Molly, shall be henceforth my principal cares next to the keeping a good conscience.

Yours, good Prue,  
Service to Mrs. Keck.

RICH. STEELE.

\* Richard West, D. D. fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, archdeacon of Berks, and prebendary of Winchester. He was a popular preacher, and published eight single sermons, on public occasions, between 1706 and 1716.

† This is not the only instance of Steele's attention to religious duties. See pp. 96, 102, 123, 124.

‡ His eldest son; who died soon after.

## 257. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MARCH 30, 1714.

I SIT down to give you some account of our affairs. The affair with Ashurst, he says, is in great forwardness; but I cannot dive into the secret by what hands I am to be obliged. I had the good fortune to be with Mr. Cadogan alone yesterday after I had dined with him. His discourse was much to my satisfaction, but I cannot write it; therefore, if you please to come hither in the evening, between seven and eight, we will talk all over.

After I had been with Cadogan till six in the evening, he carried me to a ball, where were his mother, sister, and several relations, among whom Lady Blundell. I did not come home till three in the morning, which is the reason that you hear from me so late as now, at twelve o'clock. It is a mighty silly thing for you and I to be melancholy; but let us cheer one another, and be a comfort to each other.

According to the situation of affairs, nothing but Divine Providence can prevent a civil war within a few years; and against such disasters there can be no remedy but preparing our minds for the incidents we are to meet with, with cheerfulness.

Dear Wife,

I honour, I love, I doat on you.

RICH. STEELE.

## 258. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

APRIL 1, 1714.

**I** WANT the lease and all receipts about the house in York-buildings, to which Mr. Reason is landlord. Pray send them by Harris. I have heard no news to-day; but expect some by-and-by, of which you shall have an account.

Your faithful husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

## 259. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

DEVEREUX-COURT,

APRIL 3, 1714.

**I** CANNOT come home, having the Under-sheriff to speak with first at five o'clock. From thence I shall go to the Play, which I make a place of business, for I am in hopes of seeing two or three people in the boxes whom I cannot see elsewhere.

I desire Will may carry the three bottles of wine of mine, at Tonson's, to Bloomsbury.

I will be at home as soon as the Play is done.

Yours, yours, ever, ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 260. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MAY 21, 1714.

**I** WILL come for you at six o'clock, to go by land or water to Chelsea. I think things will go pretty well. I am gone to Fox-hall. I must come to London again before I go to Chelsea.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## 261. TO MRS. STEELE \*.

MY DEAR PRUE,

MAY 21, 1714.

**I** SEND this, to let you know that we do not go out of town to-night.

I am your affectionate, faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Pray pardon impatiencies, which have their foundation in care and solicitude for you, and vexation that I have not been so just as to prefer my family to all the world.

\* "Fifth door, Bloomsbury-square."

## 262. TO LORD FINCH\*.

MY LORD,

MAY 25, 1714.

**T**HIS first part of a narration, to which I have given the title of "A Roman Ecclesiastical History," is only an account of some collateral and

\* Daniel Finch, eldest son to Daniel Earl of Nottingham, was elected one of the Knights of the Shire for Rutland in 1711, and served for the same county in all parliaments whilst he continued a commoner. In "The Monitor," No 2, April 24, 1714, he is thus characterized: "*Young Dismal* is a modern of native eloquence, and of hereditary gravity; known in the country where he dwells, for a genius particularly inclined to *speech-making*; and, by a family propensity, more especially addicted to it at those times when most may be said with the least signification." This ill-tempered introduction to a severe remark is introduced for the purpose of contrasting with it the following more pleasing anecdote in a succeeding note, p. 332.

On the accession of King George I. Lord Finch was appointed one of the Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales, when his father was declared Lord President of the Council; October 10, 1715, he was constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; and resigned all his employments Feb. 29, 1715-16. He was made Comptroller of His Majesty's Household, May 25, 1725; which office he voluntarily resigned, after he succeeded his father as Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham (Jan. 1, 1729-30.) On June 1, 1725, he was sworn of the Privy-council. On March 16, 1741, was constituted First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty; and April 15, 1743, was appointed one of the Lords Justices on his Majesty's absence in his German dominions. He was one of the assistants to the Duke of Somerset, chief mourner at the funeral of Frederick, Prince of Wales, April 13, 1751. March 13, 1752, he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and installed June 4. April 6, 1757, he was a second time appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; but resigned in June following. At the accession of the present King, he was con-

tinued



contemporary circumstances and secret passages, joined to an account of the ceremony of the last inauguration of Saints, by his Holiness the Pope \*.

continued of the Privy-council, and constituted President July 12, 1765, which office he resigned July 30, 1766. He was also one of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity-house; and died Aug. 2, 1769, in his 81st year.

\* This was prefixed to "The Romish Ecclesiastical History of late Years."—It may be proper just to mention, that the dedication to "An Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World," though published by Steele, was the production of his friend Bishop Hoadly, and therefore not republished here. Its origination was a circumstance of such public notoriety, as ill deserved the malicious reflection it produced from Swift; that

" — Steele, who own'd what others writ,  
And flourish'd by imputed wit,  
From perils of a hundred jails,  
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales."

It is added, on the written testimony of Dr. John Hoadly, who put the same interpretation on the ill-natured lines above quoted, that Swift, with his usual arrogance, was highly offended with the publication of the fine piece of irony and grave humour above mentioned, under the name of Steele, and thus insolently resented it, as if forsooth it had been an invasion of a province which he idly affected to monopolise, and of which he dreamed that he was the only person in the world competent to be the manager. See in Harrison's 'Spurious Tatler,' vol. V. N<sup>o</sup> 28, Swift's account of himself, under the fictitious name of *Hiereus*.

The lines above quoted may likewise very well be supposed to allude to Steele's publishing papers of other writers in the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian. These he generally, though not always, distinguished from his own, by certain signatures; and as he ordinarily bought them, he had, unquestionably, a right to publish and to vend them. Addison was paid, probably very amply, for his papers; and Dr. Johnson says, he received his payments for them with "avidity and great eagerness."—It appears, on the testimony of the Bishop's son, that Bp. Berkeley had

It displays the utmost abuse of Christianity, and that to the most fantastical degree. After the See of Rome has usurped the dominion over the whole earth, it goes on to dispose of Heaven also, and to name the inhabitants of those blessed mansions. These she employs to receive the importunities of mortals, before they come at the Almighty. Is this for His ease, who is all-sufficient,—for His information, who is omniscient? Gross!—prophane!—ridiculous!

This account gives us a lively idea of the pageantry used in that Church to strike the imaginations of the vulgar; and needs only to be repeated, to give every serious man an abhorrence as well as contempt of their idolatry. I take the liberty to address it to your Lordship, in regard that you are by birth, and imitation of your predecessors, obliged to exert a firm and unshaken zeal to our Church, which is reformed from such absurdities, and retains every thing that is consistent with gravity, good sense, true religion, virtue, and piety. Descriptions wherein men, dedicated to the service of God, bear a part, are never to be made to the derogation of such his servants, except in cases wherein they apparently abuse that respect which the Laity have

had always one guinea and a dinner with Sir Richard Steele for every paper of his in the Guardian; and there is little doubt but that, in all Steele's publications, the assistances he had from others, when they would accept of pecuniary gratifications for them, were well rewarded by a man who sometimes perhaps might be vainly profuse, and too often imprudently generous. See more of this in a note on the Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 271.

for them, as conductors to a better life, to serve their own power, vanity, and ambition in this. When that happens to be the case, it is our business to obviate such injuries in the first attempts of imposing them on mankind: for we neglect our duty to Heaven when we permit its interests to be prostituted to ends unworthy. For this reason, I dare acknowledge that any power affected by Clergymen, above what the Laws of our Country allow them, or independent of the Sovereignty of it, is to me Popery. I cannot think the endeavour at temporal power from the service at the Altar a less guilt, than building a false superstructure upon that foundation, which only can be laid for spiritual and holy purposes.

Your noble Father has, in all his actions, maintained so unbiassed an affection to the Church of England, that to his zeal, more than to that of any other man, it owes the inhibition, "that any who dissent from her shall bear office in these Realms \*." None can desire more, who do not think it reasonable that they should also be excluded from property, and deprived of life itself, for Nonconformity.

I have often asserted, that they who affect professing their zeal for the Church on all occasions, reduced themselves to an absurdity, and betrayed the weakness of their cause, when they ranked his Lordship among those whom they call Whigs.

\* To the Earl of Nottingham the Church was afterwards indebted for an Answer to a pamphlet of Whiston's, 1721; for which his Lordship was complimented by addresses from both the Universities, and from the London Clergy.

By this one circumstance they acknowledge it is not care of Religion—I say, it is not respect to Religion, or to the persons of Clergymen, but joining in a combination with the least known for virtue and piety among them; and adding the cry of the Church to their common projects for power and domination, which constitutes those (whom they call) Churchmen.

Your Lordship has too good a discerning, to want that these things should be pointed to you; and it is to the frank spirit of men of your age and abilities among the Nobility and Gentry, we must owe the amendment of such inveterate evils.

I congratulate your Lordship upon the early conspicuous figure you make in the business of the Nation; and doubt not but you will, every year of your life, give new testimonies of your being a true Son of the Church of England, and an exemplary Patriot to your Country.

The noble motive which first produced your natural eloquence \* was what should be the great pur-

\* An allusion to a circumstance in the life of this Nobleman, not commonly known, that well deserves to be recorded to his honour, and the relation of which is requisite to make what is here said intelligible. In a paper of his in the Guardian, Steele published a spirited defence of Lady Charlotte Finch, daughter of the earl of Nottingham, and afterwards duchess of Somerset, who had been treated with rudeness and ill-manners by an anonymous writer in the Examiner, for alledged misbehaviour in church; and won by this the heart of her brother, probably pre-disposed in favour of an amiable man, and, it may be, attached to him by an antecedent friendship. Be this as it may, when the question about Steele's expulsion was agitated in the House of Commons, Lord Finch stepped forward, and made attempts to speak in Steele's behalf; but, being embarrassed by

pose of that charming force in all who are blessed with it, the protection of the oppressed: and I doubt not but your future conduct will be agreeable to the manner of your setting out, to the nobility of your birth, the dignity of your own good sense, and the service of mankind in all their true interests, both religious and civil.

This address is made to you in acknowledgment of late favours to me, and to desire the continuance of your good opinion and friendship.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

most obedient, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

an ingenuous modesty, and over-deference to an assembly in which he had not yet been accustomed to speak, he sat down in visible confusion, saying, so as to be over-heard, "It is strange I can't speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him." His words being whispered from one to another, operated in an instant like electrical fire; and a sudden burst, from all parts of the House, of "Hear him! Hear him!" with ineffable marks of encouragement, brought Lord Finch again on his legs, who, with astonishing recollection, and the utmost propriety, spoke a speech on the occasion, in which, as it was related to this writer, in the language of the Theatre, "there was not a word which did not *tell*."—"The eyes of the whole company were upon him; and though he appeared to have utterly forgot what he rose up to speak, yet the generous motive, which the whole company knew he acted upon, procured him such an acclamation of voices to hear him, that he expressed himself with a magnanimity and clearness, proceeding from the integrity of his heart, that made his very adversaries receive him as a man they wished their friend.—Such was the noble motive which first produced this Nobleman's natural eloquence; the force of which was charming, and irresistible, when exerted in the protection of the oppressed."

## 263. TO A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT \*.

SIR,

LONDON, MAY 28, 1714.

**T**HOUGH I have had the misfortune to appear an unworthy Member of your House, and am expelled accordingly from my seat in Parliament; I am not by that vote (which was more important to the People of England than I shall at this time explain) deprived of the common benefits of life, liberty, or any other enjoyment of a rational being. And I do not think I can better bestow my time, or employ these advantages, than in doing all in my power to preserve them to others as well as myself, and in asserting the right of my fellow-subjects against any thing which I apprehend to be an incroachment upon what they ought to enjoy as men, and what they are legally possessed of as Englishmen, or, if you will, as Britons.

This, Sir, is all the apology I shall make for addressing to you, in this public manner, my thoughts concerning the Bill †, now making its way, with all convenient expedition, through your House, and the whole Legislature. I shall examine this matter as well as haste will allow me; and therefore must recite as distinctly as I can what you gave me in discourse as the substance of this intended Law ‡.

When these are the melancholy prospects before our eyes; when no one of the Family of Hanover,

\* Supposed to have been Lord Finch. See p. 332.

† "For preventing the Growth of Schism."

‡ For the political part of this Letter the reader is referred to Steele's "Political Writings."

though

though long expected, is yet arrived in this kingdom; and when many weak people are under strange apprehensions, because the proclamation for bringing the Pretender to justice, in case he should land here, is put off; I say, when many things pass every day, on which Jacobites make reflections to their own advantage, and ordinary people, who cannot judge of reasons of State, put all these things together; it creates in them a chagrin and uneasiness, which will be mightily increased by the passing of a Bill that may be to the mortification of the meanest persons in the Protestant cause.

It is therefore no time to do a thing, which will take off the hands and purses of half a million of people, as friends to the House of Hanover; half a million of people, as enemies to the Pretender.

If this Bill passes, and the Pretender should come upon our Coast; I would fain know what could move a Dissenter to lift an hand, or employ a shilling against him? He has at present no hopes of preferment; and would by this Bill be under daily apprehensions of the loss of the toleration as to himself, as well as being wholly bereft of it as to his posterity. He would have certainly promises from the Pretender of liberty of conscience; and he could but have those promises broken, as in this case he would have it to say they had been before; and must expect some sweetnesses at a new change, for standing neuter, or exerting himself for the invader. Thus he would rather, according to his own interest, wish an invader success than disappointment. Add to this, some pleasure in the revengeful hope of seeing

seeing us, who had persecuted him, fall into the same calamity.

This, dear Sir, is all I have to trouble you with on this occasion; and, though you accused me of being cast down with my expulsion, you see I have not dunned you to move, that the other pamphlets may be examined, as well as the *Crisis* and the *Englishman*. Give my service to poor Tom \* and Ned †. I must confess they were the last I forgave; but I have forgiven them too now. I am thoroughly convinced, since this Bill, that I was not worthy: for now you have taken upon you Ecclesiastical matters, and I should not have known how to behave myself among you, as a communion of Saints.

I doubt not, Sir, hut your voice and excellent talents will be employed against this pernicious Bill: to oppose it strenuously, will be worthy that resolution and modesty for which you are so remarkably conspicuous; that modesty which cannot incline you to bear hard against persons or things, when you happen to be with a majority; and that resolution which prompts you to assert what you think truth, though under the disadvantage of the most inconsiderable minority.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

obliged, humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

\* Thomas Harley, Esq.

† Edward Foley, Esq.



ADDITIONS TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

---

*The Originals of the following Letters were not discovered in time to be incorporated in their proper places. Some of them are material illustrations of Sir Richard Steele's personal History; and the others, though domestic Trifles, are the Trifles of a Man of Wit and a Gentleman. But they are in general without dates; and it would not be very easy to arrange them with precision.*

\*264. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, - 2 O'CLOCK, MAY 21, [1708.]

MR. ADDISON being chosen for Lestwithiel † in Cornwall; I am obliged, with some persons concerned, to go to him immediately.

- Yours ever, RICH. STEELE.

† Mr. Addison was at this period returned to Parliament for Lostwithiel, together with James Kendall, esq. (though they had not the majority of votes) either by the misunderstanding or the partiality of Alexander Johns the Mayor, who was the Returning Officer. But they were not permitted to take their seats; their opponents (the Hon. Francis Robartes and the Hon. Russel Robartes) having proved that the right of election had been violated. See the Journals of the House of Commons, vol. XVI. p. 14.—Mr. Addison was afterwards chosen for Malmesbury.

## \*265. TO MRS. STEELE.

ALMOST ONE O'CLOCK,  
DUKE OF SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE,

DEAR PRUE,

[MAY 25, 1708.]

**I** WISH sleeping so long this morning, after I came out to work, may not do you harm. I design to dine at Court; after which I shall return to the office; and shall be glad of a visit there from so agreeable a lady as yourself.

I am yours, unreservedly,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*266. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 4, [1708.]

**I** HAVE been earnestly about the affairs we talked of last night, and am to meet Mr. Foulerton at four in the afternoon again.

Believe me to be, what I really am,

Your affectionate, tender,

obliged husband and lover,

RICH. STEELE.

I shall dine abroad, and cannot go with you to the Park. It would not be amiss if you visited Mrs. Tryon in Lime-street. Be in good humour, if you go.

\*267. TO

## \*267. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

MADAM,

JUNE 15, 1708.

AFTER having been with Mr. Owen, I choose this way of communicating to you my sense on that occasion, rather than by word of mouth, in a case wherein I am too nearly concerned, not to be fearful of letting fall something which might appear too negligent or too careful of my own interests, which are faults I would equally shun.

The sum of the orders you have given your Counsel, I take to be, that you would settle an hundred and sixty pounds a-year, liable to certain debts, upon us, and the survivor of us, and to our children; and reserve two hundred and forty in yourself, to be given to whom you shall think fit after your decease; adding a very unexpected clause in my behalf, of making the whole estate liable to 2500*l.* after my death, in case I outlive my wife without issue. After I have thanked you in the humblest manner for this very great instance of kindness to me, I beg leave to represent to you, that I sincerely have no regards in this world (divested as I am of all relations that might enjoy any thing after me) but what have an immediate prospect towards a plentiful maintenance of my wife and children; and therefore I can say with the strictest truth, that, in case I shall live to a time when I shall have neither, I should be very far from desiring to turn the current of the estate out of the channel it would have been in, had I never come into the family.

Forgive me then, if I humbly desire, that you would take it into your consideration to settle even less, if you think fit, on us during your life; but absolutely fix the whole on your daughter and her posterity; which you will, upon reflection, find to be giving less out of yourself (in case you survive us both), than if at my death, after that of my wife, I should lay upon you such a sum as you are inclined to give me.

I am very confident you have no thoughts of alienating any thing from your child; and, however too great a sensibility of spirit may sometimes suspend your kindness to each other, you know nature does recur, and all little bitternesses vanish into tenderness. Now, Madam, if you duly weigh this, I believe you will be convinced that there can be no consequence of your reserving a power of alienation in yourself, but laying yourself open to the suggestions of sudden passion, to do what you would in a deliberate temper not have it in your power to recall. But, if you keep very plentifully for yourself while living, and bestow the whole after your death, you lay a foundation for your being always above fears of any change in her, or disregard to you; and at the same time secure yourself against the temptations which all mortals are liable to; that is to say, to other people's designs, or our own infirmities.

I will not trouble you longer at this time, but leave it to your own good nature, and good understanding, to determine your resolutions towards me and mine; which I beseech God to conduct and reward.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient son,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*268. TO MRS. STEELE.

**I** BEG of you not to be impatient, though it be an hour before you see.

Your obliged husband and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

---

## \*269. TO MRS. STEELE.

**M**Y attendant you mention is dismissed till night. I am to meet the people I have to do with at such hours as will consist with going to Mr. Boyle's †. Pray be advised and content. I must go to know what will become of us with relation to this office.

---

## \*270. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

HALF HOUR AFTER 9.

**I** WAS coming home from the office, after having received some money; but am invited to supper to Mr. Boyle's †. God be thanked, all will do well; and I rejoice that I had spirit to refuse what has been lately offered me.

Dear Prue, do not send after me, for I shall be ridiculous. I send you word to put you out of frights.

RICH. STEELE.

† Then Secretary of State. See p. 255.

## \*271. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY DEAR,

UPON my honour and salvation, I hide nothing. Your generous declaration towards me makes me melt into tears. Mr. Boyle has desired me to dine with him, which at this time I must not deny. As soon as I have dined, I will come to you. Pray send not thither.

Dear Prue, talk thus, and govern yours,

RICH. STEELE.

Pray be careful of Luggen, &c.

Tell Mr. Nutt I shall call upon him, wherever he is to be in the evening; but do not enter into any discourse with him, for reasons I will tell you.

## \*272. TO MRS. STEELE †.

TONSON'S, 9 AT NIGHT,

DEAR PRUE,

[1709.]

I TOOK Mr. Clay with me to Tryon's, and we shall have justice done me as soon as possible, and immediate money.

There are new orders come hither from the Secretary's, which obliges me to wait for the proof †.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

† "At Mr. Sewell's house, in King-street, Westminster."

‡ Of the Gazette.

## \*273. TO MRS. STEELE.

[1709.]

MR. TRYON and Mr. Water having desired to meet me at three o'clock; and the Gazette being not quite finished, though now near two; I have not time to dine. Therefore can only wish you a good stomach, and not come myself.

Dear Prue, you will find my service better than that of Binns, or any body else.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*274. TO MRS. STEELE †.

DEAR PRUE,

I SHALL not come home till five o'clock, at which time I have good news to tell you.

RICH. STEELE.

## \*275. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY DEAR CREATURE,

[1709.]

I HAVE received some money, and I will send you word in the morning of every thing, and convince you of what you wish. I am,

Thou best of women,

Thy friend, servant, and husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Be at rest, for all is well.

In Berry-street.

\*276. TO

\*276. TO MRS. STEELE †.

DEAR PRUE,

[TUESDAY, JUNE . . . 1709.]

**I** SEND this to tell you that I am going back again into the City, in order to dine with the gentleman who is to act between me and Tryon, and hope to bring things to so much reason as to be at ease in matters now pressing.

Dear Prue, I desire you to be careful of thy dear self. If thou goest to Binns's, I will call for thee there.

RICH. STEELE.

From Mr. Salkield's, one o'clock:

\*277. TO MRS. STEELE †.

DEAR WIFE,

OCT. 1, [1709.]

**I** HAVE been so much employed in settling some business, to prevent being cheated by a set of shuffling fellows, that I could not get out of town. To-morrow I will write at large, if I cannot come, by a messenger on purpose on one of my horses. In the mean time, beg pardon for sending so small a sum. I am,

Your affectionate husband,

and faithful humble servant, RICH. STEELE.

† "At the third house, right hand, Berry-street, turning out of Germain-street."

† "At Hampton-court."

\*278. TO



## \*278. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR MADAM,

OCT. 15, [1709.]

I HAVE received a letter from you this day by your new man Jack, dated the 15th of last month. I will wait upon you as soon as I can; and wonder at the question you sent me—for who should inter that gentleman but his executors?

I am, your most obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*279. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE,

DEC. 20, [1709.]

I BEG of you to go to the Cockpit, make my apology to my mother; and expect me as soon as I can possibly be disengaged from some company where I am settling some matters I have already discoursed of to you.

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*280. TO MRS. STEELE †.

DEAR PRUE,

DONT be displeas'd that I do not come home till eleven o'clock.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

† "At Mrs. Sewell's, in King-street, Westminster."

## \*281. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY DEAR,

FRIDAY MORNING.

**C**OUSIN is much as she was, but rather weaker. Pray let the boy be immediately sent back with my linen, after you have told me under your hand that I am in your favour, and that you are well; which can only make happy

Your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*282. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

**F**ORGIVE me dining abroad, and let Will carry the papers to Buckley's immediately, and leave the other letter at Ashurst's.

Your fond, devoted,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*283. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR, DEAR PRUE,

**F**ORGIVE me that I do not dine at home, having very particular business to concert with a gentleman who is with me. I am yours,

Affectionately, constantly, tenderly,

RICH. STEELE.

\*284. TO

## \*284. TO MRS. STEELE †.

DEAR PRUE,

[SEPT. 30, 1710.]

I AM very sleepy and tired, but could not think of closing my eyes till I had told you I am,

Dearest creature,

Your most affectionate and

faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

From the Press ‡, one in the morning.

## \*285. TO MRS. STEELE.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE,

DEAR PRUE,

10 AT NIGHT.

SEND me word how you do; I have not got the money yet, but am going to try elsewhere.

Yours, with the utmost affection,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*286. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

6 O'CLOCK, TUESDAY.

I WISH our private affairs were as happy as the inclosed will show you the publick are. I am going

† "At her house at Hampton-court."

‡ The Gazette Printing-office.

to the Temple. After I have been there a little while, I'll to you.

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

\*287. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR, DEAR PRUE,

**P**RAY forgive me that I do not come to dinner. Salkield goes out of town before three; and I cannot conclude with him if I miss this opportunity.

I am,

Your obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\*288. TO MRS. STEELE.

**I**NDEED you are ill-natured in talking to me at this strange rate. The place † is of your own chusing before one I liked better. I will come to you in the afternoon; and, if you are able, bring you to town. It is wonderful, when you know what I had to do last night, that you will talk so to me thus.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

† Hampton-court.

## \*289. TO MRS. STEELE.

PRUE,

**I**T is unworthy your virtue and merit to be diffident. I'll warrant you all will be well before to-morrow night. I will come home then with cash, and every thing else that can please.

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*290. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

SEPT. 29, [1710.]

**G**O to dinner. I have sent Cave to Martyn, and I wait till he or his brother brings me the money.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

Upon second thoughts, I will go and dine at the Gentleman-usher's table.

## \*291. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

BUCKLEY'S, 8 O'CLOCK.

**I**HAVE yours, but cannot imagine what I omit that is kind. I suppose you would not have had me avoided the gentleman I named to-day.

I am come hither, and not one word † ready for to-morrow.

In haste, yours,

RICH. STEELE.

† Of the Gazette.

## \*292. TO MRS. STEELE.

**P**RAY, Prue, look a little dressed, and be beautiful, or else every body will be entertained but the entertainer; but, if you please, you can outshine the whole company, and my costly lustre. Come in good humour.

Yours,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*293. TO MRS. STEELE.

**W**HETHER I deserve it or not, I humbly desire you will smile upon me when I come into your presence. I wait for your answer, who am,

Yours tenderly,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*294. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR CREATURE,

**I** GO away because you will have it so; but I have been guilty of nothing that ought to exclude me from the happiness of being yours.

You will take this for an argument how much I am,

Dear wife, yours,

RICH. STEELE.

\*295. TO

## \*295. TO MRS. STEELE †.

DEAR PRUE,

**I**T is a strange thing, because you are handsome, that you will not behave yourself with the obedience that people of worse features do—but that I must be always giving you an account of every trifle, and minute of my time.

I send this to tell you, I am waiting to be sent for again, when my Lord Wharton is stirring.

RICH. STEELE.

## \*296. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

4 O'CLOCK.

**T**AKE this boy to sit behind you in the boat; and put on your mask, and come to Somerset-stairs. From whence send him to call me from Nutt's, where your servant [waits] for your arrival to visit my *grand-daughter* †.

RICH. STEELE.

† “At Mrs. Binns's, at a mathematical instrument-maker, Dean-street.”

‡ This was probably the character under which Mrs. Aynston (see pp. ix. 673.) was designated.

## \*297. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

**S**END word when you are ready, and hoods on,  
and I'll come for you. RICH. STEELE.

---

## \*298. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE, YOUNG MAN'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

**I** HAVE not been yet at the Savoy †; but stay  
near the Devil-tavern till I see Will Elderton.

Do not be out of humour, for all will be easy in  
an hour or two.

Yours ever, RICH. STEELE.

---

## \*299. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

**I** DESIRE you to dress yourself decently before  
you appear before me; for I will [not] be so easily  
pleased as I have been, being now in a fair way of  
being a great man.

Yours ever, RICH. STEELE.

† Where the Gazette was printed.



## \*300. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

**I** PROPOSE setting off in the morning, at five o'clock, to Windsor; at which time the coach will be at our door. I stay at the Office now, to dispatch as much of the Gazette as I can to-night.

I am your obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*301. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

AFTER EIGHT.

**I** SEND this to acquaint thee that I shall come home about an hour hence; and desire, in the mean time, that the boy may rest, for he has been up ever since five.

Yours tenderly,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*302. TO MRS. STEELE.

**I**T is now professedly point of party; and I am required to be here, because a great man advised it yesterday. But the remainder of the money will be ready, by means of Martyn and Elderton, before

two o'clock to-morrow. In the mean time I am contented, and desire you not to come hither till early to-morrow morning, between seven and eight, at which time I would have you be with me precisely. I sent young Elderton to the nurse's; and the child is much better.

Yours with great truth now,  
and with care hereafter,

RICH. STEELE.

---

\*303. TO MRS. STEELE †.

RUMMER TAVERN, COVENT-GARDEN.

DEAR PRUE,

I AM just going to Jeffreys's; have settled my matter with Mr. Potter, who lends me the money.

I desire you would go to bed at home, and be of good cheer.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

Martyn never came near me.

---

\*304. TO MRS. STEELE.

I HAVE four tickets for the musick to-night. If you will send for Mrs. Keck, we will go all together; or, if you please, only you and

Your most obedient servant,

RICH. STEELE.

† "Berry-street,"

\*305. TO

\*305. TO MRS. STEELE †.

DEAR PRUE,

JUNE 14, 1711.

I INCLOSE to you a guinea; and desire you to go before to Mrs. Simpson's if I am not ready to go with you, and call at your mother's at eight o'clock; for Mr. Craggs and others do not come to us till late in the evening. Therefore, pray be tractable to

Your enamoured husband †,

and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

† "At Mrs. Scurlock's lodgings, Bromley-street, Holborn."

‡ Steele's marriage with Miss Scurlock seems rather to have increased than diminished the ardour of his passion. Every day produces some written declaration of his love; and there are several instances of his repeating it two or three times. The billet-doux is sometimes dated from the Secretary of State's office in Whitehall, where he then had an employment; sometimes from a Coffee-house, where he had gone to transact business; and occasionally from the house either of his printer or his bookseller. They are always full of the most tender sentiments and affection; and frequently accompanied with a small present of fruit, or with a guinea for her pocket. It is impossible to read these short but numerous compositions, without being obliged to acknowledge him one of the tenderest husbands that ever lived. Yet it does not appear that the second marriage added much to his happiness. Mrs. Steele loved money; and had the usual companions of that foible, a coldness of affection as a woman and a wife. But his attachment to her appears to have been ardent and uniform. In the Theatre, No XII, he laments the loss of her, as "the best woman that ever man had;" and adds, that "she frequently lamented and pined at his neglect of himself." Their correspondence throws considerable light on her character. If she is to be blamed for a narrow, teasing, and suspicious temper; it is no less evident that her temper was occasionally soured by the distresses in which her husband's imprudence involved him; and she may be excused if the prospect of want rendered her parsimonious, and unfriendly to the schemes and projects by which he had often deceived himself as well as her.

## \*306. TO MRS. STEELE †.

DEAR PRUE,

HAMPTON-COURT.

I AM going to Watford, and shall be at home to-morrow. The coach is passing, so can say no more.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*307. TO MRS. STEELE.

PRUE,

[1711.]

ADDISON'S money † you will have to-morrow noon. I have but eighteen shillings; but have very many reasons to be in good humour, except you are angry with me.

† "At her house in Bloomsbury-square."

‡ This was the loan which afterwards so unfortunately interrupted a long and early friendship.—"At the school of the Chartreux," Dr. Johnson observes, "Mr. Addison contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele, which their joint labours have so effectually recorded.—Of this memorable friendship, the greater praise must be given to Steele. It is not hard to love those from whom nothing can be feared; and Addison never considered Steele as a rival: but Steele lived, as he confesses, under an habitual subjection to the predominating genius of Addison, whom he always mentioned with reverence, and treated with obsequiousness.—Addison, who knew his own dignity, could not always forbear to shew it, by playing a little upon his admirer; but he was in no danger of retort: his jests were endured without resistance or resentment.—But the sneer of jocularity was not the worst. Steele, whose imprudence of generosity, or vanity of profusion, kept him always incurably necessitous, upon some pressing exigence, in an evil hour, borrowed an hundred pounds of his friend, probably without much purpose

If you can pay the woman for coals, you [may] have it from Nutt in the morning.

Your obedient husband, lover,  
servant, and paramour,

RICH. STEELE.

\*308. TO MRS. STEELE †.

MY DEAR,

DEC. 23.

I SHALL not come home to dinner, but have fixed every thing; and received money for present uses. I desire, my dear, that you have nothing else to do but *to be a darling*; the way to which is, to be always in good humour; and believe I spend none of my time but to the advantage of you, and

Your most obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

purpose of re-payment; but Addison, who seems to have had other notions of a hundred pounds, grew impatient of delay, and reclaimed his loan by an execution. Steele felt with great sensibility the obduracy of his creditor, but with emotions of sorrow rather than of anger."—"This fact," Sir John Hawkins adds, "was communicated to Johnson in my hearing by a person of unquestionable veracity, but whose name I am not at liberty to mention. He had it, as he told us, from Lady Primrose, to whom Steele related it with tears in his eyes. The late Dr. Stinton confirmed it to me, by saying, that he had heard it from Mr. Hooke, author of the Roman History; and he, from Mr. Pope."—See before, p. 208; where, on the authority of Victor's Letters, this story is somewhat differently related.

† "At her house, the last door but two on the left-hand in Berry-street, St. James's. With a barrell: porter paid."

\*309. TO

## \*309. TO MRS. STEELE.

**I**F you have not a coach of your own, come to me in a chair ; and we will be together all day ; which will be a very great favour to

Yours most obediently,

RICH. STEELE.

---

## \*310. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

**I** WILL be at Desmazeaux ; and if you will spend the evening with me, please to call on me at the corner of St. James's Place, and I'll go with you. If you do not like this proposal, send word.

Your humble servant,

and obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

---

## \*311. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

[1711-12.]

**M**R. ASHURST † is with me. The thing goes on well, and you shall hear of me further in the morning. God be with you,

Yours,

RICH. STEELE.

† This and the following Letter enable me to correct a mistake in p. 234 ; where *Mr. Ashurst* has been mistaken for *the Alderman*.

\*312. TO

## \*312. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAREST WIFE,

[1711-12.]

**A**SHURST is just gone. He says, he thinks himself sure of 2500*l.*; and bids me be of comfort. I have sent to Mr. Brodrick, to give me some covers to Mr. John Scurlock at Carmarthen, South Wales.

I am charmed with your letter to Cousin.

Kiss Bess and Dick † for me,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*313. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE,

DEAR MADAM,

AUG. 8, 1712.

**E**VER since I had the honour to be of your family, my heart has yearned to exert myself in a particular manner towards you, and to make your life easy and happy. The uneasinesses of my fortune have hitherto made it impracticable to me, and some little frowardnesses of Prue have also been an hindrance to it. But, I thank God, matters are now settled after such a manner, and the renewal of my employments in my favour has enabled me to invite you hither, where you shall be attended with plenty, chearfulness, and quiet. I shall wait on you to talk further on this subject; and, if you are averse to it, nothing shall be taken ill by, Madam,

Your most obedient son,

and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

† Their two eldest children.

\*314. TO

## \*314. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

HAMPTON-COURT,  
HONOURED MADAM, SEPT. 27, 1712.

**T**HE increase † of my family, and reflection upon what vast sums of money I have let slip through my hands, since I have had opportunities of mending my fortune in the world, have made me very anxious for the future. I understand there has been some discourse between my wife and yourself upon this subject; but, if there was any thing past too eager, I beseech you to attribute it to a laudable tenderness for a numerous family. All that I intend by it is, to know what foundation I may think I am upon with relation to posterity, which are your offspring as well as mine. I ask nothing of you; but, by the blessing of God, will add to the estate in the family, as well as provide for my younger children, with as much haste as honour and integrity will permit. I only want to know, for the encouragement of my industry in so great a work, how all things stand now to a farthing. I am very much above any distastes to any one you may affect, but shall ever be ready to serve to my utmost any one that you are inclined to do for or favour. I send this before me, as a preface to a discourse of this kind when I have the honour to see you, and am with great truth, Madam,

Your most obliged,

and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

† Eugene, Steele's third child, was born in 1712.



## \*315. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE,

OCT. 25, 1712.

DEAR MOTHER,

I GIVE you this, to lay before you, in the humblest manner, what I think reasonable should be done in favour of me and mine. You are well acquainted that I have had no fortune with your daughter; that I have struggled through great difficulties for our maintenance; that we live now in the handsomest manner, supported only by my industry. I say, Madam, when you consider all this, and add to it, that my posterity is yours also; you will be, I doubt not, inclined that your estate should pass to them, I not having any view nor making the least request of any support from you during your life. The gentleman who brings this, will inform you in what manner I desire this may be effected. He is a sensible and good man; and I hope you will be prevailed upon to do me the reasonable favour I ask you by his interposition between us. This provision made for my poor children, will make me meet all the changes and chances of this life with cheerfulness and alacrity; for want of which, I have many melancholy reflections. The main of the estate is wholly in you; and that part which is my wife's I shall, I doubt not, find her ready to settle in the manner my friend will acquaint you.

I am, dear Madam,

Your most obedient son,  
and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

\*316. TO

## \*316. TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

DEAR MOTHER,

OCT. 31, 1712.]

AS soon as I had left you this afternoon, I went to Mr. Diggle, my friend, whom I sent to you in my behalf about the settlement. I find the whole is in you, and that the part which depends to Prue is covered by assignments for debts you have paid, so that I have nothing to do but to prevail upon you. Please to put the anxiety of a father of a numerous family in your thoughts; and you will pardon my importunity to preserve them from want. When you have been thus kind to my poor children, who descend from you, I can think of adding to their fortune with some alacrity; but to have the matter to do wholly myself, makes it so great a labour, that I am dispirited from beginning it. I do not desire any consideration of me myself; but I beseech God to put it in your heart to make a certainty for them.

I am in hopes, in your cool thoughts, you will approve of what I ask; which will ease the loaded heart of,

Madam,

Your most obliged son,  
and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*317. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR WIFE,

IT is an unspeakable trouble to me, that I ever let fall a passionate word in return for any impatience you show about the provision I make for you. I am, indeed.

I take all the pains imaginable, and love you better than tongue can express.

Yours faithfully,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*318. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

IT is impossible for me now to get a coach, and it is very bleak and raw night. I must therefore stay here, or lose all my pains for want of dispatching what I have been about.

Except your uneasiness, I am perfectly well and pleased.

Ever yours,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*319. TO MRS. STEELE.

MY DEAR,

THE coachmen were so very dear, that I have taken places in the stage-coach, where we are to be exactly half-hour after one. Pray give my duty to  
my

my mother, and excuse that I cannot come to receive her commands.

Put money in your pocket. Give necessary orders for the house to be in a readiness against our return.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

---

\*320. FROM MR. JOHN SCURLOCK †.

DEAR SIR,

MAY 25, 1713.

I AM informed that you have been threatened in the purchase and possession of Pibur (an estate of 80*l.* a-year). Give me leave to assure you, that you are not in any manner of danger; and that Pibur does not lie on the same footing with the rest of Browne's estate; but much prior to that. My father was well advised when he bought it; therefore you may be easy: it is about 60 years ago.

I am impatient to know the certainty of yours and your lady's coming to the country. Pray give my service to her; and be pleased to let me know when or what week you intend to set out for Wales; and you will thereby very much oblige, good Sir,

Your affectionate kinsman,

and humble servant, whilst

JOHN SCURLOCK.

† Directed "For Richard Steele, esq. at his house in Bloomsbury-square, London."

\*321. TO

## \*321. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

[OCT. . . . 1713.]

I HAVE, on second thoughts, resolved to go to the Club, and ask for a subscription † myself; and, with as gay an air as I can, lay before them, that I take it to be their constitution to do it, as I am labouring in the common cause.

It frets my proud heart to do this; but it must be.

I will be at home early. Pray do you resolve to be beautiful, as I do to be cheerful.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE,

## \*322. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

MARCH 13, 1713-14.

THEY have given me † till Thursday. The House is in very good inclination to me. I will come home to dinner, if Lord Halifax does not detain me. Your merit is what saves

Yours,

RICH. STEELE.

† For the Crisis; see p. 296.

‡ In the House of Commons; see p. 320.

## \*323. TO MRS. STEELE.

[1713.]

MR. HOPKINS spoke to me to-day to go with my Lord Godolphin to Putney. I stayed only to finish my papers, and am gone thither in haste.

I shall now learn all that is necessary for my conduct.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*324. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

I CANNOT answer yours to all points, till I have received answers to two or three letters; but will write in the afternoon.

Be sure to keep Mrs. Keck.

Yours,

RICH. STEELE.

## \*325. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

IF you and Mrs. Edwards can make use of these tickets, which were given me, I shall be glad; if not, send them back, and I will give them to other people; for I will not go myself to any public diversion, except you are of the assembly.

Yours ever,

RICH. STEELE.

\*326. TO

## \*326. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

[1713-14.]

**I** INCLOSE to you your letter, and think it needless to make any other answer than what is a very true one to your own knowledge. I never denied you any thing in my power to give or do. When I had not money, I have given promises, to keep up your spirits, and keep you in good humour.

I do not pretend to reply to the severe things you say to me, because I never did nor ever will mean any thing but pleasing you; therefore, I hope you will continue to love

Your affectionate and obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

---

## \*327. TO MRS. STEELE.

DEAR PRUE,

**I** HAVE read yours concerning the Anniversary Sermon, and the impertinent ill-bred behaviour upon it, with great indignation; and your mention of tears that it drew from you put me in a rage, as great as I have ever been in. We will take care to be above the necessities of life; and that will support our minds to contemn such low spirits, and all their imaginations. I cannot but pity the way of life you are in, without one body to converse with whom you like. I do not know whether I have

told

told you the news of Mrs. Sartré's marriage at Bristol to one Mr. Combs, who is an Agent of the Army. He is a very handsome fellow, and she has, without much reserve, given herself wholly to him ; without care of a settlement, even of her own, but in very loose words.

Had I been present when the young gentleman was so pert at table, I should, I believe, have spoiled his stomach. I cannot but fancy, when you and I come to talk, such vexations from such mean objects will vanish.

I am, dear Prue, with the strictest truth,

Your faithful obsequious husband,

RICH. STEELE.

\*328. TO MRS. STEELE.

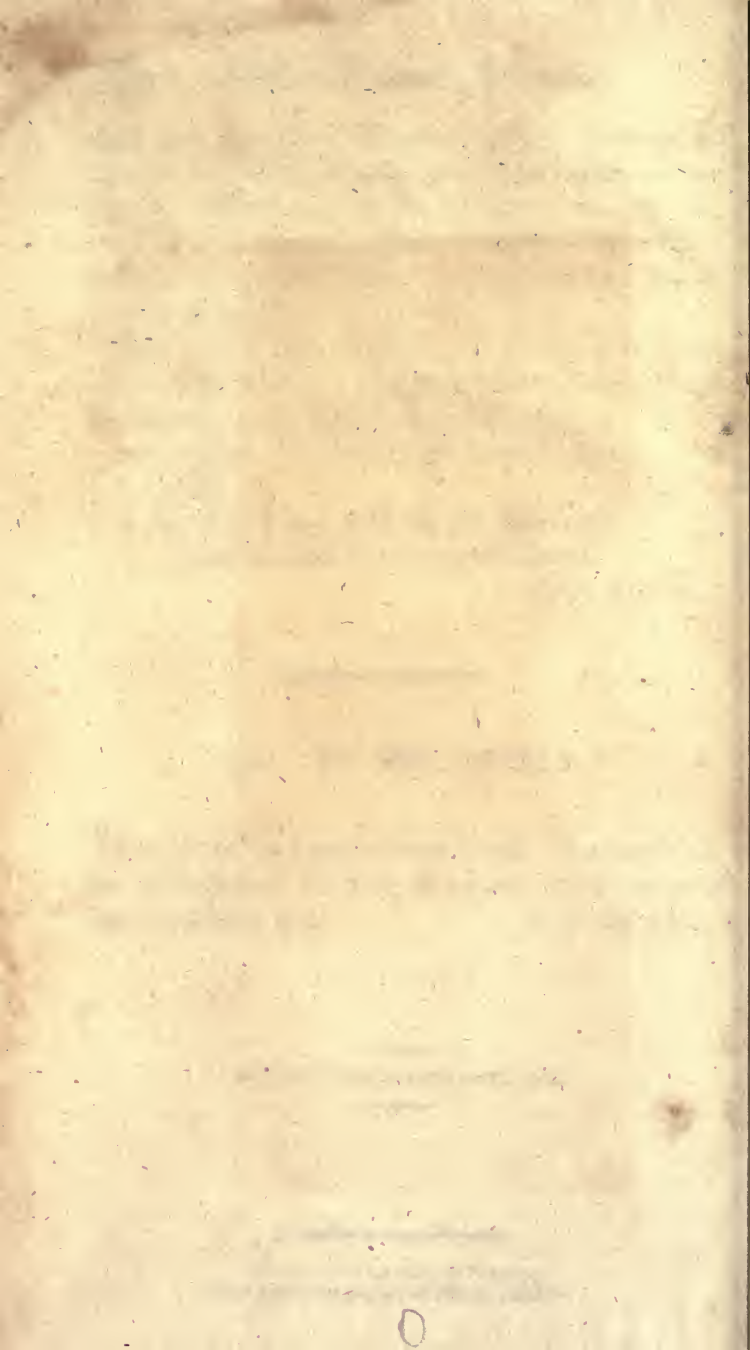
**I**F you have that paper, keep it safe. It was offered me but rejected. Nothing of yours is unsafe by me ; and I contemn him.

RICH. STEELE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



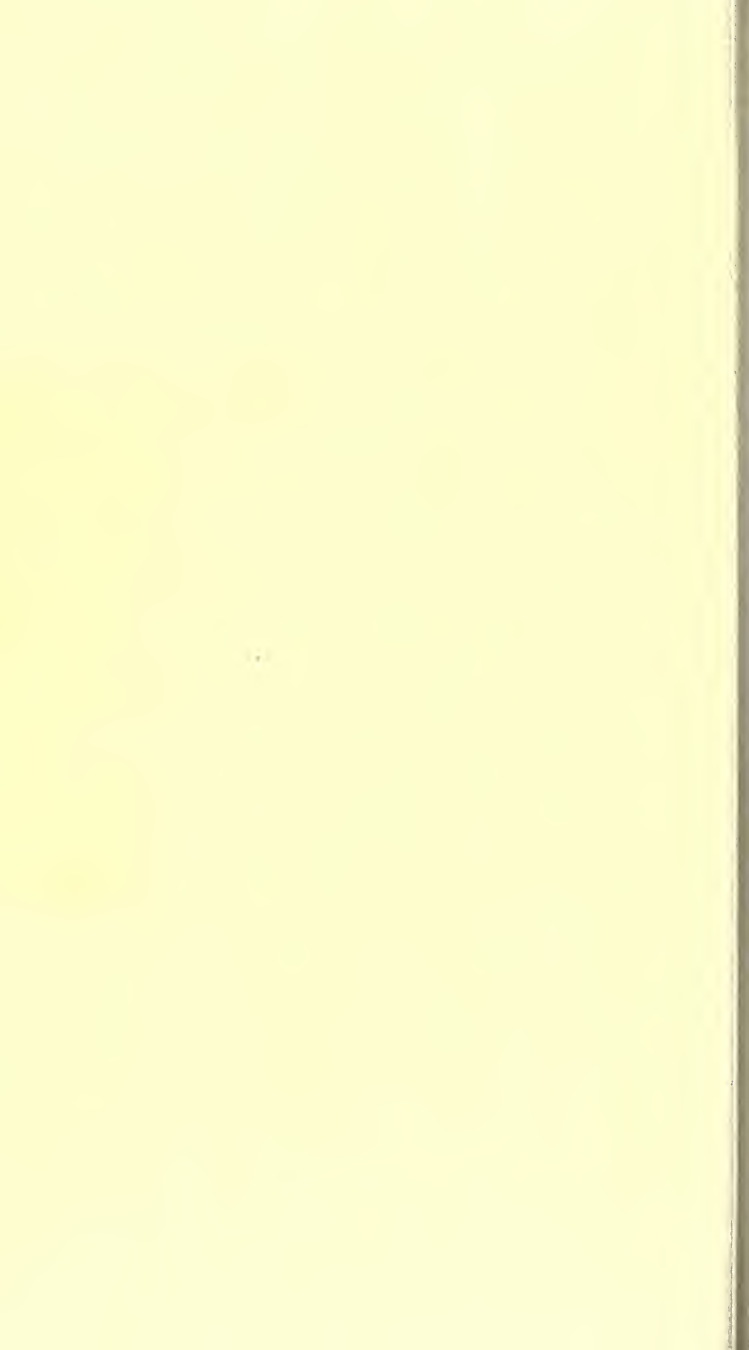












BINDING SEC . . JUL 17 1970.

PR                    Steele, (Sir) Richard  
3706                   Epistolary correspondence  
A4  
1809  
v.1

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

